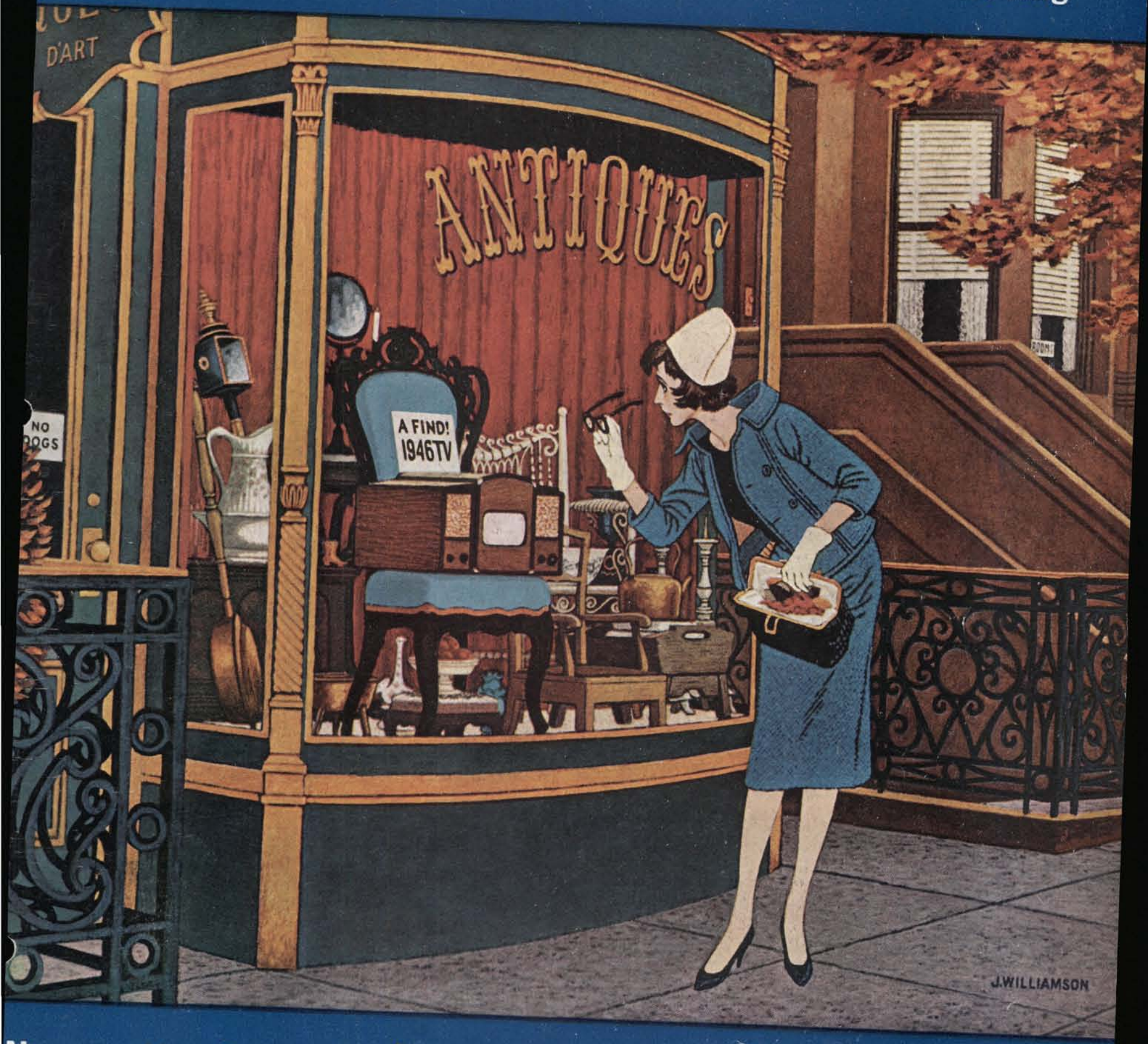
The Saturday Evening
POST
October 27, 1962
20¢

Teddy Kennedy
What Made Him Run?

John Wayne
Troubles of a Box-Office King



Norman Van Brocklin
Fiery Football Coach

Franco's Spain
A Dictator Relents

The Fashion Game

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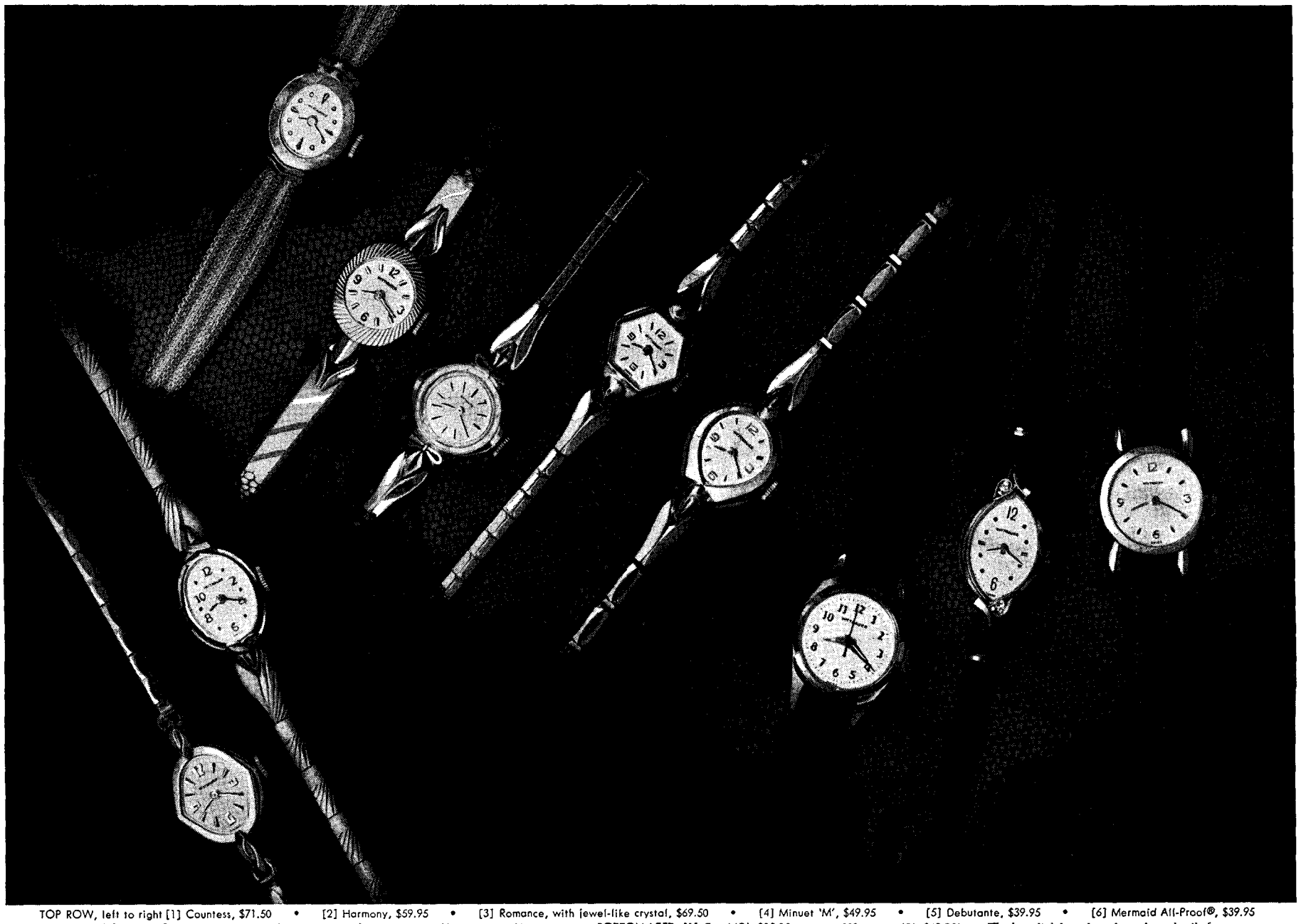

TOP ROW, left to right [1] Countess, $71.50 • [2] Harmony, $59.95 • [3] Romance, with jewel-like crystal, $69.50 • [4] Minuet 'M', $49.95 • [5] Debutante, $39.95 • [6] Mermaid All-Proof®, $39.95
[7] Diamond Gaiety, with two matched diamonds, $59.95 • [8] Coed 'S', $29.95 • BOTTOM LEFT, [1] Coed 'D', $35.95 • [2] Minuet 'B', $49.95* *Watches slightly enlarged to show detail.*

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In This Issue

Volume 235, Number 38

ARTICLES

The Abominable Experts (*Speaking Out*) . . . . . *By Peter Wyden* 8
What Made Teddy Run? . . . . . *By Stewart Alsop* 15
Playing the Fashion Game . . . . . *By Lois Long* 22
Amateur Night at the Bank . . . . . *By Robert Seaver* 26
The Woes of Box-Office King John Wayne . . . . . *By Dean Jennings* 28
When the Gods Talked . . . . . *By Alexander Eliot* 66
The Theater That Heals Men's Minds . . . . . *By John Kobler* 70
Norm Van Brocklin: N.F.L.'s Outspoken Coach . . . *By Harry T. Paxton* 74
Franco's Spain: A Dictator Relents . . . . . *By Ernest O. Hauser* 79

FICTION

Fail-Safe (Conclusion) . . . . . *By Eugene Burdick & Harvey Wheeler* 36
Three Times Around . . . . . *By John Marke Smith* 51
Surgery for the Soul . . . . . *By Larry Hague* 56

DEPARTMENTS

Letters 4
Post Scripts 54
Hazel 76
Editorials 84

Stewart Alsop. Although *Post* Washington editor **Stewart Alsop** has done a great deal of political reporting, the Teddy Kennedy-George Cabot Lodge senatorial race was his first Massachusetts campaign coverage. Coming to the Bay State after traveling through much of the United States for his *Post* article, THE MOOD OF AMERICA (Sept. 22), Alsop found that the citizens of Massachusetts take a passionate interest in their politics, in contrast with most of the people he had interviewed on his cross-country tour. Alsop was somewhat handicapped in getting around—his knee was in a cast as the result of a fall on a slippery rock during a summer fishing trip in Colorado. "Hobbling along with a cane had its advantages," says Alsop. "Taxi drivers were amazingly polite. And in Boston a little old lady offered to help me across Tremont Street." Our Washington editor also reports that he was pleased to come across the image of another "Teddy" while in Massachusetts. At an outdoor rally for Lodge on Cape Cod, someone had set up on the lawn a life-size campaign cutout of 1904 presidential candidate Theodore Roosevelt. Seeing the old TR-cutout made Alsop feel right at home: the former President was Stewart's great-uncle.

Other By-Lines. **Lois Long,** one of the nation's leading fashion authorities, has been reporting for *The New Yorker* magazine for the past 37 years. In private life she is married to Harold A. Fox and commutes to New York City twice a week from their "farm" near Easton, Pennsylvania. "We have six acres, but don't even raise a tomato," says the fashion expert. . . . **Robert Seaver,** who writes about amateur bank banditry, is a former Chicago *Daily News* reporter. He now produces magazine articles as a hobby; his regular job is as chief of Community Affairs for the New York City Housing and Redevelopment Board. . . . **Dean Jennings,** from Tiburon, California, had an unusual home base of operations while researching the article on movie star John Wayne. Jennings sailed to Catalina Island in his 56-foot twin-diesel cabin cruiser, lived and worked on board ship and used it to commute to Los Angeles for interviews with Wayne. . . . Two years ago **Alexander Eliot** resigned his job as art critic of *Time* magazine and with his wife Jane and their two young children went off to live on a hillside a few miles from Athens, Greece. Eliot's recent writings have included the SPEAKING OUT article SKYSCRAPERS AREN'T FOR PEOPLE (*The Post*, Feb. 3, 1962), and a philosophical book, *Earth, Air, Fire and Water*, which discusses the wisdom that can be gained from the direct contemplation of nature. The book will be published later this month by Simon and Schuster. . . . **John Kobler, Harry T. Paxton** and **Ernest O. Hauser** are contributing editors of *The Post*.

The Cover. Artist **James Williamson,** Nebraska native and 30-year resident of New York City and Greenwich, Connecticut, has lived in a suburb of San Juan, Puerto Rico, for the past decade. However, he makes occasional Stateside trips to keep track of such things as the latest in antique television sets. Television is a big thing in Puerto Rico, reports Williamson. In fact, San Juan has had free TV showings nightly in its public parks since 1953.

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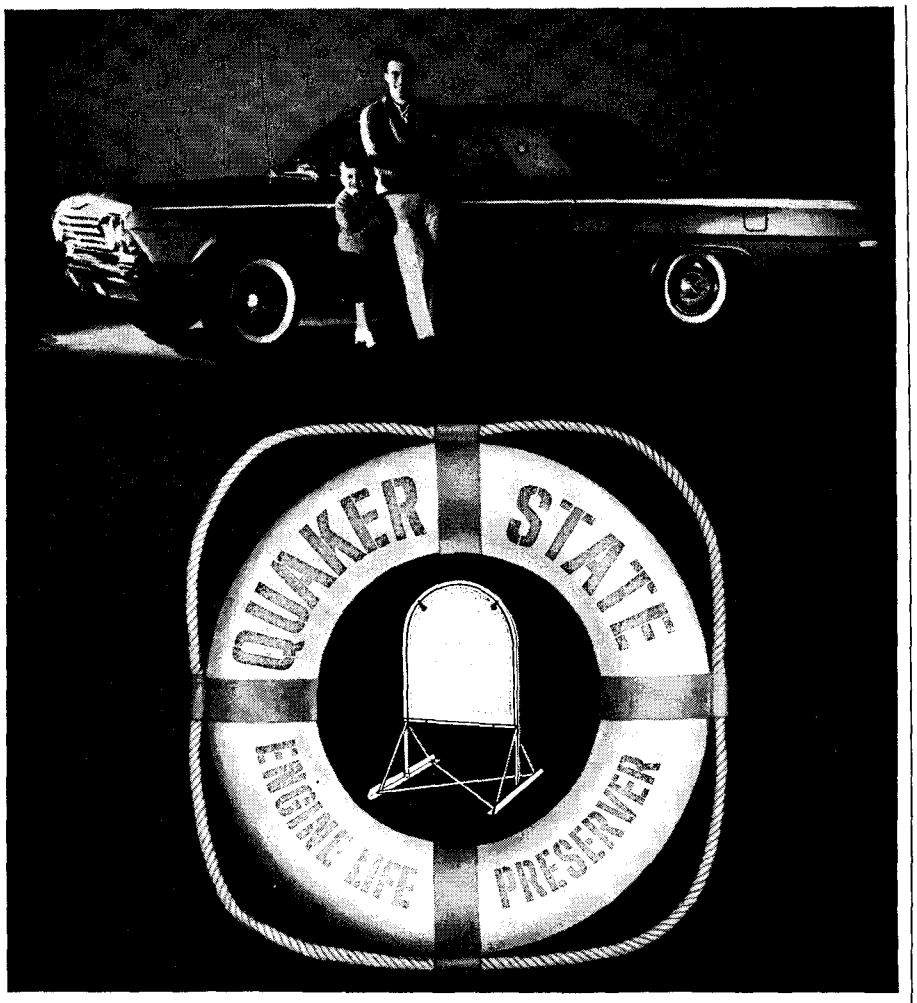

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IT'S HALOVISION! YOURS...ONLY FROM SYLVANIA FOR '63

This is television so different, so much easier to watch, it demanded a brand-new name. Halovision pictures look bigger, brighter, *better* because of exclusive HALOLIGHT® surround lighting. It adds extra dimension to the picture. Makes any picture easier, more enjoyable to watch. Prove it yourself! Visit your Sylvania dealer for a side-by-side comparison of Halovision against any other TV set in his store.

Compare prices, too. You'll be pleasantly surprised. And Halovision comes in a wide choice of fine furniture styles. For the name of your nearest dealer, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25 or check the Yellow Pages. Sylvania Home Electronics Corp., Batavia, N.Y.

New for '63 performance: Improved picture resolution, more crispness, more detail. Greater fringe-area pulling power. All models have shatterproof bonded shield picture tube...horizontal linearity control for perfectly proportioned pictures. Improved Custom 555 Chassis prevents overheating, overworking—cuts service calls.

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LETTERS

Who's Kidding the Kiddies?

Dear Sirs:

Hooray for Betsy Fancher's article (SPEAKING OUT: WE'RE CHEATING OUR CHILDREN, Sept. 29). I've been fighting the junior rat race in behalf of my three youngsters for more than 15 years. Unfortunately, it has been a lonely battle and not always successful. Mrs. Fancher's insight and understanding are badly needed and greatly appreciated.

W. J. WOODIN
Darien, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

Betsy Fancher's article was basically sound. But I dislike and disagree with her use of the Cub Scouts and Brownies as representative causes of this childhood rat race. Both groups have long been trying to build a better breed of American.

JOHN R. PRESTON
(an ex-Cub Scout)
Shaker Heights, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

What our children need as much as anything is a time of quiet soltitude for pondering and dreaming. If Benjamin Franklin were alive today he wouldn't find time to fly his kite. He'd be too busy shuttling between Little League and Cub Scouts.

MRS. DONALD T. HAFEN
Mayfield, Utah

Dear Sirs:

Betsy Fancher neglected to mention a new pressure group dedicated to the elimination of normal childhood—our institutions of higher learning. Spokesmen for these great centers have warned Mother that if Junior expects to get into college he had better start hitting the books and burning the midnight oil in the third grade. Parents and teachers have joined forces to see that Junior no longer wastes his time on the frivolities of childhood. He is introduced to calculus, physics, chemistry and foreign languages at a tender age and he is loaded with enough homework to stagger a genius.

R. M. VAN VOLKINBURG
Superintendent of Schools
Grand Haven, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

I wonder how many parents worry about giving their children ballet, French, riding, music, Scouts or Little League and then let them fail to keep their most important appointment—church on Sunday.

MARCELLA COOK
Aurora, Colo.

Hassle Over Hospitals

Dear Sirs:

I wish to congratulate you on the manner in which you handled PATIENTS FOR PROFIT (by Alice Lake, Sept. 29). It is factual and hard-hitting and tells a story that has needed telling for a long time. *The Post* is rendering a public service for which it should be heartily commended.

KARL S. KLICKA, M.D.
Executive Director
Hospital Planning Council
for Metropolitan Chicago
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I am shocked that *The Post* could stoop so low. The real argument is not between profit and nonprofit hospitals but between large and small hospitals—with the large ones using this as an argument for eliminating the small ones. You have needlessly slandered a large and vital section of the hospital profession.

DONALD BRIGGS
Administrator
Monte Sano Hospital
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I was sorry to hear that such a lax condition still exists in many of your hospitals. Such a calamity would be impossible in this province, as all our hospitals are subsidized by various sources of government at municipal, county, provincial and Federal levels. And all are thoroughly investigated for efficiency and service by the Ontario Hospital Association and the Canadian Hospital Association.

PHILIP DOUGHLAS SPOHN, M.D.
Waterloo, Ont.

The View from the Saddle

Dear Sirs:

ANOTHER WESTERN: WHO NEEDS IT? by William Trombley (Sept. 29) was as low and vicious a piece of mud-slinging as I have ever seen candy-coated in a family magazine. I say, William Trombley: Who Needs Him?

MARTHA MAY
Bloomington, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

Hurrah for William Trombley for criticizing that stupid 90-minute TV thing called *The Virginian*. I like Westerns, and so do my adult friends, but such stuff as this is an insult to any American of fair intelligence.

LOUISE C. ROBERTS
Maryville, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

Give me a good Western anytime. After a day's grind I am in no mood for heavy drama. All I want is a short period of relaxation and entertainment. It helps me to forget what a moron I've been all day.

CHARLES MATTIS
Pompano Beach, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

William Trombley did a clever and devastating job. Isn't there any law that would prevent an illiterate and idiotic group of TV producers and script writers from taking a beloved book like *The Virginian* and reducing it to a mess of garbage? This book was dedicated to Theodore Roosevelt, and would that he were alive today to thunder at its desecrators.

M. B. FARRINGTON
Berkeley, Calif.

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Your love alone is not enough to leave to them

When you think of the hardships your family might face without you, then you realize how vital it is to leave them security!

What if your wife suddenly had thrust upon her the entire responsibility of raising the children *plus* working to support them, educate them and give them a home?

Just making ends meet might turn her life into a never-ending struggle as she strives to keep up with a job, a home and a family, too. It could drain her of energy and spirit . . . rob the children of the warm, loving, responsive mother they should have . . . and make them feel fearful and insecure.

This is what you may actually leave *your loved* ones, unless you plan a secure future for them now. By means of life insurance you can provide regular income to keep your family together . . . ease their struggles . . . give their lives security and comfort. Your nearby Lincoln Life agent can help you work out a good family security plan at reasonable cost. Phone or write him soon.

THE **Lincoln** NATIONAL **Life** INSURANCE COMPANY

ITS NAME INDICATES ITS CHARACTER

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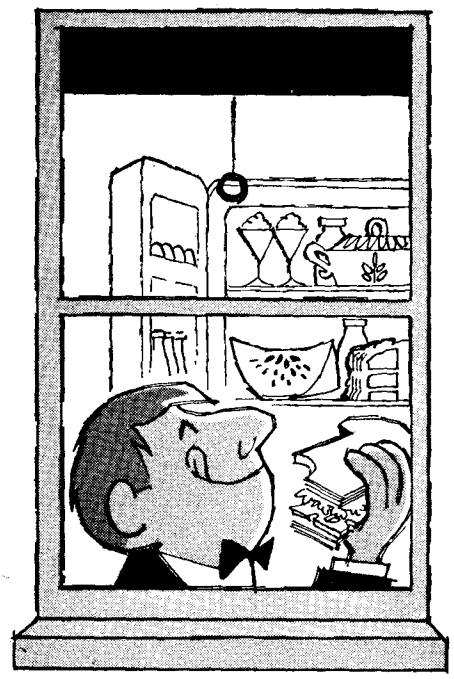
Too much



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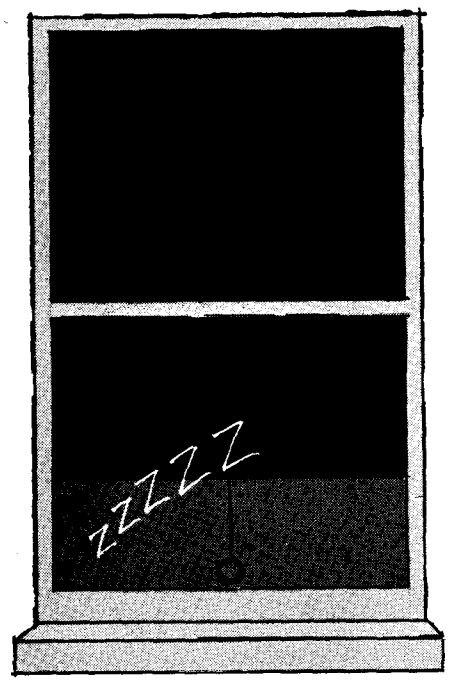


before you go to bed

LETTERS

Our Huguenot Heritage

Dear Sirs:

Being a lover of ecclesiastical as well as secular history, I deeply appreciated your article (THE DURABLE HUGUENOTS by Ernest O. Hauser, Sept. 29).

MERRILL C. SKAUG
Eagle, Idaho

Dear Sirs:

We found your article most delightful reading. THE DURABLE HUGUENOTS is a title well suited to the historical background of this militant liberal group.

GORDON L. HAWES
President
Huguenot Society of Mass.
Sharon, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

The author neglected to mention two of the very first Huguenots to arrive on our shores. Priscilla Mullens (Mullines) is probably the ancestor of more Americans than any other girl on the Mayflower passenger list. Philippe Delano (deLanoy), who arrived at Plymouth in 1623, is the ancestor through whom many Americans can trace back to Charlemagne.

ROY G. MILLER
Massapequa Park, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

To Mr. Hauser's list of distinguished Americans of Huguenot descent may I add the name of Peter Faneuil, born in New Rochelle, who, having made a fortune in Boston, gave to his adopted city the funds to erect Faneuil Hall, the Cradle of Liberty?

EDWARD W. STITT JR.
City Historian
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Great or Grubby?

Dear Sirs:

Thank you so much for Davis Grubb's GONE FROM GLORY (Sept. 29). It was a real pleasure to read a short story with some depth to it.

MRS. HENRY L. FONES
Bear, Del.

Dear Sirs:

Davis Grubb seems to be writing under the illusion that he has discovered beauty and truth in nudity, dirty books and the renunciation of religion. Where has this man been the last few decades . . . admiring himself in the bathroom mirror? Really! You can do better.

L. E. DEATS
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

The author of this unpleasant essay has his hero say: "In 1909 I got my master's degree in chemistry at Cornell University." Oh, Lord, preserve my sanity! That place of free discussion and tolerance in Ithaca, that campus of competitive and open energy, in 1905-1909 and even today would have turned him out a much better citizen than Grubb did.

G. J. REQUARDT
(*Treasurer, Cornell University*
Class of 1909)
Baltimore, Md.

A Pattern for Starlets

Dear Sirs:

Hooray for the series by Rosalind Russell (THE KIND OF GAL I AM, Sept. 29). One line in its first installment will forever endear her to the many people who tire of Hollywood and its much-married screen people, namely: "Freddie—the only husband I've ever had." Upcoming starlets should pattern their lives after hers.

RUTH OSTROWSKI
Steubenville, Ohio

Coming . . . in next week's Post

The Story of
EICHMANN
AND HIS TRIAL
By His Prosecutor
The Attorney General of Israel

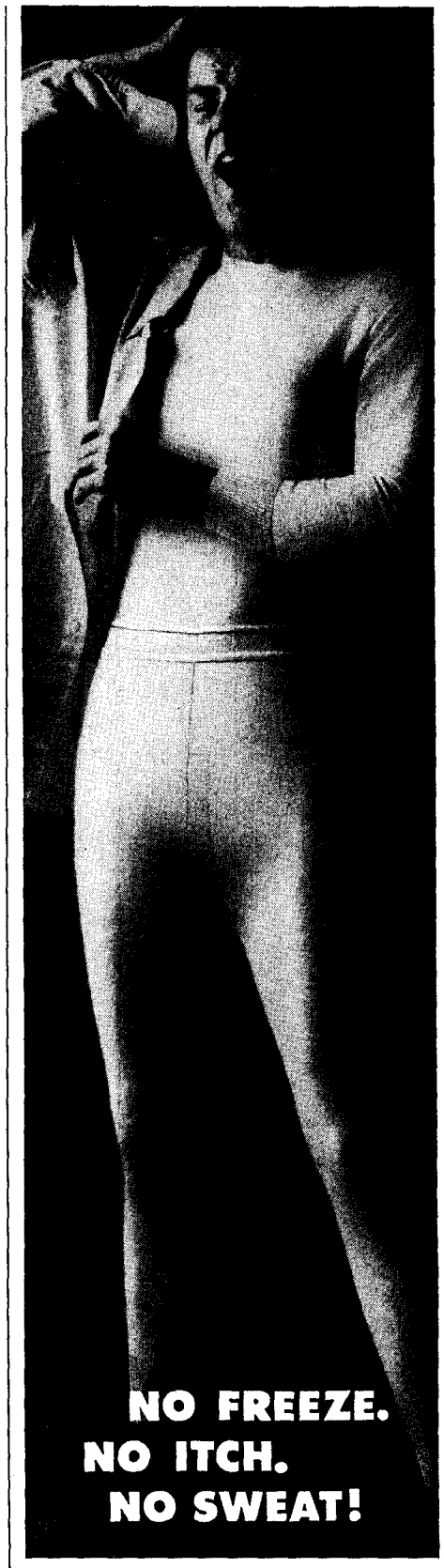
Gridiron Demon Jim Taylor

Complacency in the Space Race

San Francisco *vs.* Los Angeles

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

6–Arnold Roth. • 15–Wide World. • 16, 17–Ollie Atkins. • 18–2 by Wide World; Culver; Wide World; Ollie Atkins; Kenneth Wood. • 19, 21–Larry Fried. • 22, 23, 24, 25–Gleb Derujinsky. • 26, 27–From Chase Manhattan Bank. • 28–Bill Bridges. • 30–Bernard Abramson (Globe); Willy Rizzo (Paramount Pictures). • 32–Denis Cameron (Pix); Sabine Weiss (Rapho-Guillemette). • 51–Erick Blegvad. • 56–Kurt Ard. • 67, 68, 69–Erich Lessing. 70, 71–Jacques Lowe. • 74, 75–James Drake. • 79–Dalmas (Pix). • 80–Jean Mounicq (Pix). • 81–William Vandivert. 82–Government of Spain; European; Dalmas (Pix); Colette Save (Pix). • 83–Giancarlo Botti (Pix).



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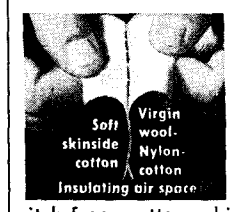

Wake up to a new kind of cold-weather underwear! Outdoors you're warm-dry. Indoors you stay dry and comfortable. It's all in the patented 2-layer construction. Soft, absorbent, itch-free cotton skinside picks up sweat, whisks it through insulating air space, evaporates it through outside layer of virgin wool-Nylon-cotton. *No chill!* Looks good, feels great, weighs next to nothing. 5 different warmths; Unions, Shirts, Longies. At better stores or write Duofold, Mohawk, N.Y.

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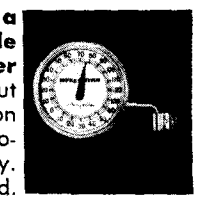

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Dodge D200 Sweptline Pickup with Crew Cab

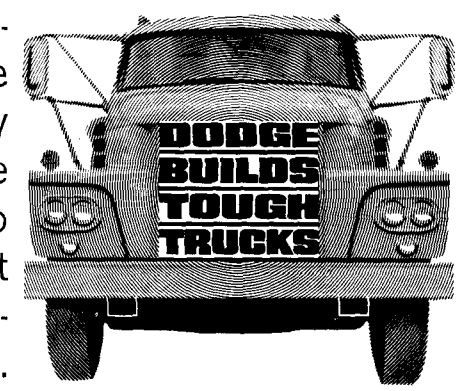
A 4-DOOR SEDAN WITH OVER A TON IN ITS "TRUNK"!

This new Crew Cab is hot off the line from Dodge. It's the lowest priced crew cab model built by any truck manufacturer. It has two seats, four doors, and room to carry six burly men in weather-protected comfort.

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

The Dodge Crew Cab comes on seven chassis models: One low-tonnage, four medium-tonnage, and a pair of four-wheel-drives. Two of them are available with a 6½-foot Sweptline (shown here) or Utiline pickup body that can actually carry more than a one-ton load. The others are furnished as chassis-cab units for installation of special bodies and equipment.

Farmers, contractors, utility companies and municipalities think the Crew Cab is the greatest thing to happen since the driver came in out of the cold four decades ago. So will you, if you have a crew and a load of equipment to carry out to the job and back. Especially with the price tags we've put on our Crew Cab . . . one of the newest in the parade of Dependables from Dodge.



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SPEAKING OUT

The Abominable Experts

Why do we let specialists run our lives—and so badly?

By Peter Wyden

Specialists are necessary in today's complex society, no question about it. I am reconciled to the notion that my postnasal drip, my upset stomach and my infected toenail must be diagnosed and tended by three medical men, each imaginative, enterprising and more or less disdainful of colleagues who pursue their craft in other anatomical regions. But I do wish the specialists would stop trying to tell the rest of us how to manage our lives. If we took them less seriously, we could put them in their place.

The specialist flourishes in many guises. The other day, for example, after my favorite airline broke a lock on a suitcase, I took it to a luggage-repair shop recommended by my wife. I told the attending specialist that I wanted a new lock. He placed the suitcase on a table in the center of the shop and began walking around it. From time to time he poked the suitcase and muttered. He wore a long cotton coat, but no stethoscope. At last he said he'd take on the job.

What job? Well, the frame needed realignment. The flimzoles around the blamisses demanded adjustment; and that was nowhere near all. He would prepare an estimate. I said I'd really just like a lock. He peered at me as most specialists look at the untutored—kindly, patient, yet firm in the security of his superior qualifications. There was no point in installing a lock, he said, not without extensive additional repairs; a new lock alone wouldn't work. We negotiated awhile.

The Importance of Being Furious

Finally I resorted to a proven antidote against specialists. I lost my temper. Tomato-red and roaring, I demanded (1) whether I could get a lock, (2) if so, how much its installation would cost and (3) when I could pick up the suitcase. The specialist calmly quoted $2.50 and five P.M. My suitcase and I have lived happily ever since.

Peter Wyden is the author of the book Suburbia's Coddled Kids, *recently published by Doubleday & Co., and based on his article of the same name printed in the October 8, 1960, issue of* The Post.

Here was a man who will go far, even in more fruitful specialties, say, TV or auto repair. He had mastered the jargon, the bedside manner and had an eye for economics and for his time.

Note that he knew precisely when to surrender, thus conserving his energy for more promising, more tractable prospects.

Specialists herd us about in nearly everything we do. Often they operate unseen except by other, lesser specialists who serve as willing middlemen. Specialists told my twelve-year-old son's teacher to teach arithmetic by that brand-new concept based on "logic"—never mind whether Ronnie grasps it. Specialists sift your psyche and tell your employer's personnel specialist whether you're deserving of promotion (or of being hired in the first place).

Specialists tell the builder of your home which union toiler may cart a brick, which one may unload it, which may carry it by hand and which by wheelbarrow, and so on. Specialists tell my bankers what intricate directions and codes to print on my deposit slips and checks, so I may share in the banker's bookkeeping chores.

The atmosphere about us is so charged with specialists that my father recently had to retain a watchmaker, a glazier and—yes, sir—a sign painter to prepare and install a crystal for a little clock, because the old glass had been broken by a specialist who had come to his house to nail carpeting to the floor—after other specialists had laid it down.

A Meek Submission to Tyranny

Most of us no longer think there is anything unusual about this preposterous compartmentalization. We take its tyranny for granted. We go along with its expense, inconvenience and its encouragement of ignorance. I frankly fear for the usefulness, as a citizen of a democratic society, of my favorite airline ticket-counter agent. He's the one who makes complex entries on my ticket and services a computer or two, but (1) fails to note that the flight for which I was being ticketed doesn't operate on the day in question, (2) doesn't know why the flight won't fly and (3) deems the matter beyond his sphere of interest.

When I ask such a subspecialist about anything outside his immediate routine, he usually replies, "Oh, I wouldn't know about that, sir." And he says it as if I had asked him why the whooping crane is dying out.

There is more to this than meets the ear. This line of talk is actually one of the specialist's methods of enforcing compliance—the implied reprimand. The airline counterman is, in effect, telling me, "Stop asking silly questions; nobody else does!" Or, more bluntly, "Conform, you jerk, and let the system carry you along just as it carries me."

Discipline is another obedience-inducing device employed by the specialist. Unless we study his choices and acquiesce in them, we are likely to get in trouble. We would be bucking the system, and that, of course, would never do.

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How to become famous for your coffee. *See page 40.* *Pan-American Coffee Bureau, 120 Wall St., N. Y. 5, N. Y.*

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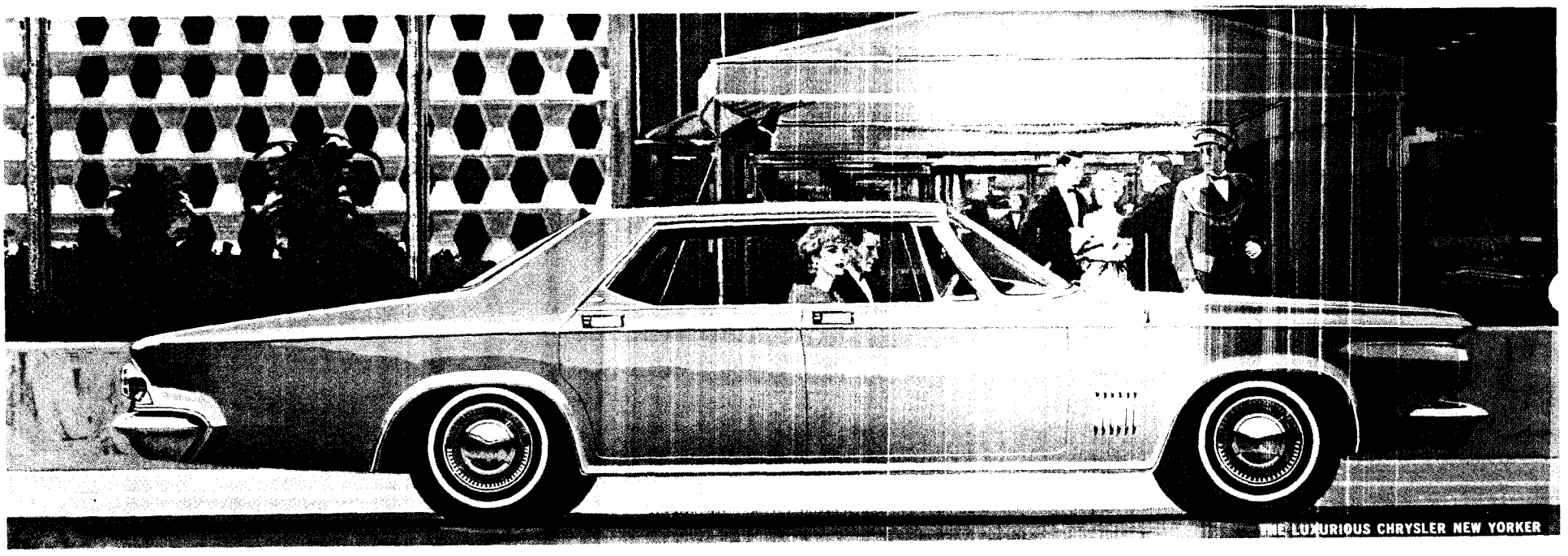

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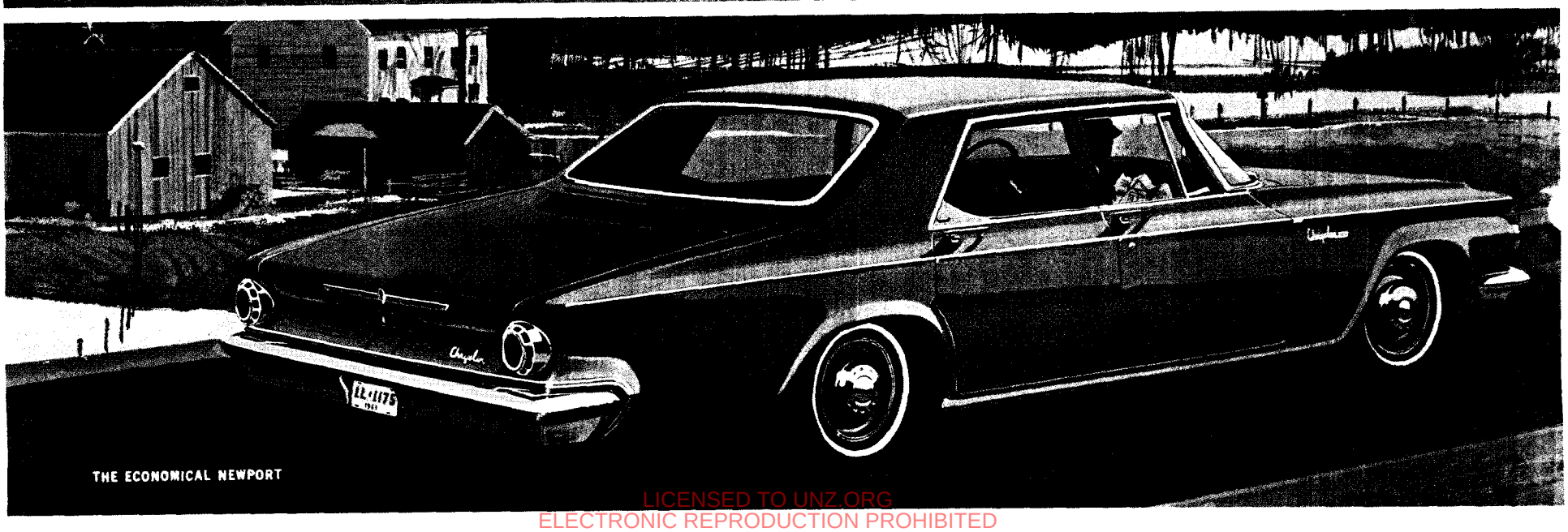

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SPEAKING OUT

In my more abandoned moments I have imagined folding, stapling, spindling or mutilating one of those bills ground out by specialists' office machines. I think the results would be frustrating. But I can't be certain, and I confess I've never done it.

Ability to inspire awe is another tool of the specialist. He is the ultimate authority on how to be authoritative. At the first hint of incipient insubordination he is ready to impress us with his libraries of statistics, "facts" and visual aids—just just like the TV commercial that lets me see my liver bile in the act of protesting the effects of the "wrong" patent medicine. I can almost hear a bespectacled professional type in a white coat purr, "Isn't it much more scientific, more modern—and ever so much easier—to let us make decisions for you?"

But the favorite tactic of the specialists is fear. Just picture, if you will, what they din into my ears. To hear them tell it, the dangers of simply being alive should be more than I could bear. The very air around me is polluted with poisonous fumes from incomplete combustions and petrochemicals from cars and factories. My water teems with untreated sewage, irradiated contaminants and inadequately filtered industrial wastes. My food is laced with artificial sex hormones and dubious dyes, bleaches, fungicides, emulsifiers, defoliants and pesticides. And all of it, of course, is chock-full of cholesterol and other substances damaging to the heart's function.

Specialists and their mentality pervade more than our daily movements, our schools, businesses and doctors' offices. They also exercise enormous influence on our national life. Come with me to the Pentagon. I like to stroll along the corridors. I note the little white-on-blue signs summarizing the titles of the offices' occupants. I observe how every functionary's function and malfunction is broken down to its ultimate component. I have never located the assistant deputy to the official who specialized in selecting the ink for the mimeograph machines. Nevertheless, I am morally satisfied that he exists and that each of his deputies specializes in a different color ink.

The System Doesn't Work

What is demonstrably certain, as every Administration since World War II has discovered, is that the Pentagon's system works too slowly, too incompetently or frequently not at all. To help it, we have organized "brain factories" populated by outside specialists to advise the inside specialists.

Now we are in truly sticky territory. It is correct, as the outside specialists claim, that they operate mostly on the lower—or "suboptimization"—levels. Naturally the specialist who knows how to "max" (or maximize) his efforts will get the best "feed around" (or hearing in the places that count.) None of these men is unpatriotic. Few are incompetent. The resulting babel of superior but conflicting advice has upset every President since Harry Truman. Each has experienced no end of frustration trying to resolve almost every question involving missiles, nuclear tests, fallout shelters or anything else that is vital to all of us.

No wonder our presidents need so many vacations. After all, they enjoy the advice of more specialists than anybody. I talked to a man not long ago who sat in on many of President Eisenhower's cabinet meetings. He said that little annoyed Mr. Eisenhower more than trying to extract truth and logic from top advisers who had been primed to a fare-thee-well by specialists. Coming from the military, Mr. Eisenhower knew all too well the experts' skill at camouflaging. But there is no sign that he outsmarted them, or that President Kennedy is doing much better at the same sport.

A Place for Specialists

I'm not in favor of polluted air, contaminated water or poorly briefed presidents. Obviously specialists have their place in the scheme of things. They just don't know the scheme.

I suggest that we discount the me-first frenzy of their advice and our awe of its alleged authority. We might as well. We can't begin to pay for even a choice selection of the specialists' neatest schemes anyway.

The specialist's trouble is his very approach. He is a creator of crises. Emergencies are his dish. Luckily, many of the specialist's cries of "Wolf!" are not so urgent as he would have us believe. Not that he's insincere. He just is afflicted with the occupational disease of his breed: myopia.

He acquired his ailment through years of intensive training at the best universities. It enables him to bring to his desk a talent for looking through microscopes at the components of problems, preferably out of context. As a result, everything he examines appears enormous to him. And like anything that is studied long enough and at close-enough range, the object of his attention is quite likely to be (1) found imperfect, (2) misinterpreted and (3) regarded as infinitely more important in the scheme of things than it really is.

How can we combat the mentality of omniscience which threatens to turn us into specialist-directed robots? I do it by remembering that I—and the rest of us—hired the specialists, not vice versa. And then I have a little checklist, which I use whenever faced with a directive from a specialist or one of his agents. It goes like this: (1) Do I understand it? (2) Does it make sense? (3) Is this specialist really necessary? If the answer is "no" on any count, I start shouting, walking or changing the subject. Perhaps the last solution is best. It never hurt a specialist to get away from his specialty. **THE END**

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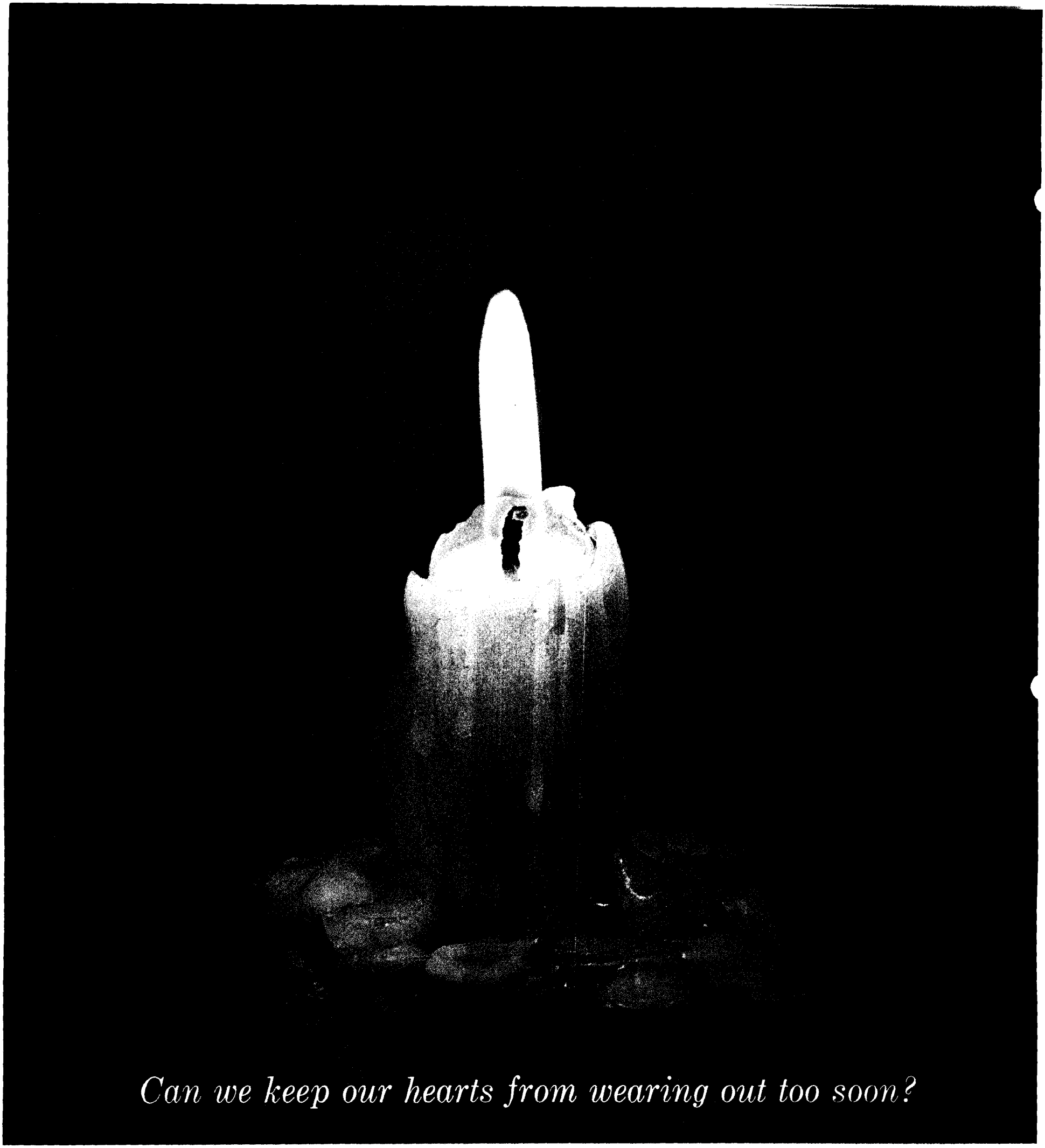

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

What Made Teddy Run?

AND WHY DID THE PRESIDENT LET HIM?

Savoring his first hurrah, Teddy, flanked by his wife Joan, accepts plaudits of state Democratic convention after his nomination.

Overheard in Massachusetts:

"My grandfather owned a saloon not a hundred yards away."—"This candidacy is preposterous."—"Isn't he cute?"—"But Teddy had to do something."—"All Kennedys are equal, and none is more equal than others."—"Charisma?... It's just plain old sex appeal."

FOR A REPORT ON TED KENNEDY'S BID FOR THE SENATE AND THE DIFFICULTIES HE FACES, IF ELECTED, TURN THE PAGE.

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"Teddy is a better natural

By
STEWART
ALSOP

Campaigning in Boston, Teddy turns on his personal charm for the benefit of a voter.

Why did Teddy do it? And why did the President let him do it?

The amazing Kennedy tribe seems entirely likely to score another heady political triumph on November 6. All the best political judges—notably including the President himself—are convinced that young Edward Moore Kennedy will resoundingly defeat Republican George Cabot Lodge to fill his brother's old seat in that august body, the Senate of the United States. And yet it is still worth asking why Teddy Kennedy, 30 years old, three years out of law school, ran for the Senate in the first place.

More important, why did the President let him run? The President started at a much lower rung on the political ladder. So why did he allow young Teddy to aim so high so soon?

The answers to these questions tell a lot about the fascinating political drama in Massachusetts. They also tell a lot about how the Kennedy family moves, its wonders to perform. And already Teddy Kennedy's candidacy has had deeply significant national political consequences. Its most important consequence is entirely obvious. It has hurt the President where it hurts most—politically. Those close to the President stoutly maintain that the damage has not been deep or lasting. But no one seriously disputes that the damage, for the moment, is entirely real.

Nowadays the phrase "too many Kennedys" comes more readily to the lips of the voters than any other single criticism of the President, as this reporter recently discovered for himself [See THE MOOD OF AMERICA, *The Post*, September 22]. It is precisely the sort of "issue," like deep freezes or vicuña coats, that is easy to understand and easy to dramatize. It has given the Republicans something to talk about, and talk about it they will, for a long time to come.

"An Affront and a Presumption"

Teddy Kennedy's candidacy has given the President's friends, as well as his enemies, a stick to beat him with. It is resented, for example, in the Senate, where Teddy expects to go. "Teddy's bid for the Senate, at 30 years of age, with the connivance of the President, is widely regarded as an affront and a presumption," James Reston of *The New York Times* has written, ". . . and it is likely to cost the President more votes in the Senate than Teddy will ever give him."

In its editorials the normally mild, normally pro-Kennedy *New York Times* has been downright savage about Teddy. In fact, the anti-Teddy fury of many of the President's journalistic and intellectual admirers has been a remarkable phenomenon.

The really heart-wounding political cartoons have come from the pens of such liberal cartoonists as Herblock, Bill Mauldin, and Jules Feiffer in *The New Republic*. Veritable hordes of pro-Kennedy intellectuals like Archibald MacLeish, Samuel Eliot Morison and Harvard professor Mark De Wolfe Howe have joined to castigate Teddy's candidacy as "preposterous." The egghead vote may be small, but the egghead influence is considerable, and the President has always assiduously courted the favor of the eggheads.

All this was predictable, although the savageness of the reaction to Teddy's candidacy, particularly among the intellectuals, certainly took the Kennedys by surprise. So—why did Teddy do it? And why did the President let him?

The answer starts with that remarkable closed corporation, the Kennedy family. The family has four unwritten rules. The first is suggested by the widely repeated remark of one of the Kennedy sisters: "But Teddy had to do *something*." The rule is that every Kennedy has to do something—and it has to be *something*, not just anything. The second rule is, "All for one and one for all." The third rule is, "All Kennedys are equal, and none is more equal than others." The fourth rule is—or was until he suffered his stroke—that where strictly family matters are concerned, the word of that amazing patriarch, father Joseph Kennedy, is law. Or if not law, his is certainly a voice to be heard with the utmost respect.

After the 1960 election, with his brothers installed in the White House and the Justice Department, it was time for Teddy to "do something." His father has said that he once hoped that Teddy would "go into business instead of politics" and manage the immense Kennedy-family holdings. But Teddy was eager to prove that he was a man among men, a Kennedy among Kennedys—and handling money was not the way to prove it. "It's Ted's turn now," Joe Kennedy reportedly told Teddy's older brothers after the 1960 campaign ended in triumph. "Whatever he wants, I'm going to see that he gets it."

Finding the Spot for Teddy

But what was "it" to be? Here it is necessary to understand the Massachusetts political setup which confronted Teddy. Theoretically, Teddy could "go," as the politicians say, for any one of four political offices—his brother's former Boston seat in Congress, the governorship, the state attorney generalship, or the unexpired two-year term of his brother's old Senate seat.

The first two were quickly eliminated from the family calculations. The congressional seat is occupied by a popular Representative with the impeccably Bostonian name of "Tip" O'Neill, who showed no inclination to move over. The governorship was never seriously considered, for two reasons. First, the Massachusetts governorship is one of those almost impossible political jobs, with unlimited responsibility and limited power. In scandal-ridden Massachusetts it could be handled successfully, if at all, only by a tough, seasoned politician and administrator. As one White House intimate put it, "Bobby could handle it, but Teddy couldn't." This remark suggests the probable second reason—in the Kennedy grand design, the governorship of Massachusetts is earmarked for Attorney General Robert Kennedy.

That left the state attorney general's post—or the Senate. From the very first, both Teddy and father Joe wanted to aim high—for the Senate. And they wanted to aim soon. The President's old seat will be up for grabs again in 1964, and whoever wins this year will have an indisputable claim to renomination. The other Massachusetts Senate seat—Leverett Saltonstall's—will not come up again until 1966, and four years is a long time to wait.

But in the White House there were doubts. The President's closest political advisers, Kenneth O'Donnell and Lawrence O'Brien, were more than doubtful. They foresaw the damage that young Teddy's candidacy might do to their boss, and they also feared that Teddy might lose, thus subjecting the President to a seeming repudiation in midterm in his own state. They wanted Teddy to run for the lesser post of attorney general, and they wanted the President to back his old roommate, the affable Senator-by-appointment, Ben Smith, for the Senate in 1962.

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politician than any of us."—Robert Kennedy

But was the attorney general's job enough of a something? Teddy and father Joe and most of the rest of the family thought not. At length the President decided to "let Teddy show what he could do." Accordingly, in the autumn of 1961, Teddy campaigned furiously all over Massachusetts, although for a yet undesignated office. Early this year a poll was taken, at O'Donnell's suggestion, to see how Teddy had done.

The poll showed three things. First, Edward McCormack, the incumbent Massachusetts attorney general and favorite nephew of Speaker of the House John McCormack, had enough political backing to take the nomination from roommate Ben Smith. Second, Eddie McCormack would lose the election. Third, Teddy would win both nomination and election.

The poll was the clincher—the Kennedys are great believers in polls. O'Donnell and O'Brien did an about-face, and both urged the President to give his younger brother a green light for the Senate. Otherwise, they foresaw, Massachusetts might become a Republican stronghold, with all three major offices held by Republicans—"and after all," as one of them has remarked, "we've got to go back and live there six years from now."

Thus by last winter both the family and his most trusted political advisers were telling the President the same thing—back Teddy. But the President, who has the extrasensory perception of all great politicians, still had his doubts. In a long talk with his younger brother he expressed these doubts, pointing out that the "family issue" would certainly be raised, and that in any case Teddy's position as a Senator in his brother's Administration would be a difficult one. But perhaps because his father's voice, although now silenced by the stroke, still spoke loudly in his ear, the President stopped short of asking Teddy to wait. Kennedys do not like to wait, and with this somewhat hesitant green light from the President, Teddy jubilantly decided to "go."

Thus ended the drama's first act. According to the rules of classical drama, *hubris* is followed by *ara*, pride by the fall. But this is not a classical drama, and although the Kennedys have plenty of pride, they are not accustomed to fall.

Eclipsing Smith and McCormack

Teddy was faced with two immediate problems. One was old roommate Smith, who had been making candidatelike noises. But Teddy had earlier predicted to a friend that this would be no serious problem—"Ben's for the family." So Senator Smith, the forgotten man of the Massachusetts drama, obligingly stepped into the wings, becoming a sort of political unperson. The real problem, of course, was Eddie McCormack, a popular candidate and no slouch as a campaigner. Teddy handled that problem neatly when he beat Eddie by a humiliating two-to-one margin in the primary election on September 18. Thus Act II has also ended in triumph.

Before it ended, however, Eddie McCormack, in a television debate with Teddy, spoke certain bitter words—"shock treatment," he called them—in a last, futile, lunging effort to ward off the inevitable. McCormack said:

"And I ask you, if his name was Edward Moore—with his qualifications, with your qualifications, Teddy—if it was Edward Moore your candidacy would be a joke. Nobody's laughing, because his name is not Edward Moore, it's Edward Moore Kennedy."

Despite Eddie McCormack's humiliation, those words are worth recalling, because they suggest the only way a Kennedy could conceivably be defeated in the Kennedy family fief, the state of Massachusetts. They also suggest another interesting question about Teddy Kennedy. Suppose the last name of the President's brother were indeed lopped off, leaving him plain Edward Moore. What manner of man might this Edward Moore be? Let us have a look at Edward Moore Kennedy, as he goes about his politician's business, and try to guess the answer to that question.

As everybody knows by now, the President's brother is a handsome man. He is more than that—he is a *very* handsome man. He is decidedly better-looking than his brothers, with the precisely balanced features of the old Arrow-collar ads. There may come a time when he will have to worry about jowls, but there is still now on his rounded cheeks the blush and bloom of youth. But although Teddy still looks like a boy, he looks, with his prognathous jaw and his square shoulders, very much like a boy who can take care of himself.

He has large, even teeth—even larger than the other Kennedy teeth—and he has the wide infectious smile of all the Kennedys. But even when he smiles, those big strong teeth, with their huge visible incisors, look a bit like the wolf's in *Little Red Ridinghood:* "All the better to bite you with." There is nothing soft about Teddy Kennedy, any more than about his brothers.

The Kennedy Teeth Bite Hard

Despite whispers to the contrary, it is quite untrue that his brothers intervened in any heavy-handed way, with promises of rewards or threats of punishment, to secure the senatorial nomination for Teddy. Yet it certainly is true that a good many Massachusetts politicians have been aware that the Kennedy teeth have been used to bite, and bite hard. Thus to affect the outcome on September 18, the Washington Kennedys needed only to exist. And because the Kennedys are overwhelmingly popular in their native state, they need only to exist to affect the outcome on election day.

But Ted Kennedy has not relied wholly on the Kennedy teeth—or the Kennedy name or the Kennedy money or the Kennedy power—to propel him into the Senate. No candidate ever worked harder. For more than a year, every day has been for Teddy Kennedy a 16-hour round of handshaking, television interviews, small speeches, street-corner rallies.

Let us have a look at Teddy Kennedy as he stalks his prize, his brother's old seat in the Senate. It is late in the evening, and beginning to be a bit chilly. A big square in South Boston is filled to overflowing. Searchlights play on the clouds above, and in the crowd there is an excited anticipatory buzz. There is a distant tootling of a school band, and then: "Here he comes."

Teddy, a big man, strides confidently in at the head of the band, smiling often, but not too often. The buzz swells to a roar, and you hear the squeals and giggles of the girls: "Isn't he cute?"

The candidate swings athletically up onto the roof of a station wagon. A loudspeaker beneath him reproduces the noise of the cheering crowd, and this recorded enthusiasm multiplies the real enthusiasm of the people. (At one rally, something went wrong with the loudspeaker, and the inhumanly magnified shriek of human voices almost silenced the awed crowd.) Then comes the speech, and a sudden whiff of the past.

For these nighttime street-corner rallies are an anachronism, a revived counterpart of the

Republican opponent Lodge exudes quiet confidence, uses scholarly campaign approach.

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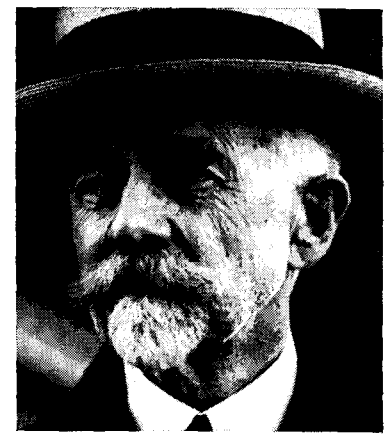
"It is difficult for Lodge to exploit 'dynasty' issue, as he comes from a leading American political dynasty."

Battle of Family Dynasties

Both candidates come from well-entrenched Massachusetts political families. The current battle is the third time the families have fought for the same Senate seat.

John F. "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald, Boston politician, grandfather of Teddy, lost bitter battle to Henry Cabot Lodge.



Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, grandfather of George, defeated "Honey Fitz" for historic Senate seat in 1916.

Teddy's father, Joseph P. Kennedy, never ran for office; was ambassador to Great Britain under Roosevelt.

Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., former Senator, diplomat and Vice Presidential candidate lost Senate seat to JFK.

Heir to a potent political heritage, Teddy shows sure touch with voters, is waging typically vigorous campaign.

A competent political professional, George was Asst. Secy. of Labor for Ike, seeks to avenge father's defeat.

torchlight parades of the days of Teddy's grandfather old "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald, one of the master Boston-Irish politicians of his time. Nowadays, only a Teddy Kennedy could hope to draw the people away from their television sets and into the streets. And here is the grandson of Honey Fitz, enjoying the smell and feel of the crowd, becoming himself a part of the crowd, as another grandson of Honey Fitz never has.

At his street-corner rallies, Ted Kennedy abandons the sweetly reasonable tones that all politicians, Teddy included, have learned to use on television. The speech is delivered in the old style, in a sustained shout. In the Italian sections the speech begins with a sentence in Italian, followed by that infectious smile and a roar of applause. In the Irish sections (is there a hint of an Irish lilt in the voice?): "My grandfather owned a saloon not a hundred yards away," or, "My father played ball a few blocks from here." Then: "I hope there are no Republicans in the crowd, because they're not going to like what I say." The speech that follows is a real stem-winder, a thoroughly partisan speech to which old Honey Fitz would have listened with pleasure and approval, thoroughly satisfying to the partisan crowd which has come to enjoy itself, and does.

Even as he shouts, there are times when Teddy's voice seems to be another, more familiar voice. There is the same dying fall, an almost querulous inflection, at the end of a sentence, the same semibroad "a," neither quite Boston nor quite Harvard but *sui generis*, authentic Kennedy. There is also the familiar stabbing gesture with the index finger of the left hand.

There is something else besides, a kind of bubbling, superbly confident ebullience, an almost overpowering vitality. A reporter moving about in the crowd after the speech hears the voice of the people: "He's the greatest," "Just wonderful," "We're with him all the way," and very often, starry-eyed: "Isn't he cute?" And there are the girls whose hands Teddy has shaken, holding the sacredly shaken hand aloft: "I'll never wash it again."

After covering many campaigns, a reporter comes to recognize whatever it is that makes a great natural politician—call it what you will, Quality X, presence, charisma. ("Charisma, hell," said a sharp-tongued lady reporter. "It's just plain old sex appeal.") Whatever it is, Teddy Kennedy has it. His older brother was quite right when he remarked that "Teddy is a better natural politician than any of us." Teddy Kennedy was designed by his Maker to be a politician.

Edward Moore: "Nobody's Fool"

Even if Edward Moore Kennedy had been born plain Edward Moore, he would have been no joke as a politician. He would have run for high office—although doubtless not quite so soon—as inevitably as a river runs into the sea. Of this one can be certain. One can also be certain that plain Edward Moore would have been a very competent young man. Listen to him in debate, or answering the tough questions on television, never putting a foot wrong, and you can only conclude that this young man is nobody's fool.

For the rest, it is only possible to guess. One suspects, for example, that plain Edward Moore would have been rather to the right of Edward Moore Kennedy—this breed of ebullient, not very reflective, wholly uncomplex sort of man usually is a conservative. (For that matter, the President has remarked that his father is rather to the right of Herbert Hoover, and the Ken-

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"George Lodge is a good-looking man, but his are not the sort of good looks to make a bobby-soxer squeal."

nedys, like Southerners, are Democrats essentially for geographical reasons.) In any case, conservative or liberal, plain Edward Moore would have been an immensely formidable politician.

Edward Moore Kennedy is an even more formidable politician, as he proved on September 18. So how about Act III of the drama? Is there any risk that *hubris* will be followed by *ara?* Put the question another way: Is there any chance at all that a Kennedy might be beaten in Massachusetts?

The answer to that question depends in part on Teddy Kennedy's Republican opponent, George Cabot Lodge. So let us take a look at George Lodge.

"Tall, slender. Legs very straight. Forehead an inch bigger either way than any other man's on the platform. Head, in profile, very long above the ears. Face strong and strongly marked." These words are a contemporary's description of George Lodge's great-grandfather, Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge, one of the most powerful men of his day. But they serve just as well for George Lodge. Like the Kennedys, the Lodges have stubborn genes.

A Proud Political Heritage

At 35, George Lodge is a good-looking man. But his are not the sort of good looks to make a bobby-soxer squeal, and not even a bobby-soxer would be likely to describe a man who stands six feet five inches in his stockings as "cute." A more common reaction was that of a scrawny voter who remarked to Lodge in awe, "Gee, but you're a big bastard."

Like Teddy Kennedy, George Lodge trails behind a whiff of the past—in his case a more distant past. George Lodge's father, the second Henry Cabot Lodge, former Senator, UN Ambassador and Vice Presidential candidate, learned his politics from the first Henry Cabot Lodge. The old Senator remembered his maternal grandfather, who in turn recalled hiding behind a table while *his* father, Sen. George Cabot, entertained a notable figure of the period—President George Washington.

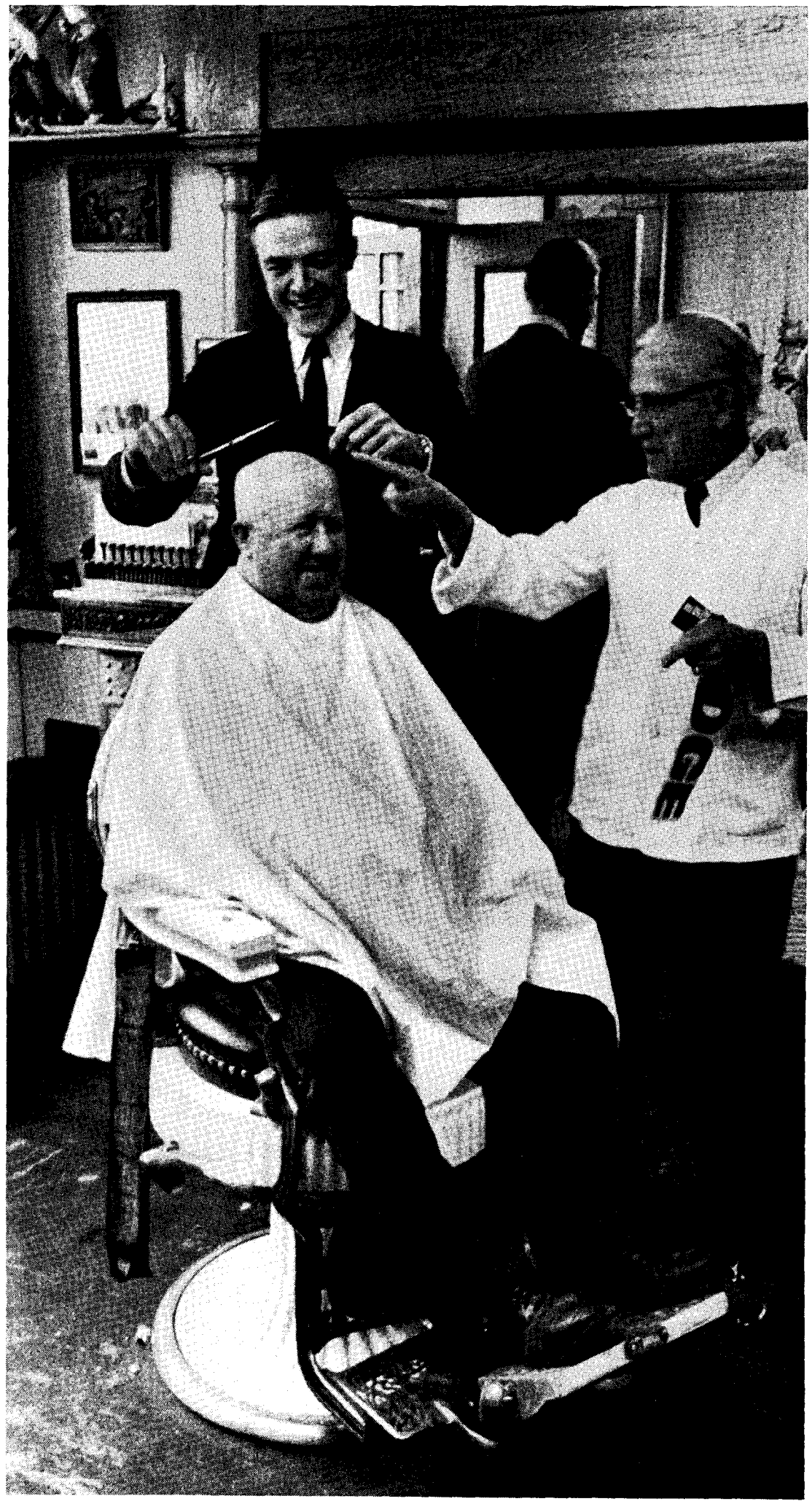
The Senate seat for which these two young men are fighting is, in fact, the most distinguished of all Senate seats, having been occupied not only by the President of the United States and three of George Lodge's forebears, but by other history-makers such as Charles Sumner and Daniel Webster. This is the third time the seat has been contested by the Lodge and Kennedy tribes.

The outcome of the first contest in 1916, between Honey Fitz Fitzgerald and the first Henry Cabot Lodge, was accurately predicted by a Democratic politician of the era: "Fitz beat Lodge? Ha, ha, ha. Don't make me laugh. My lips are chapped."

Nobody laughed when young John F. Kennedy, with a strong assist from conservative Republicans, beat the second Henry Cabot Lodge in 1952—and thus took a giant stride toward the White House. And as Eddie McCormack said, "nobody's laughing" now. In fact, almost nobody thinks George Lodge has a chance to even the score—nobody but George Lodge.

Out campaigning, big George Lodge exudes an air of quiet confidence. His campaign style is totally different from his rival's. Curiously, one is more often reminded of his rival's oldest brother.

Here, for example, is George Lodge campaigning one afternoon in Boston's Copley Square. Lodge stands in the middle of the small crowd of



In barbershop at Chicopee, Lodge briefly switches serious approach for light horseplay.

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"Ted Kennedy is like the poor little rich boy, hedged and circumscribed by the very wealth of his inheritance."

curious passersby, towering over them. He makes a short, serious speech—no stem-winder. Then he hands a microphone round for questions.

A drunk grabs it and bellows into it. Lodge gently but firmly disengages the instrument, and another man asks a question about aid to Communist Yugoslavia, highly unpopular in Catholic Boston. In great detail, Lodge explains why he considers aid to Yugoslavia a good investment. Another man asks about farm policy, and in even more detail, with many facts about cotton price supports—and no mention of Billie Sol Estes—Lodge explains why he favors a radical revision of the farm-subsidy program. So it goes, a question followed by a long, detailed reply.

Surely all this is too scholarly for political purposes? But the crowd listens intently, and one recalls another campaigner who loved to show his mastery of detail—Teddy Kennedy's oldest brother, who didn't do too badly.

Lodge is also capable of showing a certain fire. One recalls, for example, a debate in a Boston suburb in which Lodge and Stuart Hughes, the left-leaning independent candidate, took part. Hughes, an example of the breed of brilliant fathead, gave a speech to the effect that, if we were nice enough to the Communists, they would be nice to us. Stuttering slightly—when he is moved, a boyhood stutter tends to reappear—Lodge demolished Hughes, citing chapter and verse to prove the futility of a policy of niceness toward Communism. The audience, moved in its turn, applauded roundly.

In another state, against another candidate, George Lodge would be an odds-on bet to win. He has all the family charm, none of the family arrogance. He has other assets. Like Teddy, he has a very attractive wife, and he has six photogenic children—Teddy has two. Although he lacks charisma, or sex appeal, or whatever you want to call that Quality X Teddy brings to the hustings, George is obviously intelligent, obviously dedicated to the public weal, moderately conservative without being stuffy. In short he is just the sort of candidate the Republicans always talk about wistfully and hardly ever nominate. But hardly anyone but George Lodge thinks he has a chance.

Odds Against the Republicans

Consider the political mathematics. In round figures, there are 900,000 registered Democrats in Massachusetts, as against 600,000 Republicans—a three-to-two margin. There are more than 1,000,000 independents—who normally vote Democratic three to two. The Massachusetts Republican Party is Yankee-dominated and largely Protestant, and the Democratic Party Irish-dominated and largely Catholic. The Irish outnumber the Yankees three to two, and the Catholics, now a majority in the state, outnumber the Protestants two to one.

Given such odds, it is hard to see how any Republican wins in Massachusetts—let alone against a brilliant campaigner with the Kennedy name and Quality X besides. Lodge does have certain hidden assets. A good many disgruntled followers of Eddie McCormack may vote for him. And Stuart Hughes is expected to attract a sizeable left-leaning, normally Democratic egghead vote—the egghead vote is hardly decisive, but it is bigger in Massachusetts than in any other state except New York.

Yet Lodge's only real chance of winning is to persuade a majority of the volatile independents that Teddy's qualifications are indeed nonexistent, that his candidacy is indeed an "insult." McCormack tried that and was sunk without trace. For that matter, Lodge's primary opponent, 69-year-old Laurence Curtis, tried it too—his favorite slogan was, "A seat in the Senate should be merited, not inherited"—and he too was defeated, although by a less humiliating margin than poor Eddie McCormack.

The fact is that Lodge and Kennedy have a lot in common, aside from youth, regular features and pretty wives. And this does not help Lodge. It is difficult for him to exploit the "dynasty" issue, coming as he does from one of the three leading American political dynasties. Lodge is careful to point out that there is a difference between a lateral and a perpendicular dynasty. No member of his family now occupies public office, and if his father had been elected Vice President, he says, "of course I wouldn't have run." But for political purposes such points are a bit thin and subtle.

The Pull of the People's Dukes

The fact is that Lodge and Kennedy are both People's Dukes, American version. At least on the East Coast, which is positively lousy with People's Dukes, the voters apparently prefer to be represented by the rich and/or wellborn, as the common people of England once did. Kennedy's running mate for governor, Endicott Peabody, is another People's Duke, which is tough luck for Lodge. The horrendous Massachusetts scandals might have supplied an issue for Lodge, but nobody can imagine a Kennedy and a Peabody with their hands in the till.

Eddie McCormack used to say that he would win on the "*hutzpah* issue," *hutzpah* being Yiddish for gall or brass. But George Lodge has plenty of *hutzpah* himself. Nobody made George Lodge a candidate. He made himself a candidate, following the formula laid down by his great-grandfather: "When I came to the conclusion that I would like to hold office, I did not wait to be requested by friends, but I went out and told the men who had much to do with winning elections that I would like to run."

Even George Lodge's campaign technique—if not his campaign style—is much like Teddy Kennedy's. Teddy has clearly decided that what was good enough for Jack is good enough for him. So has George. For the President's Massachusetts campaigns, Larry O'Brien devised a Campaign Manual, an immensely detailed volume which is the political equivalent of a general-staff war plan. Teddy is a close student of the O'Brien manual. So is George.

Both these young men, in fact, belong to the new generation of political professionals. For them, politics has ceased to be a "great game" and has become, as far as it lies in human power to make it so, an exact science. Both make extensive use of researchers, analysts and logistics specialists, and both have at hand elaborate studies of the whole political and ethnic complexion of the state to help them choose the most rewarding "target areas." Teddy has more expertise to call upon, both in Washington and on the spot, in his able brother-in-law and campaign manager Steve Smith. He also has more of the financial sinews of war. In other ways, George Lodge's campaign organization is as modernly professional as Teddy Kennedy's.

For one of them, of course, all the money, all the sweat and weariness, all the unending hours of handshaking and speechmaking, will go for nothing. Politics is a cruel business—somebody always has to lose. The young professionals working for Teddy Kennedy no longer have any doubt about who that somebody will be. They do not *think* Teddy will win, they say. They *know* he will win.

Suppose they are right. It is possible that politics could turn out to be a cruel business even for Ted Kennedy. Teddy Kennedy's chief reason for reaching so high so soon was to prove that he is more than just the President's kid brother, as Bobby Kennedy has proved by his able handling of the Justice Department. But if he becomes Senator Kennedy, Ted Kennedy's position will be markedly different from the Attorney General's.

The Attorney General has a vast and vital empire over which to preside. A Cabinet member is, moreover, an acknowledged agent of the President, serving at his pleasure, disagreeing with him only behind closed doors. Under the American system, a Senator's role is quite different. A Senator is, or is supposed to be, his own agent, responsible only to the voters and his conscience. He has no empire, and his votes, which are the expression of his power, are a matter of public record. It is easy to imagine the headlines if Senator Kennedy votes against the Administration line: TEDDY DEFIES JFK. Yet if he never deviates, if he never displays independence, what is he to be if not a sort of well-publicized political unperson? Surely his older brother was right when he warned Teddy that the role of Senator in a Kennedy Administration would be difficult for a Kennedy.

Certainly it is a political asset to be young, an asset to be rich, an asset to be handsome and, especially in Massachusetts, an asset to be a Kennedy. But in Ted Kennedy's case, may not all these assets prove an embarrassment of riches, too much of a muchness?

The Dangers of Success

It is interesting to speculate on what-might-have-been. When a well-known journalist asked father Joe Kennedy why his son Jack went into politics, Kennedy senior looked at him in surprise. "I thought everybody knows that," he said. "Jack went into politics because Young Joe died. Young Joe was going to be the politician of the family. When he died, Jack took his place."

Ted Kennedy is said to be more like Young Joe, who died a hero's death in the war, than any other Kennedy. Suppose the accident of birth had made Teddy the second male Kennedy, instead of the fourth. Then, according to the tribal customs of the family, he would have taken Young Joe's place, to become "the politician of the family." No one who has seen him in action could doubt for a moment that he would have succeeded in that role. Who knows? He might even have succeeded as the second male Kennedy succeeded. When he was 30 not everyone who knew him saw in Jack Kennedy a future Chief Executive.

But a man cannot choose the order of his being. And in his unique situation Ted Kennedy is rather like the poor little rich boy, hedged and circumscribed by the very wealth of his inheritance. Perhaps, if he is elected, he will somehow display the Kennedy talent for surmounting the insurmountable. Otherwise he will be, even as the occupier of the Senate's most distinguished seat, the President's kid brother, a subject of jokes about King Kennedy III, and a politician no one takes seriously in his own right. Politics, in short, could turn out to be a rather cruel business, even for a Kennedy. **THE END**

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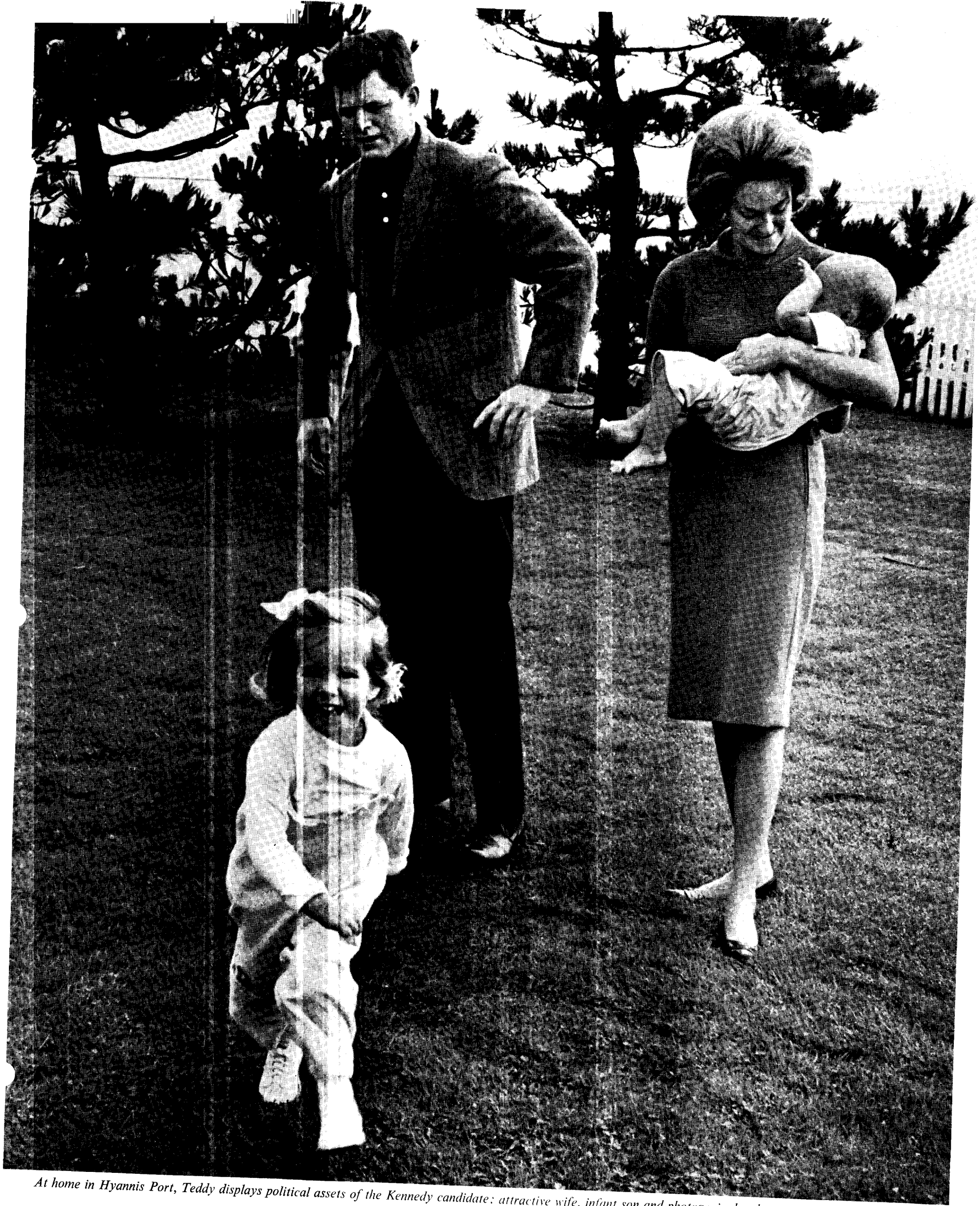

At home in Hyannis Port, Teddy displays political assets of the Kennedy candidate: attractive wife, infant son and photogenic daughter named Kara.

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Playing the Fashion Game

By LOIS LONG

Semiannual fashion changes shape the rules for this fascinating pastime. To play, bring money.

Suit Look: muffled and mannish. Dior's nubby-tweed outfit ($1000) is teamed with rakish bamboo cane, high alligator boots.

Again it's time to play the fashion-sophisticate game—an international frolic of intense activity and indecision. Every fall and spring, women—the rich and not-so-rich, with size 8 to size 16 figures—go through the semiannual molt, shedding old fashions for new.

To play the game you must know what makes this season's high-fashion look. As men can tell the make of a new car at a hundred paces by a glance at its body lines, so, too, can women pick out the fashion sophisticates in any crowd. There are telltale signs: the line of the costume, the shape of hat, handbag and shoes. For the woman, it is the fashion sophisticate who sets the styles to follow. These moneyed ladies play the fashion game with gusto in the carpeted halls of couture houses and smart shops here and abroad.

A slight pencil twist by the master designers—such as Balenciaga, Dior and St. Laurent in Paris, or Norell, Galanos and Trigère in the United States—determines whether the skirt will flare at the hem (skirts are eased this year) and whether the knee will be bared (not now). These masters have spoken and the sophisticated look for the season is set.

Not everyone, of course, has the money or single-minded dedication of the fashion sophisticate. (For her, appearing in last year's Dior instead of this year's St. Laurent would be humiliating.) But what the sophisticate wears on Fifth Avenue and the Champs Élysées will influence what the average American woman dares to wear on Main Street, U.S.A.

What's "in" in fashion this season? According to the masters, women must look mannish by day, then chameleonlike, change into feminine charmers by night. The lavish, bouffant look is "out," in clothes and coiffures. The elongated, Modigliani look is "in," from thigh-length jackets to spiraling hairdos. As one fashion commentator describes it, a woman must look like "a single, long-stemmed flower suspended and effortless, swaying in the wind."

If looking like an English Teddy Boy or a single, long-stemmed flower does not appeal, there is another acceptable look this fall. You can be a Czarina, enveloped in a cape and furs up to the nose, stepping smartly as a Cossack in high-heeled boots. If you can't find a sleigh to ride down Main Street, try strolling with a pair of Russian wolfhounds.

To be more specific, the fashion sophisticate this season will have these things in her closet or be considered passé. First she must have sports clothes for town, like the fisherman's shirt of St. Laurent, which is an easygoing tunic with cuffed sleeves and a smocked back, worn over a slender skirt. There must be a leather outfit starting, preferably, with a skimpy sheath of suède and, possibly, a safari type of jacket, even if the intended safari goes no farther than to an old mill on the outskirts of Paris or the supermarket in town.

Then, regardless of varieties of climate or interior heating, the fashion leader must wear a very bulky, tweedy suit, suggesting the kind that Englishwomen like for striding across the moors. Acceptable fashion labels include the muted checks or brown tweeds from Dior *(left)*, the quilt-jacketed suit from Norell, or the loudest possible patterns from two superb American designers, Monte-Sano and Rentner. These suits are likely to be collarless, for a Hans Brinker type of muffler is rampant, to hurl around the shoulders and toy with in moments of minor irritation or unease.

It is permissible to buy a suit or coat with no muffler—in this case there are hoods or deluxe babushkas, some lined with mink (and reversible) in case you need some extra security. A leather babushka is a must for country wear. But in general, when our sophisticate is in tailored and mannish moods she puts a cap on her head, or a leather derby or fedora.

Determined to carry the masculine theme throughout this daytime ensemble, the fashion insider will carry a walking stick or cane in the

Photographs by Gleb Derujinsky

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Dress Look: open-air wool knit, perhaps muffled with a stole. Galanos's V-necked "throwaway" dress ($350) is worn with low pumps.

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Daytime leathers are replaced by silks at cocktails, followed by wools for evening.

Cocktail Look: Balenciaga's coatdress ($1000) with Sally Victor's coq wig ($80).

Sport Look: layers of knit, leather, fur. Bonnie Cashin's safari outfit combines them all.

Evening Look: sinuous, woolly. Trigère's gown ($400) is topped by Daché hairpiece ($200).

manner of a Regency dandy (also a handy tactical weapon if the occasion arises). If sleeves exist at all (under jackets and stoles they usually don't), they are longer, extending to bracelet length, often with masculine band cuffs and single link buttons at the base. Favored colors for day include brown, camel, gray and black in solid or tweedy versions.

The masculine look is completed with walking boots. These are functional whether the fashion sophisticate alights from a limousine to walk fifty feet in the snow to the door of Bergdorf Goodman, or jumps out of a battered station wagon to tread the 500 yards from a muddy parking lot to the P.T.A. meeting. The sole concession to petite femininity in streetwear is in handbags. The oversized handbag is "out," giving way to a small trim one holding only enough for bare necessities, like money.

In every chic wardrobe this season, for casual afternoon events, there must be that little, offhand throwaway of a dress (*page 23*), often with a V-line neck and a matching stole, in either knit or soufflé wool. As the day moves toward the cocktail hour, the fabrics become progressively more expensive (the look that shrieks luxury is "in") although the casual line remains. The intricate dress is "out," but the bare minimum dress is still around for women who want understatement. The glittery metallic lamés have vanished from the correct closets. Replacing them are muted pastel brocades. The slim gray satin coatdress (*far left*) by Balenciaga is a good line to follow.

It is also "in" for tweedy types to go right on being tweedy into the small hours. Elaborately beaded ballgowns are "out" (unless you can't resist buying a Sarmi or Scaasi original, at about $2000—to wear to the next charity ball, of course), and wools are "in." Ben Zuckerman and Galanos, who rank among the top half-dozen American designers on the sophisticate's list, have even brought the ankle-length tweeds (sometimes combined with brocade) out of the Bohemian and at-home categories and insinuated them into the midst of gala evening entertainment. The new evening doodads, perched atop the head, give these floor-length wools a dressy look (*left, below*).

The familiar soufflé hairdo has been superseded by a new, cropped, caplike look for the hair, to the obvious delight of milliners. This has given rise to any number of close, deep hats of felt or feathers nestling down on the ears and looking very 1930 glamorous. This hairdo makes it easy for the fashion sophisticate to change styles at will either through wigs (still all right despite an ominous popularity) to wig-type hats that suit a temporarily manic mood.

All manner of beauties may wear coq- or ostrich-feather wigs (*far left*) concealing the hair completely, especially elegant at the cocktail hour. For full-dress evenings, Alexandre of Paris invented a clean, upswept coiffure with a mass of curls or a Danish-pastry bun whirled at the top. The secret ingredient is a *postiche*, or hairpiece, pulled like taffy into an elongated shape. Adrian of Saks Fifth Avenue has some creations that look as if Boy Scouts had got their hands on ropes of lacquered hair and were inventing fantastic knots of them. Hats that simulate this type of arrogant topknot are a favorite of Lilly Daché. She puts flat pillboxes (some of real hair) smack on the crown; these erupt spiky feathers, jet beads (the "in" costume jewelry this year), satin bows and whatever else comes to hand. This long-necked evening look is in contrast to the turtle aspects of the daytime look.

Makeup must be toned down if you are to be a fashion insider—it is no longer dewy, but has a matte surface. Eye makeup is still a must, though the bright blue and green eyeshadow have become déclassé in favor of smudgier shades in the gray-brown-amber range. If lashes are not thick and lovely, our fashionable woman goes to a top beauty salon to order lashes of real hair to her measure (eyelashes must *never* be bought ready-to-wear). Lipstick and nail polish tend to the bisque shades, like apricot.

These ideas make up-to-date fashion footprints for the sands of time—at least, until the new tide comes in six months from now. Then all of us can look up from our little problems that seem to loom so large, like broken Zippers, and take pity on the fashion sophisticate who is compelled to scrap all these lovely things and start again. **THE END**

Czarina Look: luxurious from head to foot, with needlepoint luggage (Koret, $800) plus fox-trimmed cape (Zuckerman, $725), lynx hat ($95), fur boots (Dior, $55).

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Amateur Night at the Bank

By ROBERT SEAVER

In case you haven't noticed, the business of banking has changed in recent years. The forbidding, frock-coated atmosphere has given way to a folksy approach—drive-in tellers, instant loans and premiums for new depositors. But of all the changes, none has been so startling as the big change in bank robbers.

Take, for example, the case of Fred Miller, a mixed-up California juvenile who found it harder to get arrested for bank robbery than it was to commit the crime.

Miller, which is not his real name—he is now on probation, has a job and regrets the whole affair—chose the community of Hayward, California, for his exploit a short time ago. He hitchhiked into town and took a hotel room across the street from a branch of the First Western Bank. Promptly at 10 A.M. one morning, he entered the bank carrying a brown paper bag on which he had scrawled a threatening demand for cash.

Faced with the threat, the teller obediently filled the bag with small bills. Miller took the bundle, walked out of the bank and went back to his room. When sirens announced the arrival of police, Miller descended to the street. At the bank Miller found the doorway packed with onlookers. But he squeezed through the crowd.

Almost everyone inside the bank was dressed in civilian clothes. Miller couldn't tell detectives from customers or bank personnel. He searched in vain for a familiar face, but the teller he had robbed was in an office giving his story to an officer. Finally Miller spotted a police uniform in the crowd and walked over. Patrolman Mike Carmo was phoning a description of the bank bandit to headquarters.

"Young, slender, about five-eight," the officer was saying. He gave Miller a distant glance and turned back to his note pad. "Blond hair, wearing old blue jeans." Miller hitched his faded jeans up on his narrow hips, ran a hand through his straw-colored thatch and waited politely.

It Wasn't the Money He Wanted

"Blue eyes," said Carmo, returning Miller's azure gaze with a just-a-minute-Mac look, "and very bad teeth." Miller gave him a snaggle-toothed smile. Carmo did a double take. "Never mind," he told headquarters and hung up the phone. With a sigh of relief Miller held out his hands for the cuffs. Later, surrounded by officers, the amateur bank bandit explained that it wasn't the money he wanted. That was waiting for them under his mattress at the hotel.

"I'm uneducated," the youth explained. "I have no trade. What I really wanted was to get sent to jail. I figure I can learn a trade there. So I robbed the bank."

The kind of bank brigands who terrorized the 1930's, the Dillingers and the Baby Face Nelsons with their machine guns, now exist mainly in old Hollywood screenplays. In their place has risen a legion of unarmed amateurs who merely pen threatening demands for cash. Only a few professional bandits still do business in the old style—armed and ready to shoot. The American Bankers Association reports that in 1960 note-passing amateurs accounted for three fourths of the nation's 362 bank-robbery attempts.

In New York City alone, in the month of January, 1962, seven out of eight would-be bank robbers displayed no weapon—just a threatening note. Three of them succeeded, and got away with a total of something over $13,000.

"It's reached the point," says Gerry Van Dorn, chief protection officer of New York City's Chase Manhattan Bank, "that people think all you need to rob a bank is a pencil and a piece of paper."

Why Notes Succeed for the Bandits

Massive vaults fitted with time locks and sensitive alarms, armed guards, silent systems for summoning aid from police stations, bulletproof enclosures and equipment for driving off marauders with tear gas—all fail to stop the novices.

Why does the note technique work?

"None of the defenses against armed robbery was engineered for the new threat," says Van Dorn, a former FBI man who is one of a growing number of specialists in bank protection. "The note passer has on his side the advantages of surprise, secrecy and fear of the unknown."

Note passing first emerged as a major trend around 1955. Bank officials assume that it was started by a few hardheaded professionals looking for ways around the old-style defenses. Amateurs, they believe, caught the idea from newspaper accounts of other attempts.

It is these amateurs, in constantly growing numbers, who are creating a new folklore of humor and pathos as they venture beyond the law. Seldom armed, rarely with any previous record in crime, unpredictably zany in their attempts at larceny, they rely on dumb luck to get away with their loot. And sometimes they are preposterously miscast.

This was so in the case of Peter J. Hamilton, a twenty-four-year-old unemployed New York City singer and songwriter.

Hamilton strode into a branch of the Chemical Bank New York Trust Company one morning last year and thrust a note at Miss Rosetta Tarantini, a teller. It read in part: "We know where you live. My father and uncle will get you if anything happens to me. I have a gun. . . ."

Miss Tarantini studied the note, eyed Hamilton's youthful face and snickered.

"I'll have to talk this over with someone," she said. Before the flustered bandit could protest, she strolled away and showed the note to a female coworker. Both girls began to giggle.

The assistant manager, John Besold, noticed the merriment and came over. "Get a load of this," gasped Miss Tarantini. Besold read the note, appraised the reddening Hamilton with a glance and smiled broadly.

Besold beckoned to guard Harry Olsen and said, "Harry, this man wants to rob the bank. Lock him up, will you?" Olsen, all business, drew his revolver briskly. Hamilton promptly announced that he was unarmed and surrendered. Unruffled, he brightly produced a large envelope containing a record disc.

"It's me," he explained, "singing my own songs. I brought it along in case I got caught. I figured I'd at least get some publicity out of it." He wound up at Matteawan State Hospital.

Probably the most famous amateur of them all was Mrs. Vera Owen Wilson, fifty-eight, a sweet-faced little old lady who twice robbed New York City banks armed only with a glass of water. Her success was based on the fact that she represented the contents of the small tumbler—which she carried into the bank unobtrusively and displayed only to the teller she approached—as acid.

On her first attempt Mrs. Wilson took $3400 from a midtown branch of the First National City Bank. A month later, just a block away, she tried the same trick, but was captured. A court sentenced her to two to four years in prison.

Mrs. Wilson's escapades took place in 1958 and 1959. Since then bank officials have noticed an upswing in the number of amateurs who use props to buttress their threats. A good many flash "guns" that later turn out to be toys. Some carry water or medicine which they variously describe as acid, lye or explosive.

To back up her demand for money, one woman bandit used a ticking package which she said was a time bomb. The teller sounded the alarm anyway. When police gingerly dismantled the device under water, they found the "bomb" was a watch taped to a piece of lead pipe.

With Amateurs There Are Antics

The less-than-shrewd thinking of many amateurs has a good deal to do with the unreal quality of their capers. It doubtless also accounts for the fact that, by A.B.A. estimate, fewer than one in 10 manages to get away with the loot.

A young railroad worker in Forest, Mississippi, took $1700 with a toy pistol, only to walk down the same street paying off Christmas bills that were weighing on his conscience. And a young mother in Hermosa Beach, California, left her two children on the sidewalk outside a bank while she went in and took $4000 with a threatening note. She was seen to leave, gather up her children and vanish. FBI men who were on the scene in minutes searched the area to no avail. Finally the woman was found, sitting quietly in the next-door escrow department of the same bank, awaiting the arrival of a taxi which she had asked a clerk to call.

The banks were slow at first in adapting to the soft-sell techniques of amateurs, but they have caught on fast. Protection men won't reveal all of the tricks they have waiting for amateurs, but on the technological front one popular

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Juveniles and old ladies are trying their hands at the bank-robbing dodge.

device is an automatic camera that snaps a bandit's photo as he leaves the bank—after the teller is out of danger. These candid portraits, shown on television and circulated among banks, have scored handsomely against repeaters.

Most effective against the amateurs, and lone bandits generally, are programs to train bank workers in handling threats. Few banks counsel tellers to resist a robbery threat, at least openly. Instead, they concentrate on equipping tellers to make the best possible decisions. Like most protection officers, Gerry Van Dorn does not want to talk much about what advice is given tellers. But one full day of the three-week training course for new tellers at the Chase Manhattan banks is devoted to security procedures.

Boiled down, the advice is to cooperate while keeping a lookout for a chance to trap the bandit or give the alarm. Emphasis is on what tellers have done to frustrate past robbery attempts. "If there is clear danger, comply," says Van Dorn. "But do so deliberately, calmly."

How a Quick-Witted Teller Works

Van Dorn's favorite example of how a teller can foil a note passer took place last year when the Chase Manhattan had its first amateur-bandit case. Joseph Glenn, 26, walked into a bank branch on Broadway and penned a rhyming note on a green savings-deposit slip. "Give me all your money," it said. "I have lye, don't cry."

Glenn presented this missive to a teller in the checking department. Noting the green color, she shoved the slip right back. "I'm sorry. This is the checking department. We don't handle those here. Please go to the savings window."

As the bandit complied, the teller tripped a silent alarm. Guards collared Glenn waiting meekly in line at the savings window. Now at Sing Sing, Glenn ponders the wiles of quick-witted women tellers.

One pert teller told a robber whose note threatened use of a gun, "OK, let's see it. No gun, no money." The bandit, without a gun and his bluff called, broke and ran. Another bandit became so impatient at the time a teller took in reading—and commenting on—his 1500-word note that he stamped out of the bank in disgust and was never seen again.

Faced with more and more sophisticated bank personnel, and with the resources of modern technology arrayed against them, the amateurs are battling ever-steeper odds.

"Some amateurs think that if they are caught unarmed, or have an appealing story, they will get off lightly," says one official. "But generally the courts deal as harshly with amateurs as with the pros. Sentences of 10 or 20 years are not uncommon. Whatever dreamworld these people inhabit when they start out, they wake up when the cuffs are snapped on. And behind every funny escapade there is almost always a ruined life at the end of the story." **THE END**

In New York City bank, amateur robber (center, wearing hat) hurries toward door pursued by plainclothes guard (light coat).

Shocked customers watch as robber struggles with guard near door. Automatic camera set off by alert teller recorded the scene.

Arms pinioned, bandit Clive Gilbert George is led away. With a fake gun he threatened a teller who gave him $1500. George is now serving a two-to-four-year prison term.

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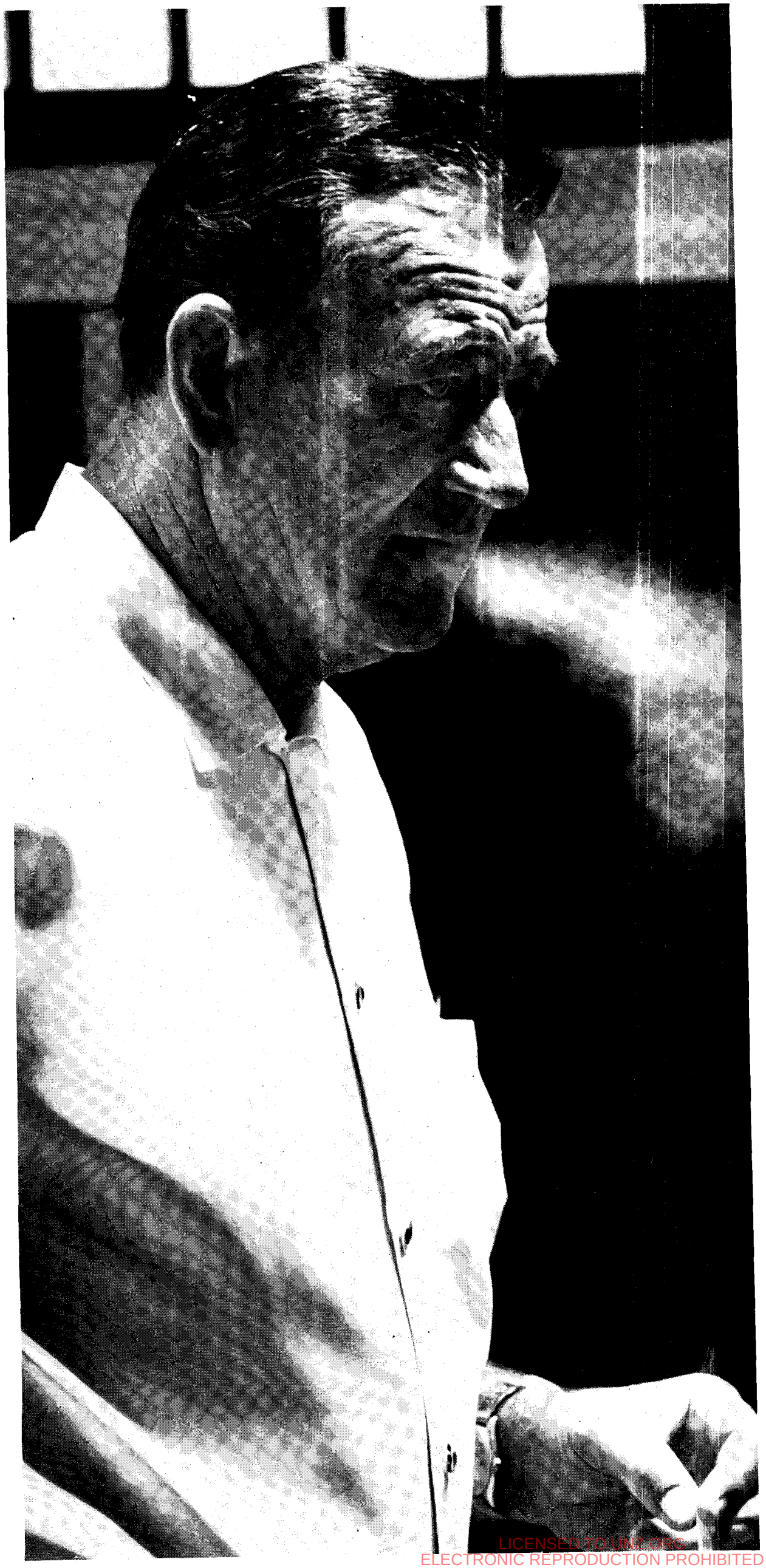

THE WOES OF BOX-OFFICE KING

John Wayne

By Dean Jennings

Recent deaths of three friends grieve him. Sour investments haunt him.

John (Duke) Wayne had just come back from his annual checkup at the Scripps Clinic in Southern California. Considering his age and, as he put it, "the pounding you have to take in this business," the world's No. One movie box-office star was in passable shape.

The eyes that once glared hate for a movie critic who wrote of his pictures, "It never Waynes but it bores," still had the chilly blue glint through their slitted lids. The face that has stonily ignored more enemy six-guns than Wyatt Earp, was red-blotched from the sun. Although the once handsome head of hair had receded so far that Wayne now must use a partial toupee on screen, his deeply furrowed brow, forever linked with bloody wars, fires, floods, fist fights, doomed planes and countless other celluloid crises, still suggested unflinching pluck.

As he talked, frequently cussing and using the same grim drawl that has cowed badmen from Fort Dodge to Tombstone, he compulsively lighted one cigarette after another. "So maybe it's six months off the end of my life," he said, opening the day's fifth pack, "but they're not going to kill me."

That seems a reasonable prognosis, considering that his twilight years—he is 55 now—are turning up other hazards. At an age when most big-money actors, tired of the grind, are managing motels and oil wells bought for them by farsighted managers, John Wayne is still tenaciously playing heroic leads in action pictures because he desperately needs the money.

And he still swashbuckles in uniforms and other manly costumes, albeit a little short of breath, because he knows that director Raoul Walsh, who discovered him more than 30 years ago, spoke the hard truth when he said: "Anytime you put guys like Duke in civilian clothes, they're dog meat."

Such singleness of purpose, while limiting artistic achievement and ruling out such honors as Academy Awards for acting, has given Wayne a sort of immortality. He has been paid as much as $666,000 a picture, and his 161 films have grossed

Still grinding out movies at 55, Wayne displays famous waffled brow on set of latest film.

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"I found out after 25 years that I was starting all over again. I'd just break even if I sold everything now."

Family-man Wayne stands for portrait with six children of his three marriages, and six grandchildren. The sons: Patrick (far left), Michael (far right, next to his wife), and John (held by Wayne). Daughters are Toni LaCava (beside Patrick), Aissa (in front of Toni), and Melinda (lifting a niece). On Wayne's left: wife Pilar; center, his mother and stepfather, the Syd Preens.

He-man Wayne manhandles a stubborn giraffe in his role as an African hunter in Hatari.

Wayne about $350,000,000, a record that Hollywood historians expect to stand for all time. "Most films are money in the bank," one associate says, "when you've got good ol' Duke in there banging away."

But if Duke does well for others, he has trouble doing well for himself. The recent deaths of three close friends have sapped him, and despite the small fortune he has made, Wayne today is just barely breaking even. His distress extends to the world at large, which he considers to be run by a band of fuzzy minds who probably would have sneaked out a back archway at the Alamo.

Possibly to dispel the gloom brought on by those thoughts, Wayne absorbs a formidable amount of alcohol without getting drunk. In every angry moment he risks a flare-up from the ulcers that plagued him in earlier days, and he is so sensitive about the printed word that he now insists—though it did not apply to this article—on approving every line written about him before granting an interview.

"There have been some nasty stories written about Duke," says his close friend Hedda Hopper, "and he's just not taking any chances. However, he's not ashamed to say what he feels."

His expression of feeling often runs to angry outbursts on the subject of politics. He has sounded off against politicians in general and the Kennedy Administration in particular, occasionally with embarrassing results.

Recently he was a guest on a television forum conducted by Irv Kupcinet, Chicago *Sun-Times* columnist, and among the panelists was Professor Herman Finer, distinguished University of Chicago sociologist and professor of political science. The show began with a discussion of Wayne's *The Alamo*, which got a warm endorsement from the John Birch Society but was less than a smash at the box office.

Professor Without Words

"We were talking about the picture and the definition of a hero," Wayne says, "and this professor started right out twisting words around in my mouth, and he tried to say that all the good traditions were just legends. And he said that he was afraid to let his wife and daughter go out on the streets of Chicago, and if he didn't know that he had the Social Security thing, he wouldn't know what he'd do."

Wayne restrained himself while the show was on the air, but when the mikes were dead, he let Professor Finer have it.

"You miserable little so and so," he said, clenching his clublike fists, "the people who developed Chicago didn't know whether they were going to be alive the next day, or whether their kids would be chopped up by Indians, or whether they could raise enough food and develop this place for you. And now you're whining, sitting in your easy chair over at that university and teaching kids this philosophy?"

The professor was struck dumb by Wayne's outburst, and the incident ended right there. Kupcinet later called it a draw and added, "Duke feels very strongly about some things."

Another time, Frank Sinatra had hired screenwriter Albert Maltz, one of the "unfriendly ten" who served jail sentences for contempt of the J. Parnell Thomas House Un-American Activities Committee, and reporters called Wayne for an opinion. Wayne snapped, "I don't think my opinion is too important. Why don't you ask Sinatra's crony, who's going to run our country for the next few years, what *he* thinks of it?"

Sinatra Felt the Sting

Wayne's dig at President Kennedy appeared in print and generated so much heat that Sinatra was forced to fire Maltz. Shortly afterward at a Hollywood benefit show, Sinatra stalked off the stage when Wayne came up to the microphone.

"Frankie," Wayne said later, "what the hell did you walk away from me for?"

"Well, you cried," Sinatra said. "You blasted off your mouth."

"You mean the Maltz thing?"

"Yes," Sinatra replied.

"You want to talk about it?" Wayne asked.

"Some other time," said Sinatra. "Duke, we're friends and we'll probably do pictures together. Let's forget the whole thing."

This is typical of Wayne. Although he sits on the far right, he has many friends among Hollywood liberals. When Robert Ryan's wife and children received a bomb threat last year, because Ryan had read part of Robert Welsh's John Birch Society "Blue Book" on a Los Angeles radio station, Ryan and Wayne were in France, working on *The Longest Day*. Wayne was the first to offer help. He wanted to rush home and help Ryan find the would-be bombers and beat them to a pulp.

Wayne's anti-Communist activity has been feverish, and not always wisely guided. He served two terms as president of the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals, a rightist organization generally credited with giving the House Un-American Activities Committee the names of all suspected Hollywood Reds. Some of those people were or had been Communists. Many more had not. During that period the feeling persisted that Wayne was being used, and that it took considerable prodding to make him join the vigilantes in the hunt for pinkos. In fact, at one M.P.A. meeting Wayne publicly forgave actor Larry Parks for having joined the Communist Party in the 1930's and was rewarded with a sizzling blast from Hedda Hopper.

"In she came, very dramatic," he recalls. "Oh, I love her, but. . . . She gave me fifteen minutes of the roughest go—our boys dying in Korea and the whole bit. Real rough. And I had to take it."

The Motion Picture Alliance has since folded, and Wayne, who says he was "jumped by all the leftists from the word go," is probably relieved. He has become more and more reluctant to be interviewed on controversial issues because, as one intimate insists, he has a nameless

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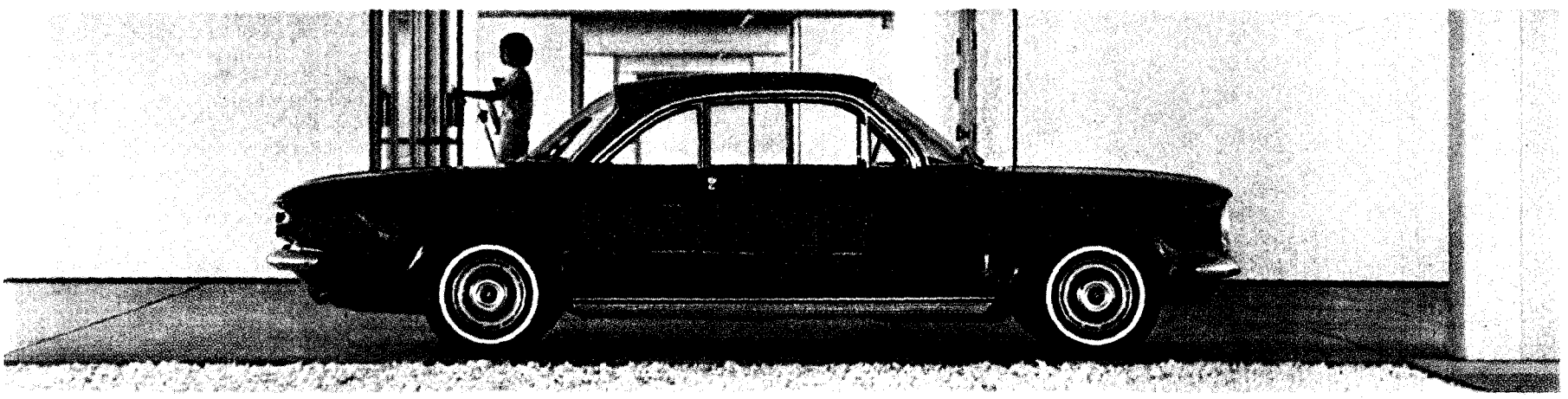
GO '63 CORVAIR MONZA

Mated to the road like it's married to it. We did add self-adjusting brakes and a few styling refinements to the '63 Corvair Monza, but essentially the experience of driving one is more emotional than mechanical. Put one through some twisting turns and you'll most likely be convinced of that. Its rear-engine traction is a thing to behold. It hugs the road like it's in love with it, steers precisely, responds swiftly to finger or foot. In fact, there just isn't another production car made in this country to compare with it. One reason is its air-cooled rear engine; it doesn't use water or antifreeze. Another is its virtually flat floor. Luggage, of course, goes under the front hood. And while the '63 Corvair is very much a family car, it has a compulsive desire to run with the sports car set.

Why not prove it to yourself? . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

CHEVROLET

Shown above is '63 Corvair Monza Convertible with optional extra-cost Spyder equipment and knock-off wire wheels; below is the '63 Corvair Monza Coupe with bucket seats and 6-cylinder snap.



Of course, you don't have to take a '63 Corvair on maneuvers in the country to enjoy it. It's just as much at home in rush-hour traffic, loaded up with school kids or groceries, or easing you gently into parking places you once had to pass up. You'll get a kick out of the glances it gets, too.

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"I don't want handouts from a benevolent government," says Wayne. "Government is naturally the enemy of the individual."

In The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance *Wayne delivers the kind of slugging performance that makes him Hollywood's top draw.*

In demand as a tough guy, Wayne has a lead role in The Longest Day. *During filming he takes a chess break with Darryl Zanuck.*

Wayne fear that the politicians in power somehow will get even with him. But he was remarkably forthright, if not altogether lucid, when he talked to me.

"I don't want any handouts from a benevolent government," he began. "I think government is naturally the enemy of the individual, but it's a necessary evil like, say, motion-picture agents are. I do not want the Government to take away my human dignity and insure me anything more than a normal security. I don't want handouts."

"What would you suggest doing about it?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "we spend a billion dollars in India to make it a socialist government, which is not exactly our American way of thinking, as I have been raised. We're doing this instead of spending five hundred million developing millions of acres in a place like Tanganyika, where young people could go and get a fresh start.

"I mean, when we came to America, there were a few thousand Injuns over millions of miles, and I don't feel we did wrong in taking this great country away from these people, taking their happy hunting ground away. We were progressive and we were doing something that was good for everyone.

"I'm just trying to give you a picture of me," he added, "and I don't care if you state my political views. I was for Taft and I went back to Chicago to work for Taft. You can't say Eisenhower was terribly conservative. Dick Nixon is a friend of mine, and I'm for him. He was always having to apologize for someone else. He never had the reins in his hand."

Wayne's off-the-cuff editorial was murky, and he was aware of it. When I appeared baffled by his political lecture, he quickly added, "If I had planned to do a political essay for you, then my arguments would be clear. But when asked, I will state my case, as long as you know this is not the only thing I think of in life."

Where Are the Millions?

In recent years Wayne has indeed had many things on his mind, most of them calculated to bring on insomnia. Although he shouldn't have to worry about being overdrawn at the bank, Wayne claims his millions have mysteriously slipped away in the night, like the Indians in *Allegheny Uprising*, a picture he would like to forget.

"I suddenly found out after twenty-five years," he said sadly, "that I was starting out all over again. I just didn't have it made at all. Until last year I had a business manager who didn't do anything illegal, but we were involved in many unfortunate money-losing deals. I would just about break even if I sold everything right now."

Wayne says he invested $1,200,000 of his own money—all the cash he could scrape up—in producing the ill-fated *Alamo*. Friends, including Texas millionaire Clint Murchison, also invested huge sums of money. Wayne is confident they won't wind up losers, but the picture must gross $18,000,000 before there is any profit, and Wayne's chances of getting all his money back are about the same as filling an inside straight.

Wayne investments stretch from Canada to Panama, but many of them are not paying off. One of the losers is a shrimping operation in Panama, in which he has $500,000 tied up. He says morosely, "Gad, at one time we controlled seventy percent of the shrimp business there, but it's been going down and down."

In one enterprise, a whiskey-importing firm, Wayne is a partner with actor Bruce Cabot and Prince Bernhard of The Netherlands. The company was born shortly after Prince Bernhard inadvertently barged into a house occupied by Wayne during the filming of *Hatari* in Africa. The Prince, in his unexpected intrusion, caught Wayne wandering around naked. The resulting embarrassment was quickly soothed with an offering of vodka—distilled exclusively for the Prince—and Wayne, so taken with its quality, enthusiastically proposed that he, Cabot and the Prince sell the stuff in the United States. The Prince's Scotch was included as an afterthought.

In the Red, But Busily

Wayne maintains his own film-producing company, Batjac Productions, and keeps a full staff on salary there, even though the company has made only one movie—*Alamo*—in its eight years of existence. He also has apartment houses, hotels, taxi franchises, oil wells and other businesses. Many, however, are—you should pardon the expression—in the red.

Despite it all, Wayne continues to live well. His home is a five-acre estate in Encino, where the hot San Fernando Valley sun warms an Olympic-sized swimming pool and where a Japanese gardener rides a motorized mower across vast reaches of green grass. An electric eye controls the gate into the long, curving driveway to the big, ranch-style house. Inside, Wayne and his third wife, former Peruvian actress Pilar Palette, are waited on by three servants, imported from Peru.

One wing of the great house was all but destroyed by fire one night about four years ago. Wayne at the time was in Japan filming *The Barbarian and the Geisha*, and Pilar, wakened by a barking dog, grabbed their infant daughter Aissa—they since have had a son, John Ethan Wayne—and ran from the flaming house.

In the family room Wayne often holds court with his older children—two sons and two daughters by his first wife, Josephine Saenz Wayne. The room, 50 feet long, is Wayne's movie museum. It is equipped with radio, television, hi-fi, and a full-size movie projection booth. A 12-foot glass case holds scores of cups, plaques, citations, ribbons, souvenir guns and other trophies of the wars of Hollywood.

In Seattle, workmen are refurbishing a 135-foot yacht which replaces Wayne's *Nor'wester*, a 73-foot motor sailer—in which, he says, "there was no pride of possession." He intends to use the boat in a television project. Sportsman Wayne has a box at Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles, although he rarely uses it.

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"He simmers when identified as a male Jayne Mansfield."

To keep up all the payments, Wayne works in picture after picture. Recently he has been making them at a rate of three a year. In the past twelve months he has appeared in *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*, *Hatari* and *The Longest Day*. He has just finished *Donovan's Reef* for Paramount and he will make three more pictures in 1963. He has also joined the illustrious cast of George Stevens's *The Greatest Story Ever Told*.

Wayne's frenetic film-making may eventually cure his money ills, but his deeper woes defy remedy. Gone are three of his closest friends: actor Grant Withers, who committed suicide; actor Ward Bond, who dropped dead of a heart attack in 1960 at the height of his TV fame in *Wagon Train;* and Bev Barnett, Wayne's longtime press agent. "Oh, God," Wayne said of Barnett's death, "that's a tough one."

Wayne has been particularly disconsolate about the loss of Ward Bond, who became his intimate friend some 30 years ago. One of their many mutual enjoyments was belting each other with squash balls, whooping and grunting like a couple of playful dinosaurs. Some years ago, on a hunting trip near Hemet, California, Wayne borrowed Bond's shotgun and accidentally blasted him in the back. Doctors extracted 60 shots from Bond's tough hide. Legend has it that Wayne, commenting on the incident, said, "Sure, I shot him. How else could I tell what pattern the shells were making?"

Bond succeeded Wayne as president of the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals. He was in Texas, "making political speeches on the conservative side," says Wayne, when he died. Wayne made all the funeral arrangements, but Bond got in the last word. He willed Wayne the shotgun that had nearly killed him.

Deaths, Divorces Hurt

The deaths of these close friends, the near death of his 74-year-old mother, Mrs. Sydney Preen of Long Beach, in an auto accident, and two wrenching divorces have drained some of the violence out of Wayne. In the early days of his career Wayne's muscular figure (six feet four, 220 pounds) was a challenge to drunks, chronic soreheads and others who thought they could lick him. "I found out once," he says, "that some of the toughest men I knew, when they really get mad, have a little smile and a look and they're talking low. This is the way I get mad. But it happens very seldom anymore. I really like people. Unless people go out of their way to insult me, they're going to have a hard time having any trouble with me. My last street fight was with a couple of boilermakers, but that vas years ago."

Some subjects still trigger a flare-up. One is politics. Television is another. "Television," Wayne says, "has a tendency to reach a little. In their westerns they're getting away from the simplicity and the fact that those men were fighting the elements and the rawness of nature, and didn't have time for this couch work. For me, the stayer is basic art and simplicity. Love. Hate. Everything right out there without much nuance."

Not long ago a magazine writer drew Wayne's wrath by calling him "Hollywood's most misunderstood man," a phrase that makes him squirm. "I think this guy expected me to say yes, no or grunt," Wayne says. "It was probably a big surprise to him that I had normal use of the English language after some of the pictures I've done. Perhaps he found out that I am a progressive thinker, even though I'm not in the liberal strain."

Wayne also simmers when he is identified as a kind of male Jayne Mansfield. "God, I got hot," he snapped, "when they said I wiggled my rear and all that stuff."

Either advancing age has made Wayne crotchety on that point or he has a short memory, for it was that same wiggle—in those days it was called a loping walk—that started his movie career.

Once Answered To "Marion"

Born Marion Michael Morrison in Winterset, Iowa, Wayne moved West with his family and eventually settled in Glendale, California. His father, now dead, was Clyde Morrison, a druggist. As a teen-ager, Marion won a football scholarship to the University of Southern California, but broke his ankle in his second year and dropped out of school. Working as a prop boy, he caught director Raoul Walsh's eye one morning. "I like the way that guy moves," Walsh said and impulsively signed him to star in a turkey called *The Big Trail*. The late Winfield Sheehan, one of the early Hollywood producers, coined the name John Wayne, arguing that Marion Morrison was too feminine.

Wayne has admitted that the screen character known as John Wayne was created as methodically as Frankenstein's monster. "When I started," he said, "I knew I was no actor and I went to work on this Wayne thing. It was as deliberate and studied a projection as you'll ever see. I figured I needed a gimmick, so I dreamed up the drawl, the squint and a way of moving meant to suggest that I wasn't looking for trouble but would just as soon throw a bottle at your head as not. It was a hit-or-miss project for a while, but it began to develop."

Wayne often practiced those bits of business in front of a mirror. He claims the furrowed brow is a family trait—his younger brother Bob Morrison also has it—but close associates assert that the waffled forehead, the cocked eyebrow and swivel-hipped walk were his own contrivances. The grand effect, no matter whether Wayne is on or off the screen, suggests a composite of Buffalo Bill, Davy Crockett and Kit Carson, squinting into the setting prairie sun and daring the Injuns to attack the fort. Regardless of his age or the condition of his ulcers, he is the eternal knight errant to a national audience of Walter Mittys.

When Wayne starts worrying about how long he can continue to play the role, he recalls the advice he once got from humorist Will Rogers: "Don't worry about what they put you in, son, just keep on workin'." While the money pressure is on, Wayne is not likely to quit. **THE END**

The eternal cowboy, Wayne rides through another western, the knight errant to a national audience of Walter Mittys.

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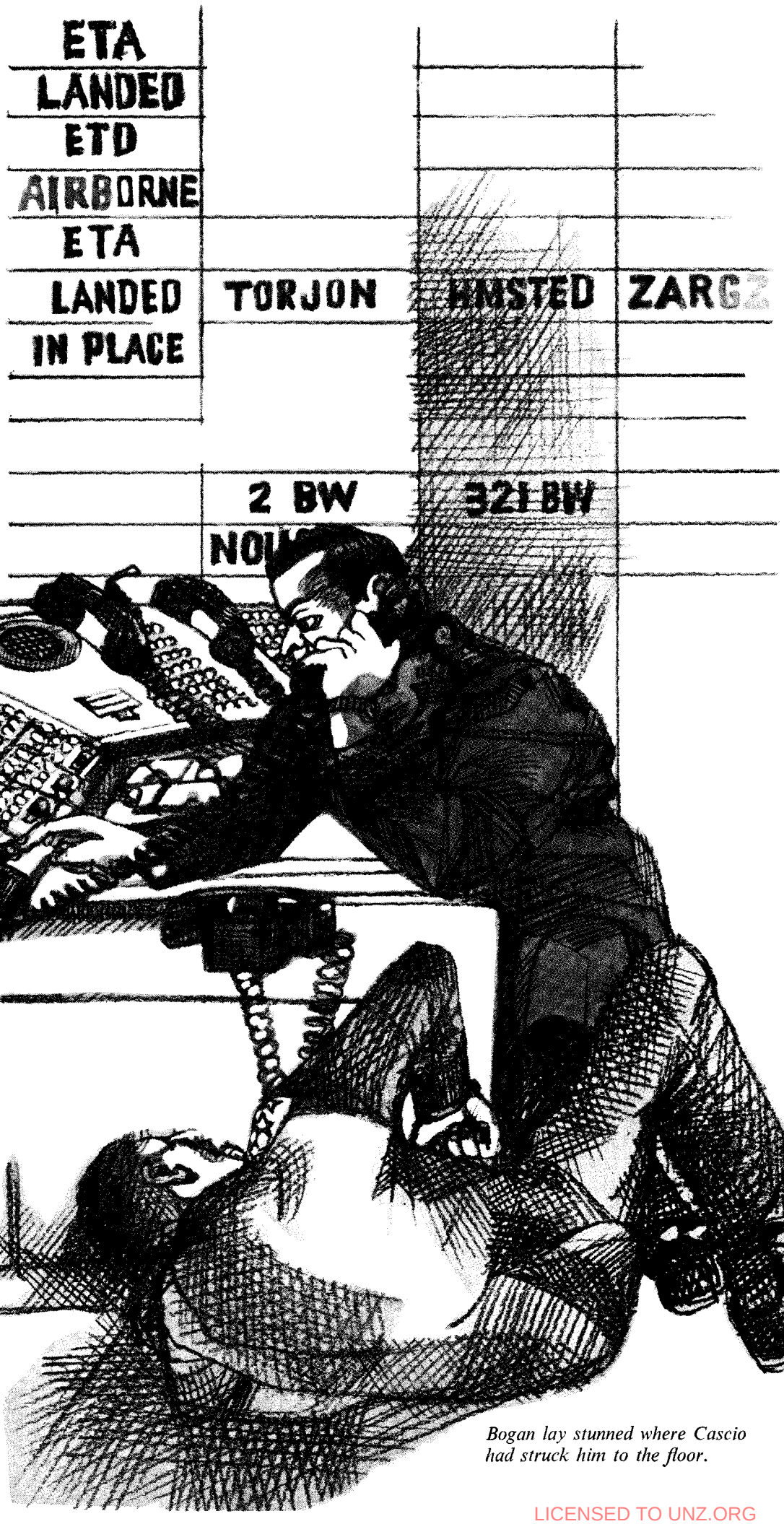
Fail-Safe

By EUGENE BURDICK
Coauthor of THE UGLY AMERICAN
and HARVEY WHEELER



Bogan lay stunned where Cascio had struck him to the floor.

As the Soviets prepare to retaliate for a nuclear strike on Moscow, a telephone link is the sole hope for peace.

Obeying false signals from a defective transmitter, six American bombers have invaded Soviet airspace—target, Moscow. As they battle swarms of Russian fighter planes, the President descends to the White House bomb shelter with Peter Buck, his Russian-speaking translator. Using a radiophone link with Moscow, the President begs Khrushchev to believe that the attack is an accident, triggered by a faulty "Fail-Safe" mechanism. Khrushchev, suspecting trickery, threatens all-out nuclear war if Moscow is destroyed. Four surviving bombers are less than an hour from their target when the President decides he must pay a terrible price for world peace. In a desperate phone call, he gives secret orders to General Black, an Air Force pilot and a trusted friend: "Load four twenty-megaton bombs, and fly a holding pattern over New York City—until further orders."

CONCLUSION

On General Bogan's desk was a "touch" telephone which had not been used in all the time he had served at Strategic Air Command headquarters in Omaha. This particular phone was reserved for the possibility of direct communication with Soviet military leaders. Its presence was oddly unnerving, as if the enemy's commanding general were actually in the bombproof War Room, contaminating it. Now, on orders from the White House, General Bogan had activated the phone. At the touch of a button, voices on the line would be broadcast through a loudspeaker, to be heard by everyone in the War Room. Somewhere in Russia Soviet tactical officers were ready to talk. The light below the touch button glowed red. General Bogan pressed the button and spoke.

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"Mr. President, is this your grand plan?" Khrushchev demanded angrily. "To sacrifice one American for five million dead in Moscow?"

"General Bogan, Strategic Air Command, Omaha, here."

There was a slight buzz of static. A strong voice spoke in English.

"I am the translator for Marshal Nevsky, Soviet Air Defense Command. Marshal Nevsky sends his greetings. Reception on our end is five by five. How do you read us?"

"Five by five," General Bogan said. "I have no instructions on what we are to discuss. Have you received instructions, Marshal Nevsky?"

The translator relayed the message in Russian. Then, in English: "No instructions, general, only that we would set up communications with your headquarters."

Colonel Cascio, deputy to General Bogan, stared at the touch phone, an expression of disgust on his face—and fear too. The silence was broken by a loud ringing. It came from the red-phone link to the White House bomb shelter. General Bogan scooped up the receiver.

"General Bogan, this is the President. I want you to put this call on your loudspeaker so that I can be heard by everyone in the War Room, and by the Soviet Air Command too."

"One moment, Mr. President." General Bogan turned to Colonel Cascio and gave instructions. The arrangements took only ten seconds.

"Gentlemen, this is the President." As his strong young voice rang through the War Room, everyone present sat or stood at attention. "What I am saying can be heard by the Soviet Air Command, our Chiefs of Staff in the Pentagon, our ambassador to the Soviet Union and the Soviet delegate to the United Nations. Whatever orders I give to Americans are orders from the Commander-in-Chief, to be obeyed without reservation."

General Bogan looked around the room. The whole thing was dreamlike, but there was no possibility of awakening to something else.

"We are caught in a desperate situation," the President said. Over the touch phone General Bogan could hear a hushed Russian voice translating. "By some sort of error, probably a false radio signal, a group of American bombers has penetrated Soviet airspace. Five of the bombers carry two twenty-megaton bombs. In about forty-five minutes they will be attacking Moscow. This is a tragic mistake. It is not—I repeat, not—our intention to engage the Soviet Union in warfare. Premier Khrushchev is at this moment en route to a headquarters outside Moscow. When he again contacts me I will do everything in my power to persuade him of our sincerity."

The President paused. When he resumed, his voice was very slow, and heavy with emphasis. "Those of us on this hookup are the only people who can save the world from an atomic holocaust. We must do everything possible to prevent our planes from attacking Moscow. At the same time, we must make it absolutely clear to the Russians that this is an accident. The Russians have a momentous decision to make: Should they order a retaliatory attack against the United States? Premier Khrushchev tells me that some of his military leaders favor such an attack." The voice faltered. "This is understandable."

Colonel Cascio felt a stab of anxiety. He knew how those Russian officers felt; in their position he would feel the same way.

The President continued. "I think Premier Khrushchev believes this is an accident, but we must convince him. I order every American to cooperate fully with Soviet officers in their efforts to shoot down our invading bombers. This is a firm and unalterable command. You are to give the Soviet officers whatever information they ask for. Let me emphasize that any hesitation, any withholding of information, may have tragic consequences. Are there any questions?"

There were no questions.

"Gentlemen, I wish you success," the President said. His line clicked dead.

A voice came up on the touch phone. It was the Russian translator in the Soviet Union.

"Does your Bloodhound air-to-air missile have both infrared and radar homing capabilities?" he asked. "Some of our fighter planes have been destroyed by a missile which seems to home not on the infrared source, but the radar transmitter. Is that possible?"

"Colonel Cascio will answer your question, sir," General Bogan said. He nodded at Cascio.

Cascio's eyes rolled slightly, as if he were seized by a convulsion. His hand reached for the button below the touch phone and stopped. General Bogan was not an emotional man, but he understood Cascio's agony. For years the colonel had been trained to be suspicious of the Soviets, to guard secret information. Now he was asked to shatter the training of a lifetime. He had also been trained to obey orders from legitimate superiors. Locked in a cruel dilemma, he could not move.

General Bogan punched the touch button. "Marshal Nevsky, our expert on this subject has suffered some sort of seizure," he said. He heard a muttering of Russian voices and

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Fail-Safe

realized that he must quiet the rising suspicion in Soviet headquarters. "Sergeant Collins," he said, "report to the commanding general's desk at once."

A sergeant, rotund and middle-aged, came trotting forward.

"Does the Bloodhound missile have both infrared and radar-seeking capacity?" General Bogan asked.

"Yes, sir, it has both capacities," Collins said, a cherubic smile on his face.

The Russian translator cut in. "Can the radar-seeking mechanism be overloaded by increasing the strength of the signal?"

"Yes, sir," Sergeant Collins said; "it can be overloaded by increasing amperage of transmission and by sliding through radar frequencies as quickly as possible." He was still smiling his anxious, cherubic smile, quite unaware that he was playing the role of Judas. "The firing mechanism reads the higher amperage as proximity to the target, and detonates the warhead."

"Thank you, General Bogan," the translator said. "We are passing on the information. We have rearranged our communications net so that our fighters are controlled from this room."

The sergeant's information was reflected almost instantly on the translucent Big Board, displaying radar signals from spy satellites. Two Soviet blips began to move toward one of the Vindicator bombers. When they were five miles distant the Vindicator dropped two tiny blips. The Bloodhound missiles had barely separated from the bigger blip of the Vindicator when they were detonated, evidently by the method which Sergeant Collins had suggested. Instantly a green splotch on the Big Board enveloped the Vindicator. Caught in the spreading blast, the two Soviet fighters disappeared.

The light on the touch phone went off. General Bogan glanced uneasily at Colonel Cascio, whose eyes glittered like a madman's.

"General, I think it's a Soviet entrapment," Cascio said tensely. "They've been fooling around with our Fail-Safe mechanism to make this happen. I think we should tell the President that the Soviets are using this time of confusion to launch an all-out attack."

"Maybe, but I am not going to report anything that I don't know for sure," General Bogan said.

"I think we should recommend a full-strength strike immediately," Colonel Cascio said.

"That decision rests with the President," General Bogan said.

"Look, general, the President is in the political game," Colonel Cascio said. His voice rose, shrilling. "We're in the war business. If we move now we can still save the situation. As you can see on the Big Board, the Soviets don't have anywhere near the defensive capacity we thought they had."

The hard, fixed stare in Cascio's eyes alarmed General Bogan. Was the colonel actually going crazy?

"Colonel, you are talking mutiny," Bogan said quietly.

The President's voice flooded back into the room. "General Bogan, will Group Delta break radio silence as they approach Moscow?"

"Yes, sir, as soon as they are within lob range."

"Very well," said the President, "arrange for me to talk with the group's commanding officer as soon as he breaks silence."

The light on the touch phone went on. A voice spoke quickly in Russian, a translator speaking over it. "This is Marshal Nevsky in Sverd. We can't find your bombers—they're using some kind of radar masking. Three of them are still in the air. Can you give us their locations?"

"We can give latitude and longitude," General Bogan said, "but we can't read their altitude accurately."

"Please give us the positions," General Nevsky said. "We can fly fighters at various altitudes."

General Bogan leaned forward to push a lever that would query the radar desk. Suddenly there was a stunning pain in his skull, a ringing in his ears, the room reeled, and he had the impression that electricity had suddenly poured out of the telephone into his head. He was on the floor staring up at the lean, contorted face of Colonel Cascio. And Cascio was talking in an authoritative voice over the War Room intercom, the heavy ashtray with which he had hit General Bogan still in his hand.

Lieutenant Colonel Grady flew in darkness, broken only by a glowing scope that gave an image of the terrain ahead. Occasionally he glanced out of his side window. He could see trucks and cars moving along Russian highways, the lights of villages, the glare of a factory. Evidently the Russians were not running to their bomb shelters. Why not? But Grady was incapable of rational analysis. The stress of fighting off Soviet attacks, the bitterness of watching Vindicator bombers from his group vanish in great smears of blast and light, had reduced his thoughts to a tough, skeletal outline: *Get to the target.*

"Where is Number Two plane?" he asked the weapons operator.

"She's at nine o'clock about twenty miles away. I think she's losing speed—probably some damage."

Grady switched on the TBS. "Turkey Two, Turkey Two. This is Turkey Five. What is your condition?"

"Turkey Five," a voice said. "Slight wing damage has reduced our speed."

"Turkey Two," Grady said. "We have not, repeat not, been hit. We are now ten minutes to 'lob point.' I'm going to report to base."

Grady switched to a frequency that would bring in Omaha. "Ultimate Two, Ultimate Two," he said crisply. "This is Turkey Five. Do you read me?"

"We read you five by five," a voice said. "We have a message for you."

"I am not authorized to receive messages," Grady said. "I am merely reporting that we are approaching the 'lob point' and are undamaged."

A new voice broke in. Grady recognized it with a shock. The President. But it couldn't be! He glanced at the Fail-Safe box. The "Go" signal was clear.

"Colonel Grady, this is the President of the United States, your Commander in Chief. The mission you are flying has been triggered by some mechanical failure. I order you and the other planes under your command to return to your base immediately."

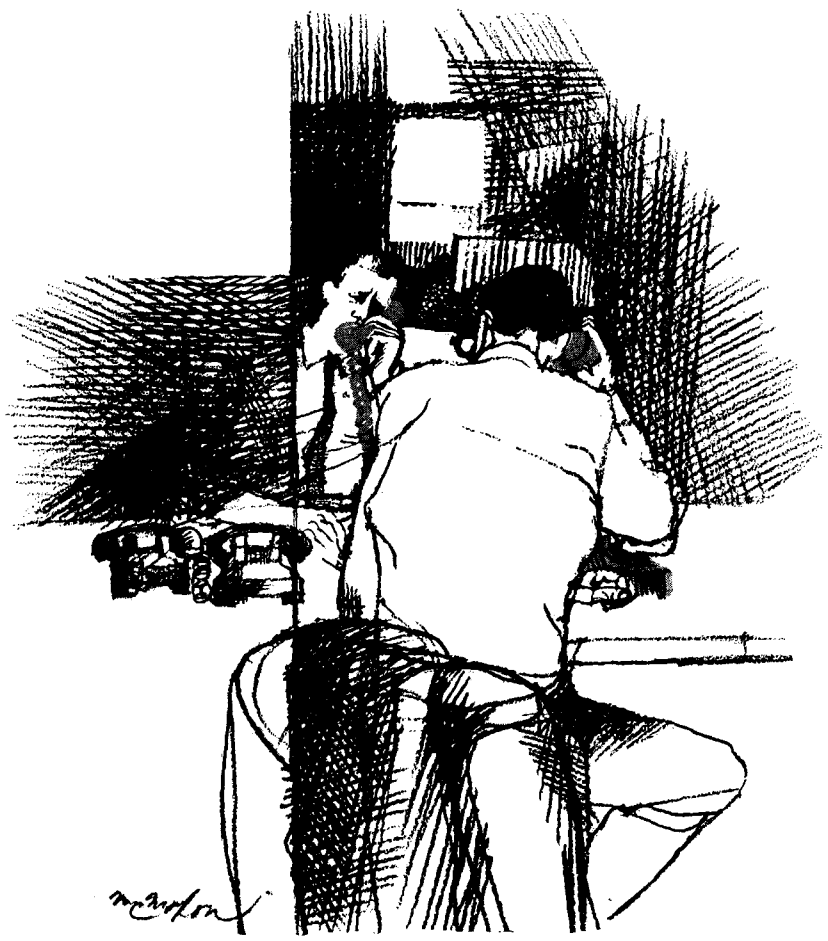
Grady sat stunned, disbelieving. He looked at the bombardier, and the defense operator. They had heard the message. Their eyes were cold. His mind moaned a piteous complaint and tried to abdicate.

"Colonel Grady, I repeat. This is the President."

The New England accent was distinctive. Grady saw clearly it was an enemy ruse. How easily the President's voice could be imitated, he thought, remembering the many briefing sessions which had discussed this possibility.

He interrupted briskly: "Once past Fail-Safe I am not authorized to receive tactical orders by voice."

"I know that, damn it, but this is ——"



Buck tried to look away as the President spoke, but he could not.

Grady switched off, leaving the remainder of the President's plea dangling in space.

The SAC War Room was frozen in mid-action like a collection of children stopped rigid in a game of "statues."

"Gentlemen," said Cascio, ignoring the body of General Bogan at his feet, "I am taking over command of this post at the specific order of the President of the United States. The negotiations which General Bogan has been conducting with Marshal Nevsky are the acts of a traitor. I now authorize you to take all orders from me."

General Bogan climbed to his knees, aware that Cascio might strike him again. He looked around the room. The balance was delicate. Some of the officers had rebellion in their eyes.

Two enlisted men advanced swiftly from the gloom of a far corner. Brassards and holstered .45's identified them as Air Police. One of them seized Cascio's right arm and twisted it up behind his shoulder blades. "Colonel," he said, "if you speak another word, I'll break your arm."

Spittle frothed Cascio's lips. He screamed as the policemen dragged him out of the War Room.

General Bogan turned quickly to the touch phone. "Marshal Nevsky, there has been a slight interruption in our operations here," he said. "I am now prepared to give you the longitude and latitude of our bombers, in accordance with your request."

He read off the data. Immediately radar blips on the Big Board showed Soviet planes regrouping. Decoy targets, launched by the defensive plane, No. 6, were no longer effective. Three of the Soviet fighters locked on to the lead Vindicator. The bomber jinked, went into a dive. So did the Soviet fighter blips.

"Marshal Nevsky," General Bogan said, "the plane which your three fighters are now engaging has no bombs aboard. It carries only defensive devices."

The translator replied, "Thank you, General Bogan, but we will try for a kill in any case."

Bogan turned wearily to the Big Board. The blips of the three surviving bombers were easily distinguishable from the Soviet fighters scattered in their path. Vindicator No. 6, which carried no bombs, was clearly in the lead. As General Bogan watched, the Russian fighters veered toward her. Suddenly a green blotch wiped out No. 6 and the fighters around her. She was gone, but she had feinted the Russian fighters out of position. The last two Vindicators were now almost certain to make Moscow.

The sound of a commotion came over the touch phone. The translator's flat English explained: "Marshal Nevsky has just collapsed. It appears to be—he is being carried out of the room. General Koniev is now in command."

The voices of the President and Khrushchev interrupted, demanding an explanation.

"I think I can explain," General Bogan broke in. "Marshal Nevsky sent his fighters after our Number Six plane, though I told him it carried no bombs. This final diversion let the other two planes through. Moscow will shortly receive eighty megatons. Marshal Nevsky realized this almost immediately."

The Big Board quickly verified General Bogan's estimate. The two remaining Vindicators went into a steep dive and disappeared from the screen. Soviet fighters began to disperse in a random pattern.

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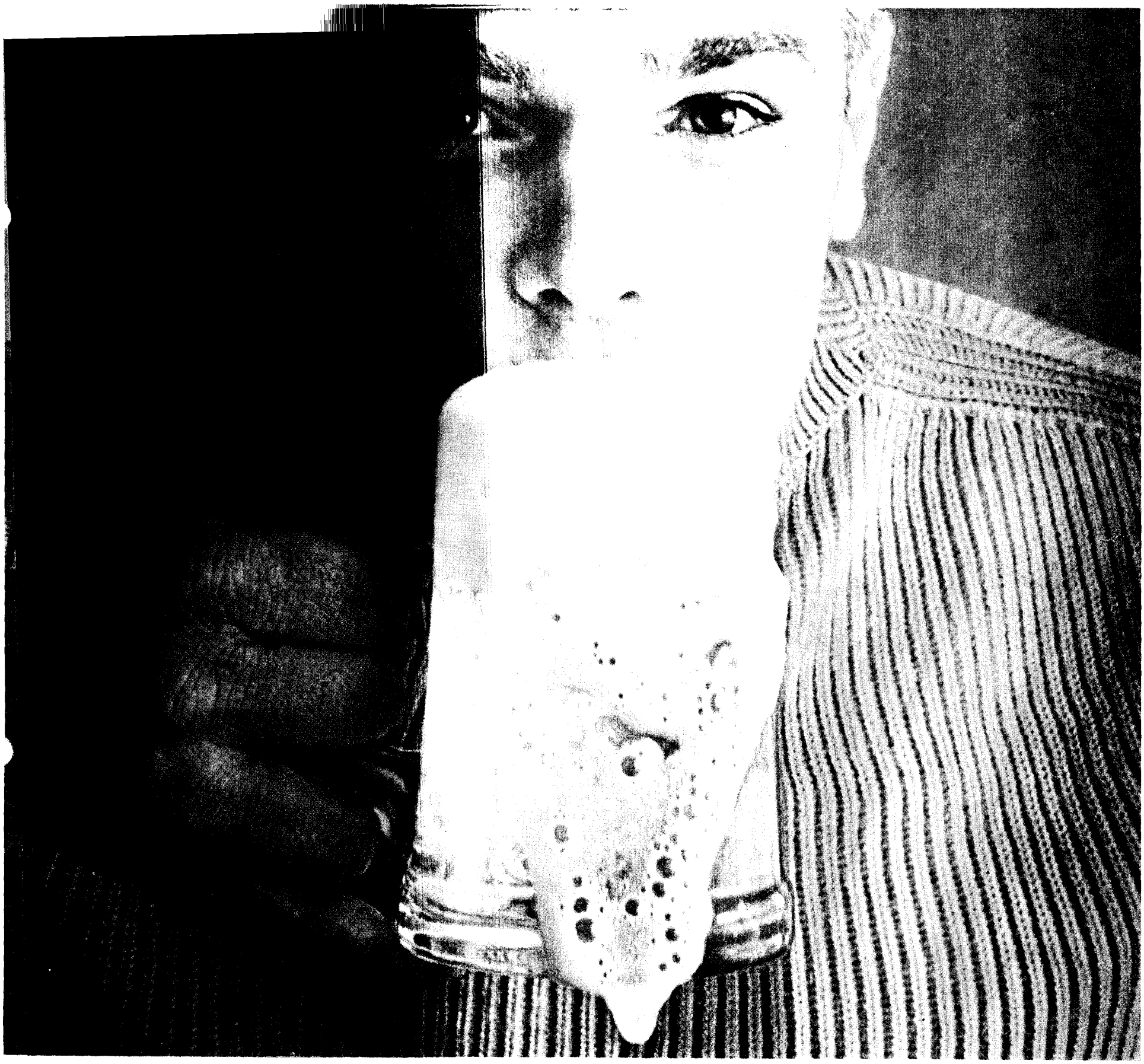

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HOW TO BECOME FAMOUS FOR YOUR COFFEE

By ELLEN SALTONSTALL,
Dir. of Consumer Service, Pan-American Coffee Bureau

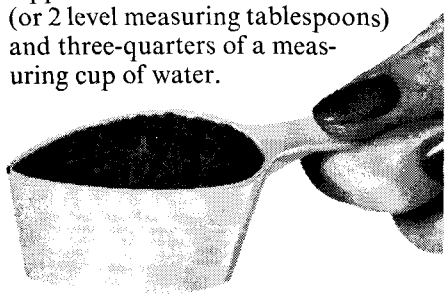
"Honestly, *this* coffee is the best I've ever tasted! May I have another cup?" Those are treasured words—and here's how you can hear them often.

When you buy coffee:

Pick the grind that is right for your type of coffee maker. Which brand is best? The brand that tastes best to you. Each brand is a blend of different coffees, each chosen for its distinctive flavor quality. If you have already found the brand that seems blended just for your taste, stay with it.

When you measure coffee:

Never skimp. The truth is that you just can't stretch coffee flavor! Careful, consistent measuring is most important. Each serving requires one Approved Coffee Measure of coffee (or 2 level measuring tablespoons) and three-quarters of a measuring cup of water.



When you brew coffee:

Always start with fresh, cold water in a clean coffee maker. If your coffee maker isn't automatic, timing is important. Percolators should perk *gently* 6 to 8 minutes. In a vacuum coffee maker, after the water has risen to the top section, it should be kept over low heat 1 to 3 minutes.

When you serve coffee:

Immediately after brewing, it's at its peak of flavor. If you must prepare coffee ahead of time, keep it over very low heat. Never let it boil!

When you judge coffee:

Put it to this test: Is the flavor rich, true coffee flavor? Does it have a heady, tempting aroma? Is the color dark and clear? If the answers are all "Yes," you're an expert, and your friends will be asking how you do it!

Pan-American Coffee Bureau

Fail-Safe

"The bombers have gone off our screen," General Koniev said. "Do you still have them?"

"No, general, we have lost them too," General Bogan said.

"We have only one chance left," General Koniev said. "That is to focus all our remaining ground-to-air rockets in their estimated path and fire them simultaneously to set up a shock wave."

"It might work," General Bogan said dubiously.

"I'm trying it," General Koniev said, "but I'm afraid these two planes will get through. And then, however it goes, whether just your four bombs—or our thousands of bombs and your thousands of bombs—it's all over."

There was a heavy silence. Bogan and Koniev had never met. They had known of each other's existence, but only as names in an "order of battle" schedule. Yet each had a sense of how identical the careers on both sides had been.

"General Koniev, what is your location right now?" General Bogan asked.

"I am several hundred miles from Moscow," General Koniev said. "When Premier Khrushchev left, he ordered a handful of us to leave too. I was among the handful."

General Bogan guessed that General Koniev had left his family in Moscow, but he did not want the guess confirmed. "It's a hard day," he said.

There was a long pause. The words came back from the translator. "Yes, this is a hard day, General Bogan. Good-bye, comrade."

"Good-bye, my friend," General Bogan said.

The two remaining bombers bored on through the night. Colonel Grady felt as if he were watching himself from a few feet away. Under his pressurized suit and helmet there were flesh, bone and intellect, but no heart. The intellect stared at the scope, altered the altitude, acknowledged reports from the bombardier and the weapons operator.

"Colonel!" the weapons operator exclaimed. "The infrared indicator shows hundreds of rocket engines igniting twenty miles ahead. They'll be on your scope in a second."

Fifteen years of training whirred through Grady's mind. He knew that the rockets were heat-seeking. To spare friendly heat sources, such as steel factories, the rockets' sensing equipment was locked out until they reached a safe altitude.

"How many missiles do we have left?" Grady asked.

"Two," the defense operator said.

Grady snapped an order to the weapons operator. "The second the scope shows the rockets rising, fire our missiles, one to port, one to starboard, and guide them for maximum elevation—straight up," Grady ordered.

"Straight up, sir?" the operator asked.

"Straight up," Grady rasped.

"There," the operator said.

From the corner of his eye Grady saw the antiair missiles flame ahead of the plane, then curve up toward the black sky. He swung around to look at the weapons operator's radar scope. Hundreds of white blips were drawing straight lines upward. On the screen, and somewhat brighter, were two blips representing the bomber's missiles. They were climbing slightly faster than the Soviet rockets.

The weapons operator swung toward Grady, his eyes glowing. "All the rockets are chasing our missiles!"

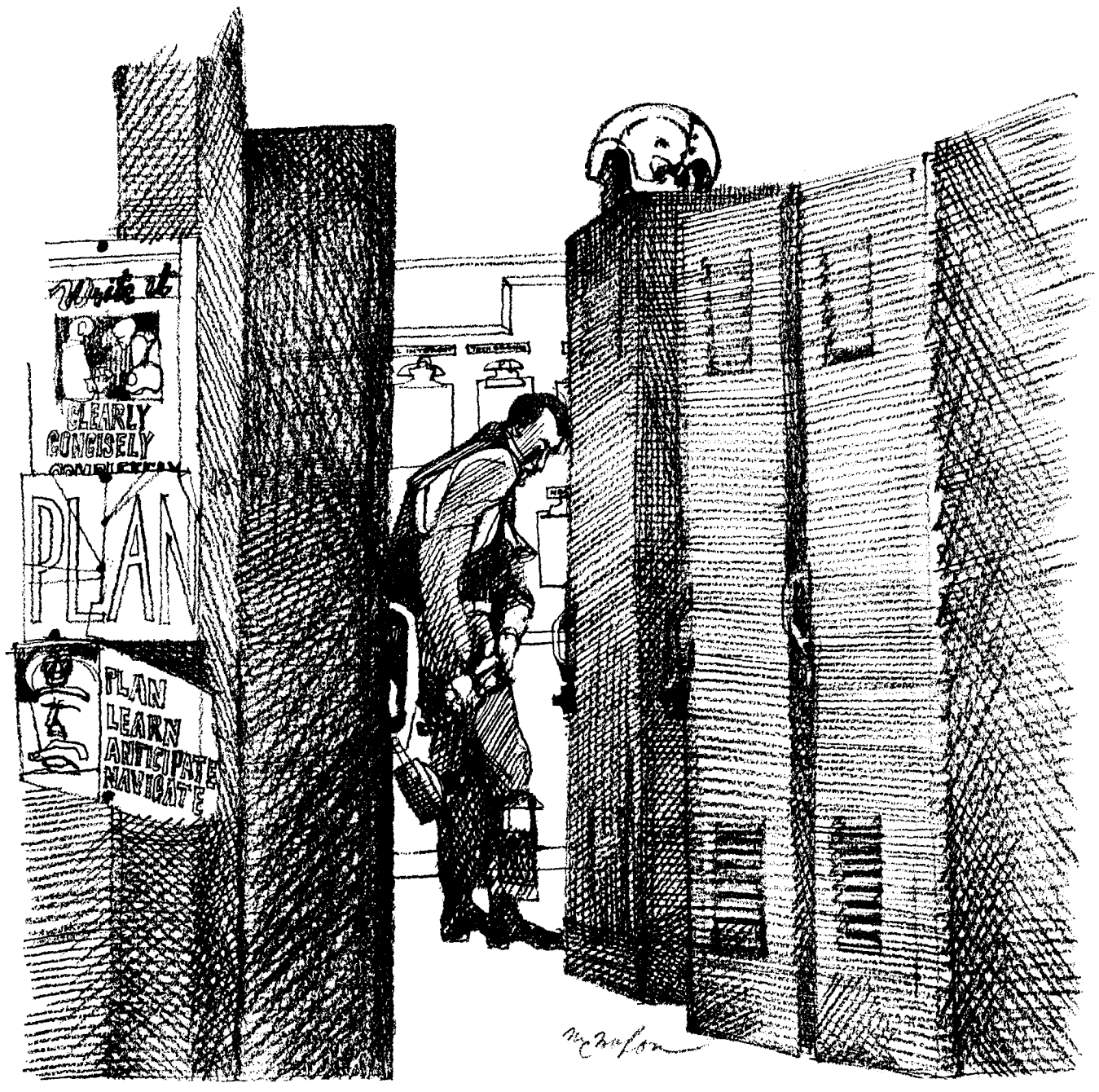
Rockets on the end of the line were losing altitude as they angled toward the decoys.

"They're at ten thousand," the weapons operator reported. "Twenty—thirty—look at 'em go!"

The converging pack of Soviet missiles had taken the form of a vast arrow of pursuit.

"Maybe they'll go 200,000 feet," Grady said.

In fact, they went to 220,000 feet. As they began to slow down, the scope seemed to erupt in an enormous explosion.



On the President's orders, General Black prepared to pilot his bomber into position above New York.

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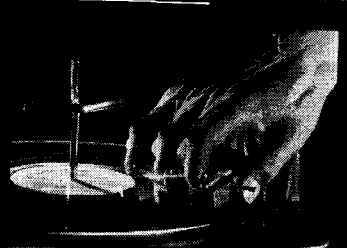

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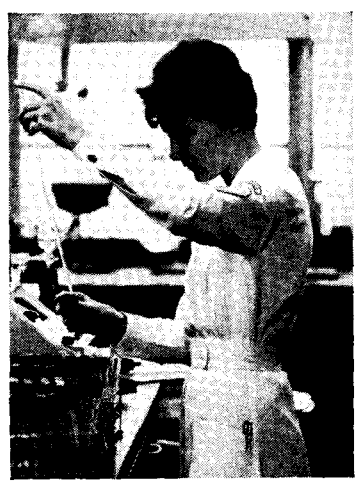
SHOULD YOUR CHILD BE A DIETITIAN?

BY ADELIA M. BEEUWKES, President, The American Dietetic Association; Professor of Public Health Nutrition, University of Michigan AS TOLD TO JEAN LIBMAN BLOCK

The hospital dietitian is responsible for all food services for patients, staff and visitors. In addition to supervising the purchase and preparation of foods, she is called upon to develop the menu, train other dietetic personnel, and lecture to medical students.

When dietitians get together, not surprisingly, the talk is often about food. Three recent discussions stand out in my mind.

The first took place in Alaska when I was visiting dietitians in our 49th state. We spoke of the food habits of people of the Far North. Someone mentioned that Eskimos prize polar bear meat, but are forbidden by tradition to eat the liver. We were fascinated by their wisdom. How had they learned, without benefit of scientific techniques, that polar bear liver has too much vitamin A for safe human consumption?



Many dietitians work in research laboratories where, along with other scientists from the many specialties, they seek new knowledge of food.

The second conversation occurred when Colonel John Glenn made his successful space flight. That day my students at The University of Michigan could speak of only one thing—the semi-solid food in tubes which the astronaut consumed, while weightless, miles above the earth. Dietitians helped perfect it.

The third talk was with a former student, now chief dietitian in a small mid-western hospital. Telling of the joy she finds in her work, the young woman described how she helped save a newborn baby from total incapacity. The baby was afflicted with PKU, an inborn error of metabolism which has tragic effects unless treated promptly with a special diet. In this case, the disease was detected early. Together, the attending physician and the dietitian developed a therapeutic formula. After that the dietitian worked with the grateful mother to make sure she understood every detail of the vitally important program for her baby.

A wide-ranging profession. These three conversations help illustrate the amazing scope and variety of interests within the profession of dietetics.

If you think of a dietitian chiefly as a cook or a menu planner, you should raise your sights. For a dietitian today does not cook, except for her own pleasure, and menu planning is only one facet of her activities.

What is a dietitian?

She is a person with a college degree and advanced education or qualifying experience in the sciences of nutrition and food management. Her work involves the application of these principles to the feeding of individuals and groups.

If her interests lean more strongly toward interpreting and teaching, rather than actual feeding, her title may be nutritionist.

About half of all dietitians serve in hospitals. Others direct the food service in schools and colleges and in commercial and industrial organizations. Still others are associated with health and

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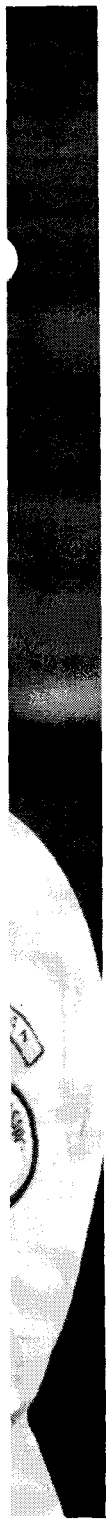

welfare agencies or research laboratories. Some teach or write.

The hospital dietitian is responsible for all food services for patients, staff and visitors. She directs her department's budget, supervises the purchase and preparation of meats, fruits, vegetables, cereals and baked goods, develops the menu, plans and supervises dietetic personnel training. In a day, she may attend a medical conference, talk to a diabetic patient and lecture to medical students. A single dietitian may have much of this responsibility in a small hospital. A large institution may employ many dietitians in food service administration, diet therapy, teaching and research.

Special advantages. For a young person today, dietetics offers four advantages not easily found in other professions:

1. It is a career in which the human element is still paramount. Many sciences have, of necessity, become cold and impersonal. But dietetics deals directly with people, and at a level of intense personal involvement —their need for food.

2. It combines maximum chance for advancement with minimum time for preparation. The usual education is college and one year of internship. This consideration is important to parents worried about the prohibitive cost of long-drawn-out professional preparation.

3. It is a uniquely flexible career, able to meet the shifting stages of a woman's life. A dietitian may work full or part time. She may drop out while her children are young but, by keeping in touch with the field, be ready to go back when she is older. Wherever she lives, she will find a hospital, school, health agency or industry happy to enlist her knowledge and skills.

4. It offers a wide range of different career opportunities for the expression of individual interests.

Both men and women welcome. I have been referring to a dietitian as *she*. That is not entirely accurate. While it is true that most dietitians are women, an increasing number of men are entering the field. Men serve as directors of food service in hospitals and colleges and in commercial organizations. If you are helping a young man make career plans, give serious thought to his future in the administrative and research branches of dietetics.

What are the personal qualifications for a career in dietetics?

The first is eagerness to serve people. If your son or daughter wants to work toward a better world, promote good health and help prevent disease, dietetics promises an emotionally fulfilling career.

Another important trait is a liking for people. Because the food expert is part of a professional team and intimately concerned with persons both sick and well, an ability to get along, under good circumstances and bad, is indispensable.

The potential dietitian should find food a fascinating interest. Curiosity about food, enthusiasm for its preparation and appearance, excitement about the roles of proteins, minerals, vitamins, fatty acids and trace elements in human nutrition—these are essential.

A strong aptitude for science is necessary. College courses will include chemistry, bacteriology and physiology. Later on, the dietitian will be a member of the scientific community, in close association with physicians, dentists, chemists, biochemists, perhaps geneticists, anthropologists or psychologists, depending on the field of specialization.

College training essential. How does one become a dietitian?

In high school, your son or daughter should follow the curriculum that prepares for college. Then he or she should select an accredited college offering a program in dietetics or nutrition. At college the student will work for a bachelor's degree, being sure to take all courses required for entrance to an approved dietetic internship.

The college graduate will then embark on a year's internship in a hospital, college, business or industrial organization. During this period of learning and doing, the young intern follows a fast-paced schedule of classes, seminars, supervisory duty in the food service, conferences with doctors and visits with patients. Internships provide room and board or cash allowances for them. Virtually all internships offer a stipend. Scholarships are available through state dietetic associations and The American Dietetic Association.

Starting positions pay from $4,500 to $5,000. Salaries as high as $15,000 are paid highly experienced directors of food services.

Many opportunities. Careers in dietetics often take unexpected turns. An assignment with a food or equipment company may lead to public relations and lecturing. Ability to make a platter of fish especially photogenic may win a job in advertising or publicity. Teaching may develop into a full-time academic career. Management of a cafeteria may blossom into ownership of a chain of restaurants.

For those who long to travel, the Peace Corps and the World Health Organization welcome dietitians. Opportunities beckon in radiation laboratories where researchers are learning to safeguard food against contamination. Others are conducting research for meals which may be eaten on the moon. Some are analyzing plant and marine life cells to find fresh food sources for the world's burgeoning population. Elsewhere, the search is for better solutions to weight control.

Because diet is a major part of therapy, the hospital dietitian is often called upon to counsel patients as to their special food needs.

All these possibilities are within your youngster's grasp in dietetics. The demand for professionally qualified people far exceeds the supply. A good job is assured all who prepare themselves. Advancement is unlimited for those who continue to study and grow.

And for every member of the profession, there is the incomparably rich reward of sharing in the blessed tasks of helping to heal the sick and raise the standards for health. What more could your son or daughter ask in a life work?

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Fail-Safe

Seconds later the shock wave jarred the Vindicator.

"We're making like a bird," Grady said. He slapped the bombardier on the back. "How many minutes to Moscow?"

"Seven," the bombardier replied.

There remained only one decision for Grady to make—the bombing altitude. If they went in low, they would be destroyed by the nuclear blast. If they climbed —— But in a real sense the decision had been made.

"Look," Grady said. "We'll never get back. So I'm going to take her in at two hundred feet and climb to five thousand over the target. The bombs are set to detonate at five thousand, so we'll go with them."

He glanced at the two men. Two pairs of eyes stared levelly at him. The bombardier spoke. "OK, skipper," he said. "There's nothing to go home to anyway."

The American ambassador and the Soviet delegate to the United Nations reported on the radiophone conference line before Khrushchev came on.

"Where are you, Mr. Ambassador?" the President asked.

"On the top floor of the American Embassy in Moscow, in my library," the American ambassador said.

"Where are you, Mr. Lentov?" the President asked the Soviet delegate.

"In the UN building in New York," Lentov replied.

"I'm calling from the White House bomb shelter," the President said. "With me is Peter Buck, my translator."

Slowly and calmly he told them what had happened. Buck glanced at the President. He knew what all of the men on the line were thinking: The American ambassador would die if the Vindicator bombers got through.

Buck could hardly believe what he heard next. The Soviet delegate began to discuss baseball. He confessed that his favorite team was the New York Yankees.

"I know that it is somewhat like rooting for the aristocracy," he said with a laugh. "But I cannot resist them. It is a question of the power and the grace. I admire both qualities."

"I agree with you, Ambassador Lentov, about power and grace." It was the American ambassador speaking from Moscow. *A voice from the grave,* Buck thought. *Casual remarks from a man about to be burned alive.* Buck's hands began to shake as he clenched the phone.

Khrushchev's voice came up on the conference line. "Mr. President, I'm told that you invited your ambassador to Moscow and my delegate to the UN to join us. I assume there is a reason."

Buck, listening to Khrushchev's voice, scrawled on the President's pad: *Finality. Tone heavy, final. K has decided.* The President read the message without change of expression.

"There is a reason," the President said. "First let us know how it's going with the Vindicators."

"In a few minutes the bombs will be falling on Moscow," Khrushchev said roughly. "I have brought my whole retaliatory apparatus to full readiness. In the next few minutes I may have to release that apparatus. What do you propose, Mr. President?"

Buck thought suddenly of Khrushchev's family, the daughter, and the wife whose dowdy clothes and plain face had so endeared her to Americans when the Khrushchevs had visited years before. Were they in Moscow?

The President tapped his note pad and penciled on it a straight black line. "First I will tell you what will happen, Mr. Premier," the President said. He was pale, but his voice did not falter. "Then I will tell you how I intend to demonstrate our sincerity."

"Proceed, Mr. President," Khrushchev said. "But make it brief, if you please."

"Our bombers will drop four twenty-megaton bombs on Moscow. There is a possibility that our ambassador will hear the sound of jet engines a moment before they drop," the President said. "In any case, when the bombs explode, his telephone will give off a distinctive shrill sound as it melts in the fireball. We know that from thermonuclear experiments. When we hear that shrill sound, we'll

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Don't worry about it, your bank balance will just about cover the damage."

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know that the American ambassador to Moscow is dead, with most of Moscow."

A grunt came over the line, as if someone had taken a hard blow in the stomach. Buck thought it came from Khrushchev.

"You understand, Mr. Ambassador, that you are to stay where you are?" the President asked.

"Yes, sir," the ambassador replied.

"Mr. President!" Khrushchev's voice exploded angrily over the telephone. "Is this your grand plan? To sacrifice one American—your ambassador—for five million Muscovites?" The voice choked, then rumbled on. In his imagination Buck saw rows of buttons on a board—blue, green and red buttons—and a thick peasant hand hovering over them, about to plunge. At that moment, with Khrushchev's voice babbling incomprehensibly in his ear, terror gripped Buck.

The President's voice, high-pitched and barely under control, snapped him out of it. Buck's translation rode over Khrushchev's voice and he found he was shouting, repeating phrases, banging the table with his fist.

"No, no, Mr. Premier! You must listen to me. *Listen to me!* A SAC bomber carrying four twenty-megaton bombs is now orbiting over New York City. The pilot is General Black—a man ready to obey the most terrible orders. When we hear the shriek of the melting telephone in Moscow, I will order him to drop his bombs on New York. He will use the Empire State Building for ground zero. The second shriek over the conference line will tell us that your United Nations delegate has gone—and with him, New York."

"Oh, God," Khrushchev whispered. Suddenly, like a mechanical mockery, there was a flare of static on the line.

"There is no other way, Mr. Premier, that I could think to demonstrate our sincerity," the President said softly. "We will each have lost our largest city. But most of our people and our wealth and our property and our social fabric will remain." His voice dropped low. "Unless, unless you think it unnecessary. Unless you feel the offer itself is enough. Just the offer—showing our intentions . . ." He stopped in midsentence and Buck saw on his face a look of agony.

There was silence on the line.

"I would like to say that this is unnecessary," Khrushchev said. "I cannot. We have worked ourselves into a position of suspicion and hatred so great that the only way out is to proceed with what you suggest. This is tragic. But it must be so."

"We must sacrifice some so the others can survive," the President said. His voice was weary.

All of the men on the conference line realized the uselessness of mere words. Each man was in his own kind of shock.

"Jay, I'm grateful," the President said to the American ambassador. . . . "I'm also grateful to you, Mr. Lentov."

"I thank you both," Khrushchev said. "I also admire you."

They waited.

"I must tell my people at the Pentagon and Omaha of my decision," the President said. "I will speak so that you can hear what I say."

It took only a moment for the White House switchboard to make the connections. When the President spoke, the war rooms in Omaha and in the Pentagon had been added to the conference line. The President's voice came over loudspeakers.

"Gentlemen, I have had to make a terrible decision," the President said. "I have not asked your advice because this is not a decision on which one needs or can use advice. I want the responsibility to be entirely mine."

In the Pentagon Professor Groteschele whispered to General Stark. "He's going to send in a full strike. He has to."

But a tiny root of fear twitched in Groteschele. Suddenly this was no longer an elegant, logical game to be played by civilian theorists before an audience of military leaders. Real men in real bombers and real missiles carrying real thermonuclear warheads would soon be in motion. Their targets would be millions of unprotected people. Groteschele thought of that and trembled.

"Two of the Vindicators will apparently reach Moscow and drop four twenty-megaton bombs," the President said.

Buck felt that he should look away, but he could not. The President was boxed in, cornered by accidents of history and mechanical errors. There was no escape.

"Premier Khrushchev has not launched his retaliatory forces, but he says that he must have proof of our sincerity. Right away. So, if Moscow is bombed, I must order a Vindicator now circling over New York to deliver four twenty-megaton bombs on that city. That is all, gentlemen."

In the Pentagon War Room the staff chiefs and service secretaries turned toward Secretary of Defense Swenson when the President had finished speaking. Most of the people around the table knew that Swenson's family lived in New York. His face did not change expression.

"Are there any documents in New York which are absolutely essential to the

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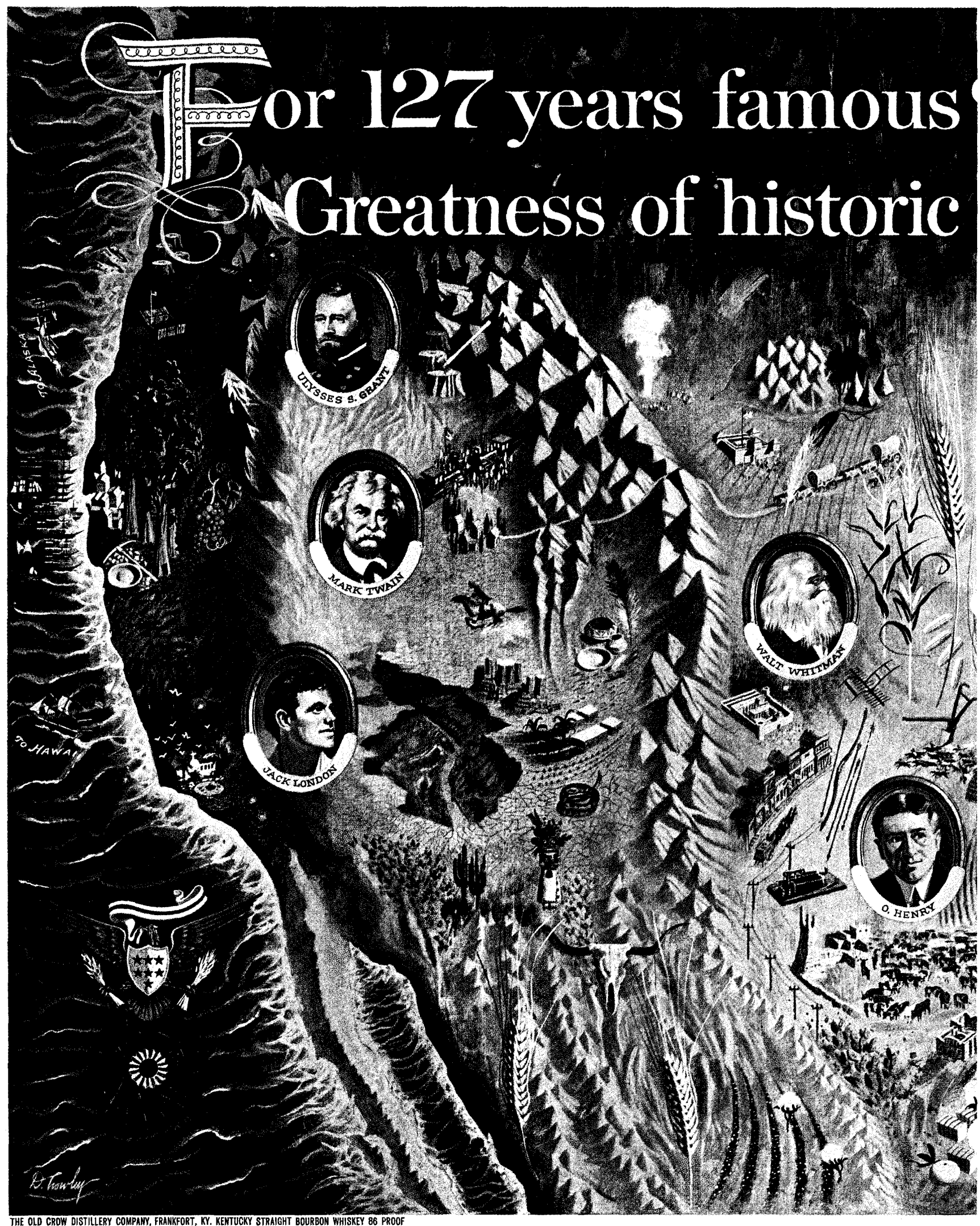

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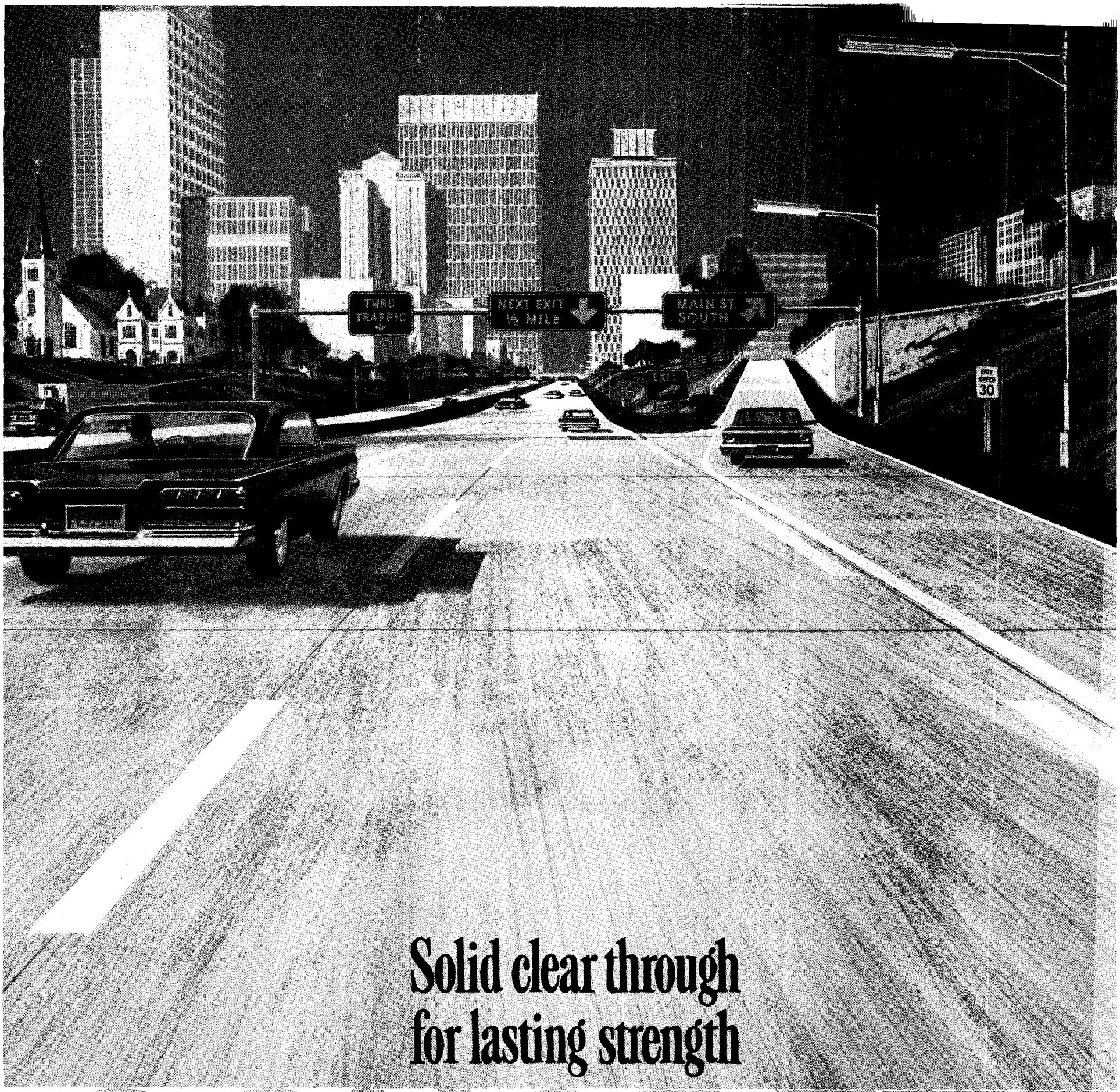

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44½-ton and 25½-ton trucks rolling on Loop 5

Fail-Safe

running of the United States Government?" Swenson asked. "And would there be time to get them out of New York, General Stark?"

"N-no, sir, there would not be time," Stark said. He was fighting a stammer. "There are irreplaceable documents in New York, but none is absolutely crucial. Of course, the records of private companies ——"

"They can rebuild without those papers," Swenson interrupted. He looked sharply around the table for signs of revolt, cracking nerve, a break in the chain.

Secretary of the Army Wilcox took from his briefcase that day's copy of *The New York Times* and threw it on the table. On the front page was a picture of the President's wife. She was in New York for the opening of a new art center.

Swenson looked sharply at Wilcox. Was he trying to suggest that the President's wife should receive preferential treatment?

"Make yourself clear, Wilcox," Swenson said.

Wilcox's finger went past the picture of the President's wife and pointed at a story in the left-hand column, quoting the civilian-defense director as saying that, with a few hours' warning, casualties in an all-out war could be cut drastically.

"On very short notice an alert to a big city would probably do more harm than good," Swenson said. "A couple of hours, and people can be dispersed. With a couple of minutes' warning you would only create panic."

Some old reflexive control kept Swenson from thinking of his own family. Once allowed to express itself, his agony of love would render him worthless as a leader. *There is nothing you can do, nothing you can do, nothing.* His job was to keep this group of men intact, in command of the situation, ready to move in whatever direction the President ordered.

The conference line connecting Moscow, Khrushchev, the United Nations and the White House was open, but the President and Khrushchev had nothing to say.

The American ambassador came on. "Mr. President, the activity here in Moscow seems quite ordinary, just as on any other day," he said.

Buck knew that the ambassador wanted to say something and was asking for permission by opening with triviality.

"A general alert now would be useless, Jay," the President said.

"That is correct, Mr. Ambassador," Khrushchev said.

It was the opening that the ambassador wanted. "What steps will you take to make sure that this most terrible of tragedies is not repeated, Premier Khrushchev?" the ambassador asked.

"This is not the most terrible of tragedies," Khrushchev said. "In World War II we lost more people than we will lose if Moscow is destroyed. But what makes this intolerable . . ." He took a breath. "The last few hours have not been easy for me, Mr. Ambassador. They are not made easier by the fact that I am talking with you and Ambassador Lentov, who will probably be dead in a few minutes. I have learned some things, but I do not have the time to tell them all to you. One thing I can say: At some point in the last ten years we became prisoners of our machines, our suspicions and our belief in logic. I am willing to come to the United States as soon as I am asked and to agree to disarmament."

"Premier Khrushchev," the President said, "I will welcome you. This crisis of ours—this accident, as you say—it's as if human beings had evaporated, and their places taken by computers. We can't let computers blow up the world."

"Mr. President," the American ambassador said, "I can hear explosions in the Northeast. They seem to be air bursts. The sky is very bright with rockets. It is almost beautiful, like a Fourth of July ——"

His voice was drowned in a screech that lasted five seconds.

The silence on the conference line was broken by a strange sound. It was, Buck guessed, made by the throats of approximately 50 men who simultaneously remembered that they must breathe.

"Gentlemen, Moscow has been destroyed," the President said. He looked at Buck, as if hoping for a miracle. "I will contact General Black, who is now orbiting over New York City."

General Black was flying a holding pattern, an effortless oval 46,000 feet above Manhattan. Twenty thousand feet below, small puffy clouds gave the firm lines of the Hudson and the East River silvery contrast. Manhattan stood out in clear-cut blocks and rectangles, fencing the soft greenness of Central Park. Black had taken the boys there recently with ball and bat —— Abruptly his mind pulled away. He completed his final check. Everything was in order. The bombs were armed, the crew had been briefed.

Black liked the moving of throttle levers, the pull of the yoke, the sense of control over tons of machinery. There was even a thrill of power, he admitted, in carrying thermonuclear bombs. But above this, and justifying it, was an unbending devotion to duty.

Again and again he had been assured that war by accident was impossible. It was here that Black was in torment. For he had known that an accident was possible, and he had done nothing about it. Now he was being used as the instrument to right the balance. It was a kind of ironic justice.

He spoke into his microphone, getting a check-back signal from each member of the crew.

"You have been briefed on the mission, but I want to add a few personal comments. I think you all know that I'm from New York. My family is down there now." *The leader to the last*, Black thought, mocking himself. He had told them of his family to make sure that no one held back, that all knew that he was making the biggest sacrifice and was willing to go ahead.

"I have a final order—no one else is to have anything to do with the bomb release. I've set this up so I can handle it alone."

Black felt dullness creep over his mind, an anesthetic sensation blunting memories of his family, of New York.

"To repeat, I'll fly the plane and launch the bombs," he said. "No one else is to touch anything. You're accomplices in a way, but the ultimate responsibility is mine. I'll be listening now to the Washington channel."

He turned a radio switch, and looked down at the magnificent sweep of familiar landscape. It seemed more beautiful because of its innocence. The millions of people below were going about their tasks and pleasures unaware of doom. *Better this way*, Black thought.

He thrust his left hand into a pocket of his pressure suit, fingering the plastic guard on a needle tipped with sudden death.

There was a crackle in his earphones, and a familiar voice—the President's. "Blackie, do you read me? Come in, Blackie."

"I read you, Mr. President."

"Blackie, this is it. Our bombs have fallen on Moscow. Release your bombs on New York, and report back at once."

"Mr. President ——"

"It's our only chance for peace, Blackie."

General Black opened a control panel above his throttles, pressed the button marked 1, waited three seconds, pressed 2 . . . and 3 . . . and 4.

He could hear the President going on about something that really didn't matter. . . . "Congressional Medal . . . highest act of courage. . . ." Nothing mattered now, except joining Betty and the children. With a sudden movement he pressed the needle into his side. **THE END**

The Burdick-Wheeler novel FAIL-SAFE, from which this serial was taken, will be published this week by the McGraw-Hill Book Company.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"However, just in case it doesn't fit her, can I bring it back?"

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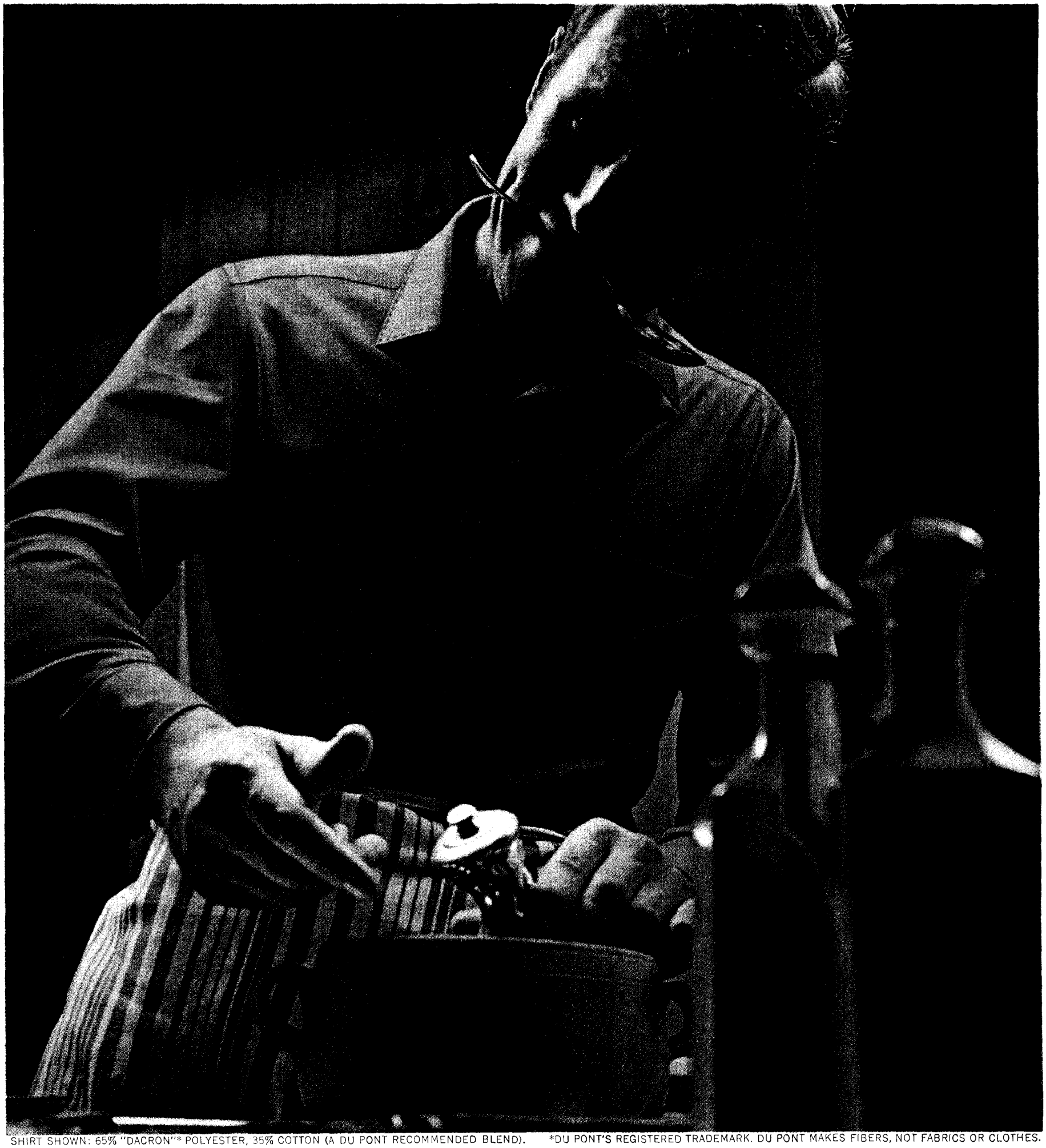

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Three Times Around

A wagon-pulling pig is worth ten in the pen.

By JOHN MARKE SMITH

Grandpa Barlow said it never could have happened anywhere but in Winston County. It was the only county in Alabama that seceded from the state when *it* left the Union. Grandpa said that Winston County folks were pretty independent in everything, and since there were no slaves in the county, they did not see why they should go to war with anyone. Anyway, Grandpa loved to tell about the things he had done and the people he had known when he was growing up in Winston County.

After supper one night he sat in his easy chair, puffing on his pipe and running his hand through his white hair. I sat on the floor in front of him.

"Grandpa," I said, "you promised that tonight you'd tell me about the one-eyed pig."

"Yep," he said, "it was the only one-eyed pig I ever saw! I remember him just like it was yesterday. He caused such a commotion between Ma and my uncle that I thought she was going to run him off. And it had a lot to do with Uncle Os marrying the prettiest girl in the county."

It was in 1875, I believe, and I was about twelve years old. Just a year or so older than you, boy. But I can still see Uncle Os driving into the yard early one April morning with that pig standing in the wagon bed. Uncle Os was no bigger than a minute, but he was singing one of his soldier songs at the top of his voice. That big, dusty-red pig was standing just as still and contented as he could be.

"Hey, Davey," yelled Uncle Os, "come here and look what I got!"

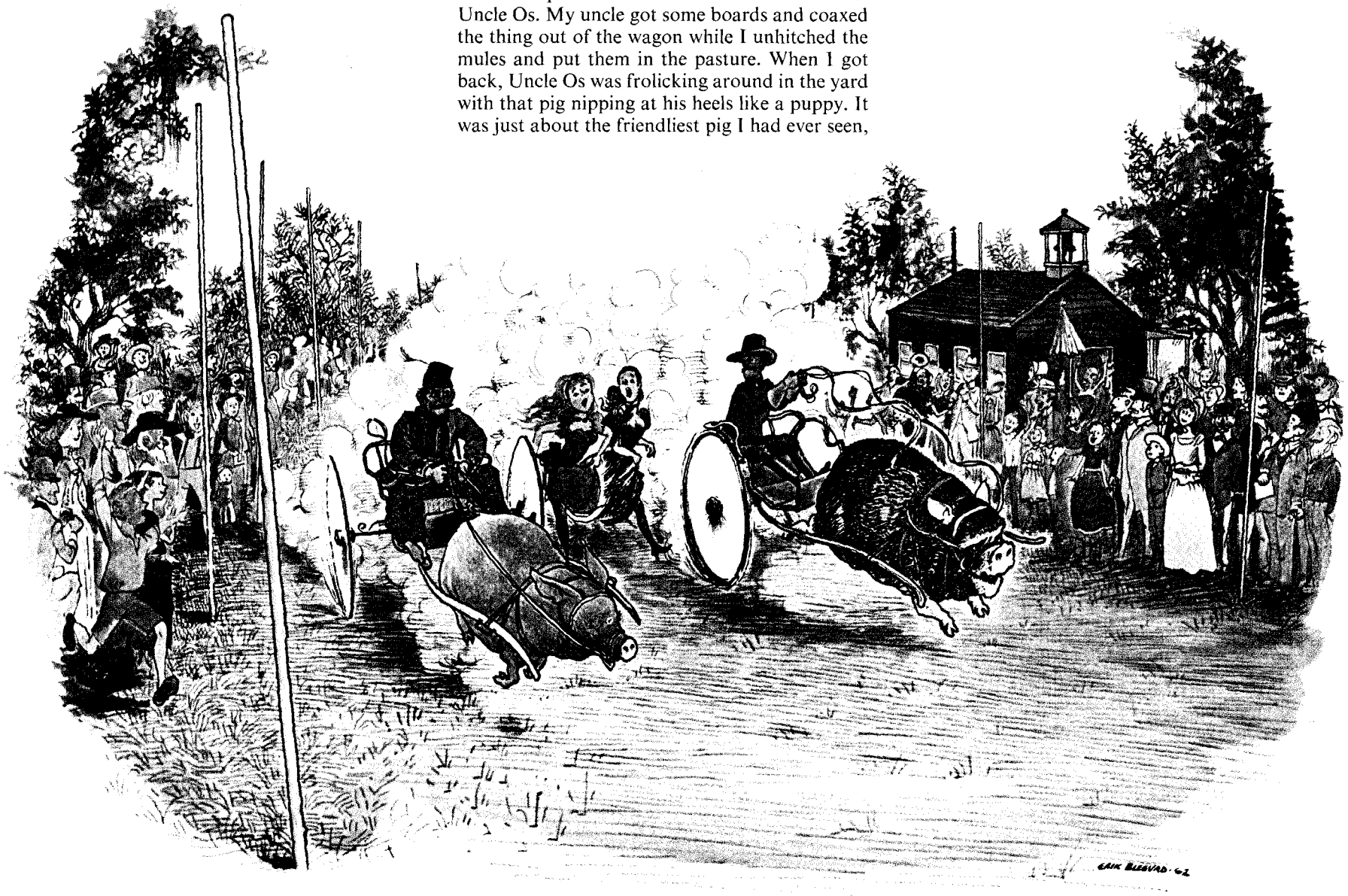
I trotted out to the wagon, rubbing the sleep out of my eyes. The pig cocked his head around slowly at me, sniffed and grunted, and gave me a peculiar look. He didn't look anything special to me. Just a big-boned red Duroc that weighed about 300 pounds and stood about half as tall as Uncle Os. My uncle got some boards and coaxed the thing out of the wagon while I unhitched the mules and put them in the pasture. When I got back, Uncle Os was frolicking around in the yard with that pig nipping at his heels like a puppy. It was just about the friendliest pig I had ever seen, though as it turned out it certainly caused all sorts of trouble with Ma, besides getting Uncle Os in a big hullabaloo with Major Armstrong. But it also made Uncle Os pretty famous around that whole county.

When Uncle Os led the pig into the pen and gave him some corn, I climbed up on the rail fence to get a better look. It was then I noticed something wrong with his right eye, and I asked Uncle Os about it.

"He's a one-eyed pig, Davey. See there, he don't even notice me waving my hand on this side of his head."

The pig was really grunting and chomping that corn. I leaned over closer to the trough and inspected the eye.

"Well I'll be durned. How come he got that way, Uncle Os?"



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Three Times Around

"The man I got him from said he caught a splinter in his eye. Didn't get infected or nothing—just blinded that eye."

The pig cocked his head up at Uncle Os and grunted, like he was verifying that piece of information. My uncle stood for a minute admiring the pig from different angles, then climbed out of the pen. We started to the house for breakfast.

"That pig's smart, Davey," he grinned, "and he shore took a liking to me when I went over to look at him today. He rooted around my feet and followed me all over. I'm going to make a pet out of him—and I'm going to call him P.G.T. You can call him Pee Gee for short."

"What's P.G.T. mean?" I asked doubtfully. He stopped short and looked at me in surprise. His wide-set, open eyes danced happily at me.

"Son, don't Miss Julie teach you young-'uns no history in school? Why, those are the initials of one of the finest gentlemen and generals in the whole Confederate army!" He frowned at me.

"Oh," I said, "you must mean General Beauregard. You were with him in that Louisiana outfit when you wore that—that Zoove uniform."

"Not *Zoove*, son, *Zou-AVE*—that's French. Comes from a tribe of mountain fighters over in North Africa. And the general's name is Pierre Gustave Toutant de Beauregard."

Right then Major Armstrong came by in his buggy with Miss Julie McCurdy, the schoolteacher. She was real pretty, with yellow hair and blue eyes. My uncle was courtin' her right often, but it looked like the major was trying to cut in on him. She yelled at us, and I waved back.

"Humph," snorted Uncle Os, "guess she's found somebody to see her to the schoolhouse every morning. Ain't particular who it is, either."

"But Uncle Os," I said, "she's always asking me about you. She likes you a whole lot. And you're only thirty years old. That's not too old for her. How come you don't set your cap for her?" Uncle Os was not much bigger than a banty rooster, but he was handsome and he was a whole lot of fun.

"'Cause she's got her cap set for me," he said, "that's why! And when a filly sets her cap for you—watch out!"

Uncle Os took a playful swipe at my head and punched me on the shoulder. We ran up the back steps into the kitchen. The smell of bacon and hot biscuits met us at the door.

"My Lord, what's going on?" Ma said, turning from the stove with the coffeepot. She was straight and tall and wore her black hair in a bun at the back of her head.

Uncle Os flung a leg over his chair and buttered a saucer-sized biscuit. I sat facing him.

"Ma," I said, "go look at the pig Uncle Os brought home. It's blind as a bat in one eye, but Uncle Os says he's gonna make a pet out of it!" I started eating my oatmeal.

Ma carefully set the coffeepot back on the stove, staring openmouthed at Uncle Os.

"Oscar Travis!" she shouted, big hands on broad hips. "What in the world has come over you? We can't afford another pig!"

"Now, Claire, don't get riled up," said my uncle in between gulps of coffee. "He didn't cost nothing—yet. I'm gonna trade Luther Hudgins enough sorghum cane this summer to pay for Pee Gee. Anyway, Davey needs a pet."

"Davey needs a *pig* for a pet?" Ma glared at Uncle Os. "Whoever heard of such a thing? I'm not going to have a pig running loose around this farm—you hear? No wonder Major Armstrong and the whole county thinks you're addled as a bessybug!" She sat down and started eating, giving Uncle Os a cold eye after every bite.

Uncle Os winked at me over the top of his cup and nudged my foot.

"You're not getting sweet on that pot-bellied Union soldier, are you?" He grinned like a mule eating briars.

"I am not!" Ma snapped. "And you just hush about that! I set the major straight the first time he came over here after Henry died. I'm not courting him nor no other man."

"Well, sis, I was just thinking ——"

"You just stop thinking about that! You're mad because the major wants to buy that twenty acres across the creek. And you don't like it because he's sparkin' Miss Julie now and then."

Uncle Os choked on his coffee. "If she wants to court a man," he sputtered, "that fought his neighbors in the war—that's her business! But I wish he would stop pestering me about that twenty acres of land."

"Well, we don't need it," Ma said, "and he wants it for an orchard." She buttered a biscuit and poured syrup over it.

"Yeah," sneered Uncle Os, "just like all the other pieces of land he started buying up around here after the war!" He banged his cup on the table.

"Oscar," Ma said sternly, "you can't blame a man for fighting on the side he believes is right. A lot of other folks around here fought on the Union side. They say the Nelson boys over at Mt. Hebron yelled to each other across the lines at Bull Run. And after the war was over, they had as much right to come back to their homes as anybody else."

"But they didn't come back here like carpetbaggers, trying to buy up all the land they could get their hands on!" Uncle Os was red-faced. "And about that schoolteacher," he said, poking his thumb in his chest, "ain't no woman gonna hook me!" He shoved his plate back and got up from the table.

"Oscar," said Ma pleasantly, "you better stop gallivantin' over the county and settle on a sweet girl—like Miss Julie—who'll make something out of you." She finished up her coffee.

"Don't fret on it," said Uncle Os. He stretched and winked at me. "I'm gonna love 'em all and lose to none—right, boy?"

When I came in from school that evening I saw Uncle Os fooling around with Pee Gee. He had him outside the pen and was teaching him to back up and go sideways on command.

"Come here, Pee Gee," ordered Uncle Os, clapping his hands. Pee Gee ran up and playfully grunted at my uncle's knees. Uncle Os beamed at me.

"Look at that, Davey! No sir, he wasn't behind no door when they passed out the brains!" He patted Pee Gee on the head and opened the gate to the pen.

Uncle Os had just left the pigpen and we were starting on the chores when the major drove by, taking Miss Julie home. I saw her look at us and speak to the major. They stopped where the road turned by the barn, and Miss Julie called us over. I followed Uncle Os up to the buggy.

"Howdy, Miss Julie," I said, fidgeting.

"Evening, Miss Julie," said Uncle Os, taking off his hat.

"Hello, Oscar," she said, lowering her eyes to her folded hands.

"Afternoon, Travis," growled the major. He went back to looking at the mare's ears.

"Oscar," Miss Julie said, touching her yellow hair, "do you still want me to make you a new Zouave uniform from the old one? I'll probably have some time to sew in the next few days. . . . Would you like to see it, major?" She smiled at the major.

"Humph," snorted the short, hawk-nosed man next to her. "I saw enough of them in the war. And they were always going the other way." He cut his black eyes and leered at Uncle Os.

"Wait a minute," said Uncle Os, stepping closer to the buggy wheel. "I saw some Northern Zouaves lightin' out from Antietam. I'll bet they were clear back to New York before they heard they won the battle."

"Yes," snapped the major, "and I suppose the Louisiana men that you fought with didn't light out of the woods at Gettysburg?"

"Who?" shouted Uncle Os. "You didn't see any of Colonel Malraux's Zouaves turnin' tail!"

I had never seen my sawed-off uncle get mad so quick. His eyes popped and the veins stood out on his neck. He was ready to go into the corncrib with a panther. Ma came up behind us and tried to pull Uncle Os away, but he was in no mood to be pacified.

"Travis," the major's voice trembled, "you shall not call me a liar!" He reached under the buggy seat. Miss Julie grabbed his arm and looked fearfully at us. Ma tried to calm Uncle Os, but he pushed her away. I was getting kind of weak in the knees.

"Come out of that rig, you little stuffed bird!" shouted Uncle Os. He tried to get around me and Ma to the other side of the buggy. Ma wrapped her long arms around him in a bear hug.

"You sit over there in that big house," squealed Uncle Os, "and get tenants to do all your farming for you and try to buy up all the farms around here for little or nothing! Well, you won't get any part of this farm!" He struggled against Ma, and she lifted him off the ground, kicking and hollering.

The major coldly tipped his hat to Ma. Miss Julie smiled weakly at us as the major sent the mare trotting off. They were soon hidden by a cloud of dust in the road.

Uncle Os mumbled something about the major trying to make him look the fool in front of Miss Julie, then stalked off to get some fodder for the cow. I was kind of afraid to get near him right then, so I went to the house with Ma.

The next morning when I went out in the yard, I saw Uncle Os and Pee Gee cavorting in the pigpen. I climbed the fence and watched my uncle teach Pee Gee to latch and unfasten the gate, so he could come and go anytime he wanted to. After a few trial attempts, Pee Gee caught on real good, and Uncle Os went to plow in the fields.

When Uncle Os came in for dinner, I took ol' Bob to the creek and watered him. Riding back into the yard, I saw Uncle Os washing Pee Gee with one of Ma's brooms. Ma came barging out the kitchen door, waving the big gourd dipper in her fist. Uncle Os took one look at Ma and sent Pee Gee scurrying to the pigpen for protection. He jumped behind me, yelling to Ma not to get her hackles up.

"Oscar Travis!" she shouted. "I'll put goose eggs on your head! Washing that filthy animal with my best straw broom!" She shook the gourd over my head at Uncle Os.

"Aw, Claire," Uncle Os said, cringing behind me, "Pee Gee has to have a bath once in a while. Pets ought to be clean."

Ma brushed a strand of black hair out of her eyes and glared at Uncle Os. Then she screamed and jumped three feet into the air. Pee Gee had eased up behind her and nuzzled her ankles, trying to make his peace. He lay there with his head in the dirt, his one good eye cocked up at

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I resent the twentieth century! And that goes for the nineteenth, too!"

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ı. But she lifted her skirts and kicked t at Pee Gee, who ran behind Uncle and hid his head.
We heard a horse nicker and turned to Major Armstrong watching us from road. In the commotion about Pee e's bath, we hadn't heard him drive up.
'Well, Travis," he said, "what have ı got there?" He touched his hat to Ma.
'Nothing you'd be interested in, ma-," said Uncle Os.
Ma was still hot and bothered. Taking murderous look off Uncle Os, she d, "Afternoon, Major Armstrong. Just ittle family ruckus. Oscar bought that and made a pet out of him, and now tries to bathe him, just like he was nebody."
'A *pet?* A *pig* for a pet?" said the jor, laughing and clapping his knee. got down out of the buggy, wiping his s, and bent down to look at Pee Gee.
'Well, Travis," he said, "you sure can ne up with some strange ideas. And ing it a *bath?*" He roared again, hold- his sides.
'What's wrong with having a pig for a ?" asked Uncle Os, his ears turning . He pushed Pee Gee with his foot vard the pen and faced the major ıin. "That pig has a heap of sense. He's s smarter than some people I know."
'Travis," said the major, "everybody ows a male pig doesn't have much se. The females are always the smart- I've got a Berkshire sow that's prob- y twice as smart as your pig." He eyed retreating Pee Gee.
'Is that so," said Uncle Os, rolling his eyes at me. "Well, I'll just tell you, jor, Pee Gee can beat your sow at thing."
he major chuckled and looked at Ma. hat pig sure is good at running," he d, "when it comes to getting away m you, Miss Claire."
Ma said something under her breath, red at Uncle Os and went back to the ıse.
'Now there's a thought, major," said cle Os. "If your sow is so good, why n't you race her against Pee Gee?"
'Race her?" asked the major. "You an a regular race between pigs?" He e Uncle Os a fishy look.
'Sure," grinned my uncle, his dark s smiling, "we'll hitch little wagons behind them. It'll be just like the ıriot races in the olden days." He ew he had the major interested, and he ked a little faster. "It won't hurt the s. We'll only run them a little way, so y won't get too hot."
'Wouldn't it hurt them to pull so much ight behind them?"
'No, sir!" said Uncle Os. "It sure n't." Now my uncle fed him the rest the bait. "Besides, we'll make a little . I'll bet you that twenty acres by the ek that Pee Gee will win." He folded arms, smiling, and rocked back and th on his heels.
knew Uncle Os had him hooked. ıjor Armstrong scratched his jaw and ıinted a moment at Uncle Os. Then he ned and looked over the pasture to the k and the twenty acres beyond it. He ed his lips, hesitated, then looked Uncle Os. "It's a bet," he said.
'Ha!" cackled Uncle Os, "you're the ness, Davey! . . . Now, what will you t up, major?"
'I'll bet you my Berkshire and her te," said the major.
'By Ned," said Uncle Os, rubbing his ıds, "that's a good bet!"
They agreed to run the race at the ıoolhouse Saturday. The major drove off, and Uncle Os went to the barn to fix his cart.
When he came to supper, he told Ma about the race. She held her hands to her head and left us at the table, muttering an estimate of the size of Uncle Os's brain. We finished eating and joined Ma on the back porch. Uncle Os got down his guitar and started singing. Five minutes later all the wildcats in the woods started screaming. I thought he was going to bring them all down on us. When Uncle Os struck off on *Sweet Evalina*, Pee Gee got up from his bed at the pigpen and came grunting and oinking up to the back steps. He laid on the ground at Uncle Os's feet and listened—just like he knew the music. Pretty soon Ma sang the sad tune about the boy who was chased away from his sweetheart—*The Banished Lover*. Pee Gee jumped up and ran squealing off to the barn. I really believe I saw his ears stand up and his curly tail shoot straight out. After a while Uncle Os put up the guitar and slicked up to go calling on Miss Julie.

Friday morning Uncle Os harnessed Pee Gee to the little wagon. He slipped right in between the cane poles that lay along each side of his broad red back. Uncle Os sure was a funny sight riding around the yard in that little wagon. The news about the race must have spread quickly, because about noon the neighbors began stopping by. Some of them reported on the major and his preparations for the race. Then the men persuaded Uncle Os to wear his Zouave uniform in the race. He went in the house to

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Three Times Around

dig it out of his old cedar chest, and I don't guess I'll ever forget the sight of Uncle Os when he came out into the sunshine.

"Lord have mercy!" said a farmer beside me.

Uncle Os wore blood-red baggy trousers with a blue stripe down each side. He had on a dark-blue, red-trimmed jacket and waistcoat, with a light-blue sash. He was wearing spats, and above them were white leggings. A high red cap with a dangling red tassel was cocked on the back of his head. Pee Gee came sniffing up to him and cast his eye up at the strange sight. Then he grunted and nodded his heavy head as if in approval. Uncle Os strutted around near the chicken yard at the corner of the house. Suddenly there was a wild flurry of motion around him, and he hopped in the air, swinging his arms. Then I saw Sherman, our white Wyandotte rooster, leaping up on Uncle Os. Sherman never did like anything red or blue, and he flailed Uncle Os with his wings and pecked at the baggy trousers. Uncle Os jumped and hollered, circling the men in the yard. Sherman hung on with his spurs and kept beating my uncle on the back with his big white wings. Then here came Pee Gee, wagon and all, trying to raise his head high enough to get Sherman off of Uncle Os.

I ran after them, trying to get my hands on Sherman. That ol' rooster was tougher than leather, and he kept flailing and pecking at Uncle Os's red britches. Pee Gee was right behind, squealing angrily and trying to get Sherman in his snout. Finally I dived and caught Sherman and wrapped my arms around him so he couldn't get those wings going again. Uncle Os bounded into the house cussing with every breath and holding one hand on the seat of his red trousers. I fed the stock and did the other chores, while Uncle Os went calling on Miss Julie that night.

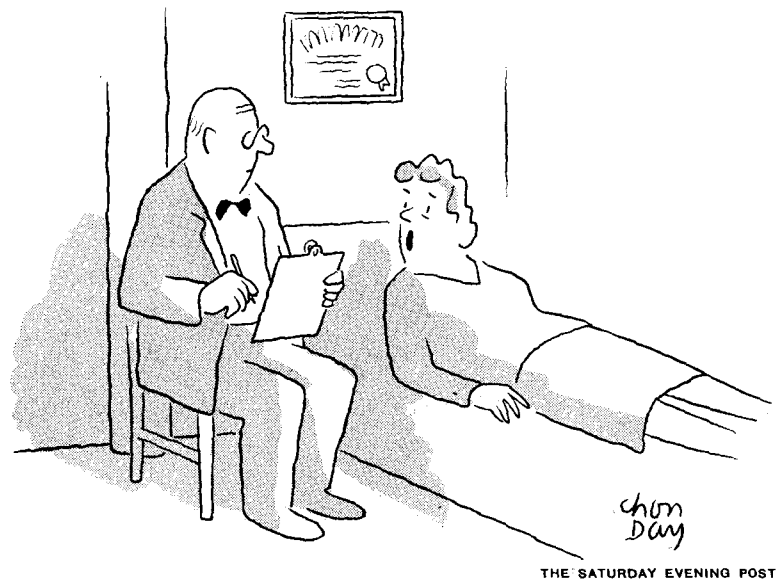
The next morning Uncle Os limped to the pigpen just after daylight. I heard Pee Gee grunting and figured Uncle Os was feeding him early so he could rest up for the race. My uncle came to eat breakfast, ignoring the smirk on Ma's face. Then he put Pee Gee in the wagon and drove to the schoolhouse early. I decided to wait and ride with Ma and Miss Julie.

When we got there about nine o'clock, it looked like everybody in the county was crowded in front of the two-room, red building. Farmers stood in little groups, talking and chewing tobacco. The women in long-sleeve cotton dresses and colorless bonnets stood in other groups, talking about new babies and funerals. Some of the children played tag under the fragrant, pink-blossoming crab-apple trees. One sunburned woman yelled at Ma and asked her if she was betting on Uncle Os. Ma just shrugged her shoulders and circled a finger around her ear. They laughed back at her. Miss Julie blushed and adjusted the ruffles at the sleeve of her calico dress. When we got closer I saw that somebody had spaced two rows of slender poles around the schoolhouse. The track between the poles was about fifteen feet wide and level all the way around the building. I drifted away from Ma and Miss Julie and wandered among the men.

Suddenly a chorus of shouts arose as the crowd caught sight of Uncle Os coming out of the schoolhouse in his Zouave suit. A thin, tired-looking woman wearing a man's hat nudged her neighbor. "What kind of a foreigner is that?" she whispered.

Uncle Os went across the road to the woods where he had left Pee Gee. While he was gone, Major Armstrong drove up. Some of his friends helped him get his black Berkshire, Suzie, out of the wagon. Everybody pushed in close to watch him harness her to the little cart. Suzie looked like she might have weighed a hundred pounds more than Pee Gee. Since Uncle Os and the major were about the same size, it seemed the advantage would be with Suzie. While they were finishing, Uncle Os came across the road leading Pee Gee, who was already in his harness. The major eyed the Zouave suit and followed Uncle Os to the front door of the school, which was the starting line. I wormed through the people around the pigs, so that I could hear everything.

Uncle Os and the major stood behind their chariots and decided on the rules for the race. The major wanted to go two laps around the schoolhouse, but Uncle Os held out for three. The major gave in, and the folks cheered. They tossed a coin and Uncle Os won the inside position. They picked a man to act as judge and got into their carts. The major sat stiffly erect, but Uncle Os relaxed with his legs along the harness sticks against Pee Gee's sides. He held the reins loosely and



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Lately the dream has been the other way around.
I am fully clothed and no one else has a stitch on."

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grinned sheepishly at Miss Julie. The crowd's excited talking and speculating quickly died when the two men nodded at the judge. You could have heard an ant sneeze. The judge held his red bandanna shoulder high.

"Get set," he shouted. "One . . . two . . . three . . . Go!"

The judge swiftly brought down his bandanna, and the race was on! Pee Gee struggled off in the lead. He grunted and strained against his harness and kicked up little clouds of dust. Suzie, running about three steps behind, seemed to get stronger as she went along. The major yelled and waved his hat in the air. The crowd hollered as the pigs ran snorting around the corner of the building, Pee Gee leading by a foot. Some of the children ran alongside the chariots, shouting encouragement. The women chattered away and the men craned their necks to catch first sight of the pigs coming around again. When they appeared again, Suzie and the major led by the length of an ax handle. Uncle Os, his tassel flying, hollered that rebel yell he learned in the war. Pee Gee seemed to pick up a little speed. But the major flicked that big Berkshire with his reins, and she plodded faster. Suzie and the major were pulling away when they turned the corner of the schoolhouse. Some of the folks changed their minds and began to yell for the major. I began to get worried. In my excitement I saw Ma and Miss Julie holding arms and straining to see the charioteers come around again.

The second time they came by, the major still led by a foot, but Uncle Os was catching up. Sensing that Pee Gee was close behind her, Suzie angled over and tried to bump him off the track, bringing a howl of glee from the crowd. Pee Gee oinked angrily, but quickly regained his balance. Uncle Os gave him the reins, but Pee Gee slowed to let the major's cart get completely by him on the right, his blind side. Then he took off again, with Suzie on his left, where he could watch her with his good eye. I broke away from the crowd and ran beside Pee Gee, begging him to run faster. Pee Gee cut the corner pretty close and gained a little, but Suzie still led when we came back around and headed for the finish line.

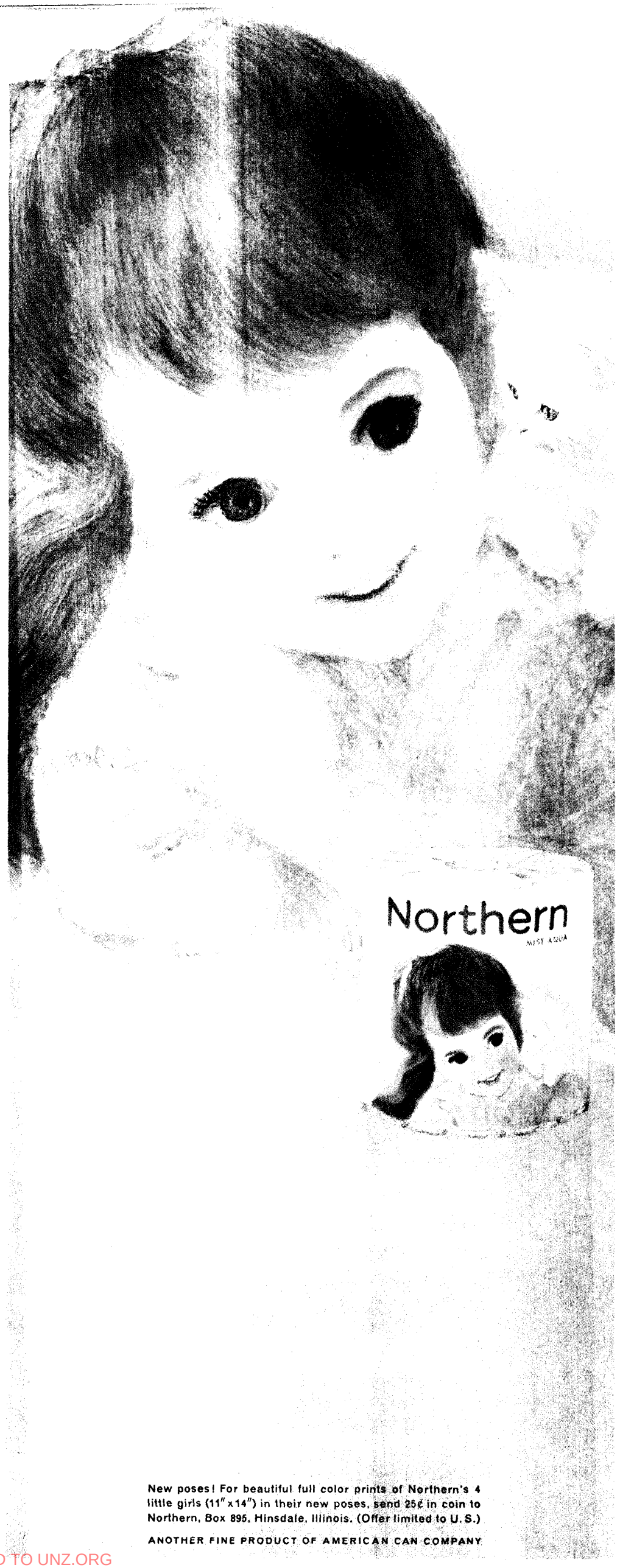
Rounding the corner of the building for the last time, I saw Ma and Miss Julie standing together with their heads thrown back. As we went by, they broke into the high wailing notes of *The Banished Lover*. Pee Gee cocked his eye up at them and squealed like he'd been stuck with a pitchfork. I still believe I saw his ears stand up and his curly tail shoot straight out. He lurched and strained wildly in the harness and dug his hooves into the dirt, trying to get away from that infernal racket. But Ma and Miss Julie ran alongside him, holding their skirts up to their knees and screeching those high notes. Poor ol' Pee Gee was tired out, anybody could see that, but he pushed his short legs out faster and faster. He pulled up even with Suzie, but he didn't know she was there. Then Miss Julie stopped, took a deep breath, and sang a piercing note at the top of her voice. Pee Gee leaped out in front of Suzie, almost jerking Uncle Os out of the chariot. They went across the finish line a whole foot in front of Suzie and the major.

The folks went wild. They had looked dumbfounded at Ma and Miss Julie when they started singing. When they saw what effect it had, they shouted and beat each other on the shoulders. Everybody pushed around Uncle Os before he could get out of the chariot. The major walked over, stretching his stubby legs, and allowed that Uncle Os was the winner, fair and square. He kind of turned green when Miss Julie kissed Uncle Os on the mouth. Pee Gee wobbled over to Ma and nuzzled her feet. She reached down and affectionately patted him between the ears. That pig sure did a day's work that morning!

"I looked in his ugly red face and wondered just how smart Pee Gee really was. I guess there was no telling what he could do, if he set his mind to it. Anyway, Uncle Os and Miss Julie got married that summer. You should have heard Ma joshing Uncle Os about his boast that he wouldn't 'get hooked' by no woman! Naturally, they took Pee Gee to live with them. And that reminds me. One of these days I'll tell you about the time Uncle Os took Pee Gee to a party at the governor's mansion, and what happened after Pee Gee turned over the punch bowl."

Grandpa Barlow took a last puff on his pipe, knocked it out in the ashtray, and winked at me. "The only one-eyed pig I ever saw," he said, "and the smartest!" **THE END**

"You're on, Reverend."



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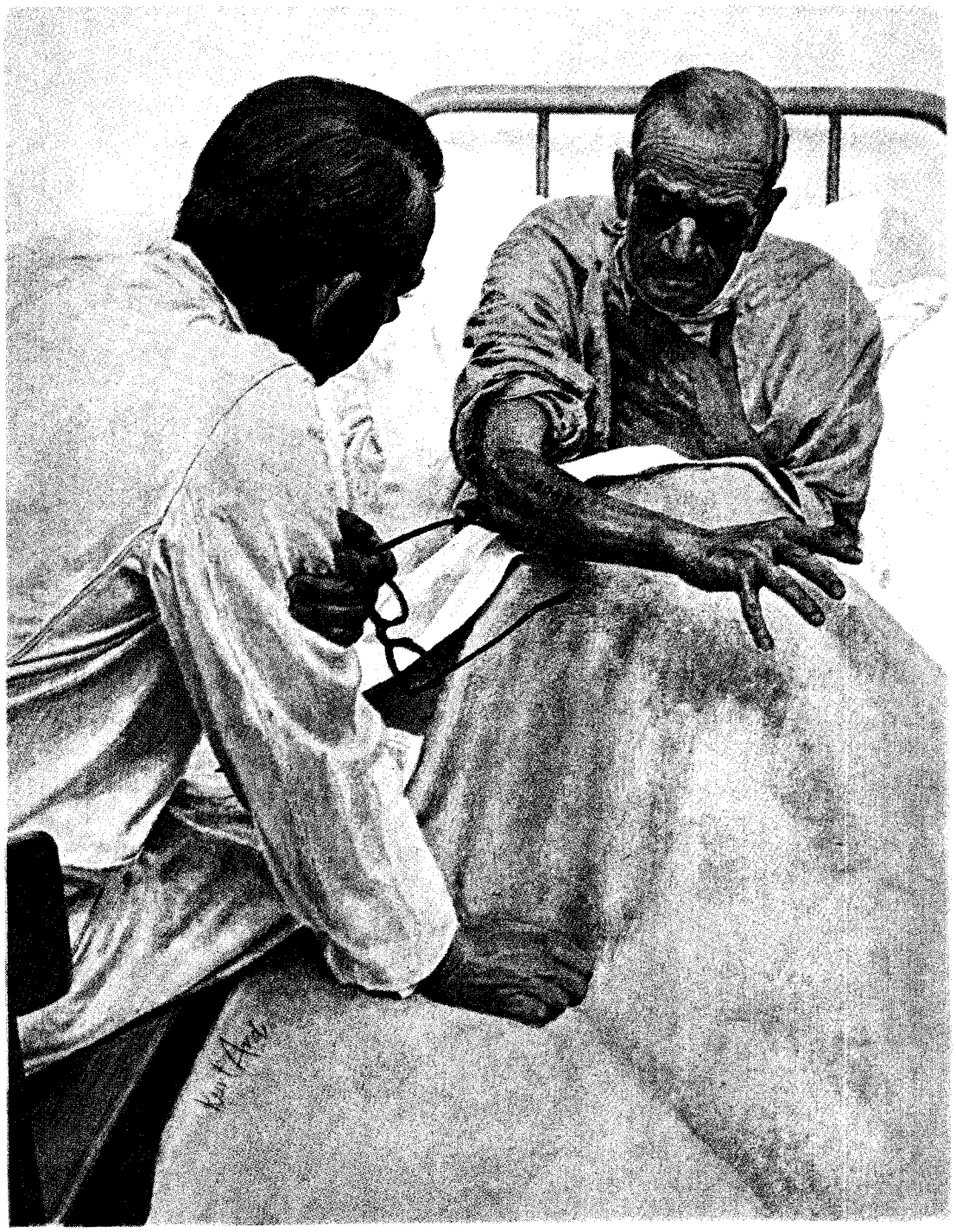
Surgery For the Soul

BY LARRY HAGUE



Old scars, old words and a down payment on the future.

Dr. Benjamin Levi had been sitting a long time on the examination table of the University Hospital Clinic cubicle, naked under the sheet draped about him, still holding his packaged manuscript on his lap. He felt cold in the hard, air-cooled room, ashamed of the poverty of his flesh and the stains of age upon his skin, proud and ashamed at the same time of the tattooed number on his right forearm that told the story of the last twenty years—the hiding, the pursuit and the trap; the escape, the refuge and now the need.

Outside, the June sunshine, harsh and joyous, struck the university buildings. Joyous also were the voices of the medical students that he heard within the clinic beyond the scanty curtain of his cubicle. These tall young men were sure of their new knowledge and their coming greatness. Life was stretching out its challenge. How like Amsterdam and Zurich and Vienna! New voices saying the old words—myalgia, erythema, osteoporosis. It was like coming home again after the unspeakable voyage. Home, yes, but Marta was dead. Home where he, the alien, forgotten on his table, one of the crowd of indigent patients, could breathe once more the air he had breathed forty years ago as one of the graduating medical class. Home without fear of being recognized in his humiliation. Accepted because he was wretched; comforted because he was ill; at peace because nothing would ever be expected of him again.

Suddenly he tightened the sheet about him. A student nurse was entering the cubicle, her hair and cap shining in the flood of light behind the open curtain. "Benjamin Levi?" she said.

"Yes."

"I'm sorry," she said, "but the doctors have left for the morning. You came in so late, you know, and now it is lunchtime. There'll be no one to see you until one o'clock at least."

She hesitated. She was tall, very blond, still child-thin, but capably and comfortably boned. The tasks of nursing and motherhood would sit lightly upon her. Watching her through his dime-store glasses, Doctor Levi thought of her as a great blue-and-white butterfly in midflight. The curtain wavered with her indecision; then she spoke decisively. "Look, why don't you get dressed and go eat in the hospital cafeteria next door? You can get a lunch for very little. I'll show you where it is." She looked down at the package he still held. "Or did you bring your lunch?"

"No," he said. "That—that's nothing. Yes, I would like to eat. I shall dress. You must not wait. I shall find ——"

"I'll wait if you'll hurry," she said. "You'd get lost!" She laughed and was gone.

While he put on his clothes, it was her voice he heard outside now, a near-grown child's voice, speaking to her classmates. "You run along and I'll catch up . . . an old codger, thin as a rail. He's got to eat or pfft, he'll vanish while waiting for the residents."

He knotted his tie neatly, combed his sparse hair, put on his glasses again and went out.

"Hey," she said, "where's your bundle?"

"Ach, I forgot it!"

Forgot his manuscript, had he? Forty years of work, a lifetime of research, his unique effort, his only child—Marta's and his—the work for which they both had sacrificed his medical practice, teaching positions, travel, money, scientific fame. Yes, Marta herself had sacrificed for this—Marta,

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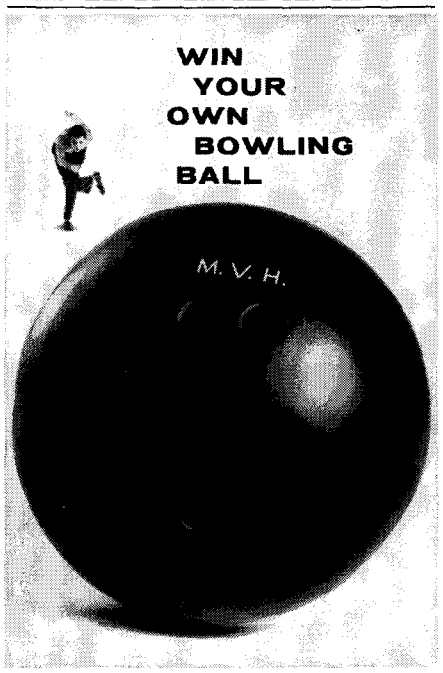

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Surgery For the Soul

the quiet, the believing woman who had wanted only what he wanted, who mutely had devoted herself to his laboratory, who had fed and cared for generation after generation of experimental cats so that he could prove at last what he thought he now had proved, the pattern of behavior in a decerebrated animal. Only this morning the editor had returned his manuscript with regrets, and now his life and Marta's abandoned in an examination room because of the smile of a twenty-year-old girl in a striped blue dress!

"What a fool I am!" he said to her, his manuscript now clutched under his arm, following her rapidly through the labyrinth of corridors and tunnels, fresh with the odor of new plaster.

"Oh, no," she said, misunderstanding. "Everybody gets lost around here. The building has just been opened and nothing is marked. But why were you so late? Clinic patients must be in at eight in the morning."

"I had a very important appointment at nine. At least I thought it was important," he said, short of breath now with the effort of keeping pace with her, "but it was not. Nothing is quite so important as one imagines."

"Oh, I don't know. Eating is very important, 'specially at noon." She ran ahead a few steps and called to her classmates. "Wait for me, Jeannine!" Then, turning back to him, "The cafeteria is just ahead. You'll find your way back all right?"

"Yes, thank you." He slowed down, letting her reach her friends before he entered the dining room.

What a fool I am, he repeated to himself a few minutes later, tray in hand, manuscript tight against his side, *what a lucky fool. With every disaster, a blessing; with every loss—great or trifling—a grace, God-given and free. The horror of Belsen, but Marta's merciful stroke at the moment of arrest; the years of the postwar refugee camp, but an immigration visa at last; a broken body, but because of it, this girl's kindness and smile.* He found an empty table in the raucous noise of the dining room, sat down and started to eat.

He felt better now with the question of the manuscript settled, even though all hope was lost. He had rewritten entirely from memory, but, while the exact procedure of his labor could not be forgotten, he could not recall dates and figures. He knew that this was a grave defect and had been able to accept the publisher's verdict with good grace.

"A scholarly work," Mr. Worthington had said that morning, "although not as important now as it would have been ten or twenty years ago. Moruzzi and Stella have pretty well covered the field. Still, if you could have replotted your graphs, even a few of them, it would be of value in neurological research. But you know as well as I that we must demonstrate and prove on the basis of data. Books like this are luxuries. If we make a dollar a copy, we've reached the moon."

"I understand," Levi had said. "My father was a bookseller in Amsterdam."

"Ah," said Worthington, relaxing, "then you get my point. It's hard for us to reject when we recognize the value of the work. I don't like to be tough, but publishing is a tough business. There is something though—I hope you will consider it—an episode of your book, some eight pages in the fourth chapter. It is not without a certain humor. The story of the cat Mandrano after surgery, the visiting she-cat, the jealousy experiment with his successful rival, his regression to kittenhood—all this has interest even out of context. I read it to my wife and sister-in-law, and it was a hilarious success. You know, perhaps, that we edit several magazines. One, the *Capsule Psych*, has a circulation of nearly thirty thousand. We could edit this, point it up a bit, and we'd have a snappy magazine article to brighten up an issue. It would pay"—here Mr. Worthington took in with a searching glance Levi's shabby clothes and added firmly—"two hundred dollars, and it would put your name before the public."

Two hundred dollars. Too much for such an article. Benjamin Levi got up and said gently, "The cat Mandrano, foolish though he was, was dear to me, but only in context, as part of a behavioral experiment. No, Mr. Worthington, I would not be happy to be known as a sex humorist."

They had shaken hands, Worthington still asking him to reconsider, and he had gone directly to the hospital as he had planned, no matter what the fate of his book. Had it been accepted, though, he would have entered by the front door instead of the clinic entrance. *Ach*, he thought, *what does it matter? A surgical wound feels the same whether in a private room or a ward.*

He finished his meal, polished his bazaar glasses and brought out the fourth chapter of his book. Two hundred dollars for Mandrano. A kindness again, a disguised charity. He remembered Marta's hand stroking the large gray cat and her pity for him, even as she accepted the necessity of the grotesque misshaping of his nature in the process of the experiment. Toward the end, as Mandrano cavorted like an absurd, oversized kitten, his wide jade-green eyes had sometimes turned to Marta with bewilderment, as though he would apologize for this behavior so far from his habitual dignity.

No, he couldn't sell the cat Mandrano. He had cost too much. That was the 1938 winter, the winter of the great cold. Marta's black coat, lengthened, shortened and lengthened again was to be replaced at last. They had gone out one afternoon and shopped together. Mandrano needed a maze, electrically rigged, elaborate, fantastically expensive. A karakul coat was 700 marks. The maze would amount to 1200 marks. Mandrano had won.

"No," Marta had said when they were at the furrier's, "I'm not competing with your cat. Publish your book, Benjamin, then you'll buy me a Persian lamb. Or rather, Mandrano will."

Ach, Marta, best beloved. Unadorned, undemanding, ever sacrificed. Marta, will you forgive me for not making your love my first care? Did you know that, under the God of our fathers, I could sacrifice you to my works only because there was only one heart for the two of us? That in my life you were the real me? I was wrong, Marta, he said humbly within himself. *Women must have a love expressed and explicit. I said nothing. I gave nothing. I took all.* He rolled the pages tightly and struck the table. *Sell Mandrano as a comedian when he had been bought at such a price? Never. Failure, a man can accept; compromise, never.*

"Are you done eating?"

It was Butterfly again. He got up hurriedly, scattering his manuscript to the floor. She swooped down and gathered the pages, then looked up at him, her eyes shining. "That's what was in your bundle! You're a writer!"

"No," he said. "Excuse me."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Your biography?"

"Ach," he said, "perhaps yes. Yes, you could call it that. It is a good name. A marriage biography," he added bitterly.

"What a wonderful title for a novel," she said. "Marriage is my favorite word now. I'm going to be married in September. See?"

She extended her hand where, in a narrow strip of gold, a nearly invisible diamond fragment was lodged. He looked at her joyous face. "Beautiful," he said truthfully. "A doctor?"

"Everybody asks me that. No, not a doctor, a musician. He just got his master's degree. He's going to teach. He's got a big class—well, it will be a big class—and he writes music."

"Has he published?"

"No, not yet. He writes and writes and it sounds wonderful to me, but he says it's not good enough and shoves it in a box and starts again."

"Mandrano," murmured Levi unthinkingly.

"What?" said the girl, then rushed on unheeding. "My parents keep saying, 'Why don't you wait and find yourself a good intern, a nice young doctor?' I say, what's wrong with a musician?"

"Money perhaps," said Levi unreasonably.

"Look, we've got an apartment already. It's on top of an old settlement house where Joe teaches. It'll be torn down in a couple of years, but we'll have those two years. You get in through the back in an old rope elevator. The last one in town, I guess, but the inspectors haven't caught up with it yet. And there's a skylight in the roof. We'll have the bed right underneath and, when it rains, we'll let it rain on our faces. Do you think I'm crazy?"

"What about pneumonia in January?" said Levi, remembering the rain and the ice in the barracks, and the coughs in the night, and the blood.

"I'm a nurse—almost," she said proudly. "I'll take such good care of him with my discount vitamins and my diet course still fresh!"

"And the piano? Can you get a piano up there on the rope elevator?"

"Joe will use the settlement-school pianos. Oh, he'll get one in time. He could have bought a piano or married me—it will cost him a lot to marry me, furniture and clothes and all—but he preferred me. I'm so flattered I could die," she added in an explosion of happiness.

"I remember a street in Vienna," Levi said, his eyes far in the past, "a street where Beethoven once lived, they said. The house is gone now, but it is the same street, the same sky and, I liked to think, the same trees. We used to walk there, Marta and I, and think, here Beethoven walked. Maybe it was here that the great *Eroica* began to sing in his mind."

"No!" The girl's voice came in a breath of ecstasy. "How wonderful! Maybe we'll go to Vienna some day, Joe and I, so he can study and we too will walk that street. Could I bring Joe to see you? He's coming to pick me up at eight. That is, if they give you a bed."

Her joy was so sharp, so poignant to him that he felt pierced to the heart. He wanted to tell her that he felt enlivened by her presence, to thank her for being here one moment with him, but the words which in German would have been courtly and gracious sounded foolish in his mind as he put them into English. He said only, "You are very kind."

"No," she said, "I'm not kind. I'm talking about myself and that's unprofessional. And all the time you're thinking, 'I'm going to see the doctor. What will he find? What will he say?'"

"I know what he will find," said Doctor Levi and, to her unspoken question, "It's an aneurysm of the pulmonary artery."

"Oh. And can it be operated?"

"Ach," he said, "it is a very tired old heart. The left ventricle is feeble and slack ——"

"You speak like a physician. You are a doctor, aren't you?"

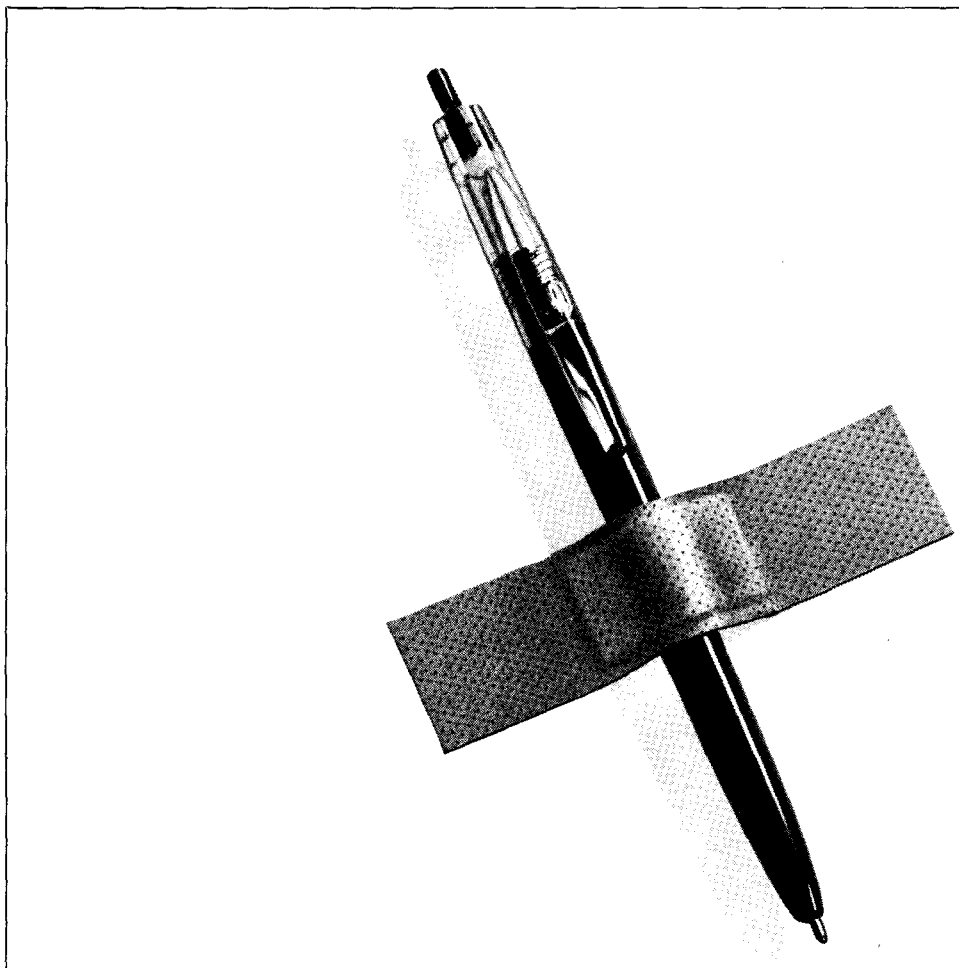
"Yes," he said and shrugged. "But it doesn't matter now."

"Do you know any of the doctors here? Oh, I'm silly to ask. You wouldn't have come to the clinic if you did."

"No, I know no one."

"Well," she said, "I hate to tell you, but von Holtz, the head of the service, is quite rough. He's the greatest of the great, but he's rough. You know the saying, to call a spade a spade? The interns call him 'Two-Spades-von-Holtz.'"

Benjamin Levi remained silent. *I was never like that,* he thought, *even as a student. I always saw in every patient my own brother, my own father. Or did I?* Again his mind wandered. Suddenly he was in Zurich, where he had for a time studied under the great Vogt. He was examining the eye of a diabetic woman under the slit lamp and, being new to the instrument, he had trouble directing the small beam of light through the pupil. Then all at once the posterior subcap-



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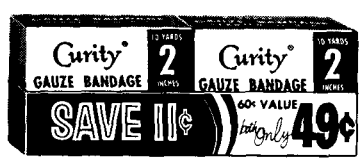

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What a difference a dash makes! 57

Surgery For the Soul

sular layer of the lens was in sharp focus, the golden yellow opacities of diabetes brilliant in the ray of light. "God," he had cried, "this is beautiful." A hand had come down sharply on his shoulder. "You are talking about a woman's eye, doctor," Vogt had said, "not of a sunset on the Alps."

Levi looked at the young girl. "Thank you for telling me," he said humbly. "I assure you, I will not mind, no matter what he says."

The girl got up. "I'll go now," she said. "The resident will see you and will admit you if your case requires it. He's real good. I'm going to Children's, but I'll take you part way through the tunnel."

The girl was right, Benjamin Levi thought several hours later, settled in the four-bed ward that had been assigned to him. The resident, Doctor Barton, was very competent. Examination, case history, analyses, electrocardiogram had been attended to. Unaware of his patient's profession, he had explained the diagnosis clearly, but left room for hope. "Doctor von Holtz will make the decision as to surgery," he said. "Whatever he suggests, you must consider with confidence."

"I am confident," said Levi.

Doctor Barton frowned.

"At my age," Levi continued, "one has come near death many times, but I've never come near it so comfortably. A sterile operating room, elegantly appointed, well surrounded by well-trained people—air conditioning perhaps." He laughed. "Do not be concerned. I am not afraid."

"Then," said Doctor Barton, "all is well. Doctor von Holtz will see you on the late afternoon rounds." Shutting behind him the curtain which made up Doctor Levi's cubicle, he left the ward.

Levi turned restlessly. Through the open window he could see the large university clock pointing to a quarter past five. It would soon be over, the day from which he had expected so much and nothing had yet been decided. The air was heavy with heat. The coarse hospital gown was tight about his neck. The bedclothes clung to his body, and his glasses were constantly slipping on his nose. He felt spent, and death was inside him. He took off his glasses and closed his eyes. The full symphony of the city entered his consciousness—the distant roar of traffic, the occasional moan of the ambulance, the tinkling of the corner ice-cream vendor and, across the street in the playground, the creaking of swings and the high-pitched young voices calling and laughing, unconscious witnesses of the unending renewal of the flesh. Like Amsterdam, like Zurich and Vienna.

In Belsen also there had been children. Mute and ghostly, kneaded through with terror, they were the first to yield to hunger and dysentery. There Levi had thanked God that he and Marta had not been given children. Yet some of these children had survived. What did the years of their martyrdom do to the formation of the spirit? To him, Belsen had been only a dreadful episode in a long life, but what of those who had first been taught this bitter alphabet?

Ach, he thought, *that I should have given nothing, that I should have nothing in my hands when I appear before God, tomorrow, perhaps, or next week, that I cannot even say, "With Your gifts to me, this is what I have done." I could have taught, but I did not; I could have healed, but I did not. I have loved—no, not enough!*

Raising himself a little, he untied the knot at the back of his neck and fell back, trying to control his breathing. Without thought, instinctively, his fingers sought the thready pulse in his left wrist. Eyes closed, he did not hear the approach of footsteps nor the drawing of the curtain.

"Well, well, boys, here we have the perfect picture of the hypochondriac," said a voice, rough and arrogant, at the foot of his bed. "Taking his own pulse and, no doubt, making his own diagnosis."

Levi opened his eyes and regarded for a moment the tall figure before him. Behind the figure, two very young interns grinned obediently.

Levi took his fingers from his wrist and said calmly, "Ah, Doctor von Holtz, I presume."

Doctor von Holtz nodded with a faintly ironic graciousness, then pulled an X ray from the large envelope he carried and held it to the light. Levi reached for his glasses and stared at the plate. The pear-shaped dilatation of the artery was evident at its entrance into the lung. "Larger than I thought," he said, "and in an awkward spot."

Von Holtz's brilliant blue eyes flicked toward the interns, asking them to witness the presumption to medical knowledge of this charity patient. "Quite awkward," he said bluntly. "Let's call it critical."

Levi remembered the young nurse's description of the man and smiled. Two-Spades-von-Holtz was accurately named. "Can you operate?"

Von Holtz sat down. "Yes, we can. But we'll have to devise a new technique." He was talking to the interns now. "Usually I'd just resect the lung with its aneurysm in a case like his and let it go at that. The other lung would take over. But his right lung is shot. It's been messed up with TB and pneumonia too often, so we must keep both lungs and remove the aneurysm alone." The rough voice was not unkind as he added, "A hell of a job."

"How would you do it?" asked Levi, quickening with interest as though this were not his heart which they discussed.

"The Phlexon people and I have worked out a new material," said von Holtz. "It's been tested experimentally, of course, over and over again, but not yet in human surgery. It yields admirably to intricate patterns such as in the lung. I am quite satisfied as to the outcome, but someone has to be the first case."

Levi turned his face to the window to hide the riot of his thoughts. At the end of the day, at the very edge of an empty life, at last came the moment of giving. And what he was asked to give was indeed the whole of himself. A prayer spoken and at once granted. Slowly his ears tuned in again to the doctor's words.

"Your Wassermann and Kahn tests seem negative, but we'll have to have a spinal tap. Do you remember a venereal infection?"

"I've never had syphilis," said Levi. "This thing was set off by repeated kicks in the chest." He raised the right sleeve of his gown. *Look on, Two-Spades,* he thought, *and spare me another prick of your needle.*

There was a sudden silence in the room. Von Holtz, his eyes fixed on the tattooed numbers, was turning red, a heavy, shameful red, from the collar of his gray gown to the roots of his thick, graying

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hair. The two young interns glanced at their chief in surprise, then back at Levi.

"That's a concentration-camp tattoo, isn't it?" said one of them. "I never saw one of those before."

"Yes," said Levi. "Belsen."

Von Holtz rose slowly and stood with his shoulders thrust forward belligerently. "I wouldn't suggest it if you had a millionth of a chance any other way. You understand that? I'm not experimenting for the hell of it!"

Levi smiled gently. "I too was a physician in Vienna and a research scientist before I acquired this decoration. I understand very well."

"A doctor?" Their eyes met in a moment of understanding, then with an awkward movement von Holtz clasped his hand over the tattoo and the thick red began to fade from his face. "Tomorrow then—Doctor Levi?"

"Tomorrow," said Levi. "For more than one reason, may I be permitted to hope that I shall be around to see the outcome of the new technique?"

Von Holtz jerked a half salute toward Levi. "Doctor, I promise nothing except, if I succeed, you can be beside me when I operate on the next aneurysm case."

The doctors had been gone a long time. Across the street the vacant playground was quiet. The rush of evening traffic was thinning down to a distant mutter. The whole ardent city gathered itself in the multiplicity of its hives for tomorrow's rebirth. He, Benjamin Levi, would participate in this effort and in this renewal. He was afraid and exultant at the same time. Above all was the need to share this moment, to share the knowledge that at last his life would have its ultimate meaning, that at last he had reached the end of a maze more intricate than any devised for the cat Mandrano. Marta—Marta—only she would have understood and shared this moment.

He stared out the window at the fading light and knew that one more task remained in his preparation for the morrow. Without hesitation he pulled the manuscript from the drawer of the bedside table and removed the eight pages of chapter four. There was no other paper and only a scrap of pencil in the corner of the drawer. It would do. He straightened in bed, leaned over the table and, in his careful script, wrote at the top of the first page:

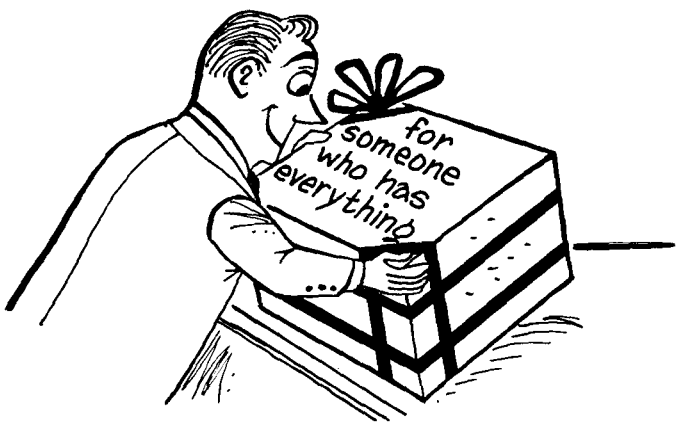
Dear Mr. Worthington: As you suggested, I have reconsidered. I should be glad to have you publish this bit of my book in your magazine. Will you please send the check, $200, I believe, to Miss

Here he paused and shook his head in amusement at his unscientific predicament. He could scarcely write "Miss Blue-and-White Butterfly"! He glanced at the university clock. Seven past eight. No matter. He could fill in the name later when the young nurse came with her Joe. He continued writing.

This is the payment of an old debt. A certain lack of time on my part renders this unusual arrangement necessary.

Without flourish, without weakness, he signed the note in his usual neat writing. He leaned back on his pillow, content at last, content as he had never been before. He was smiling even before he heard the girl's voice from the corridor. "Is Doctor Levi here? We've come to see Dr. Benjamin Levi."

THE END



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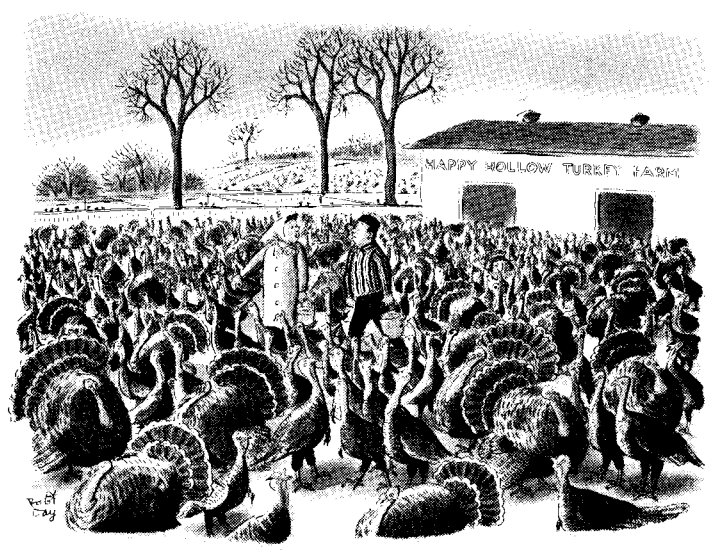
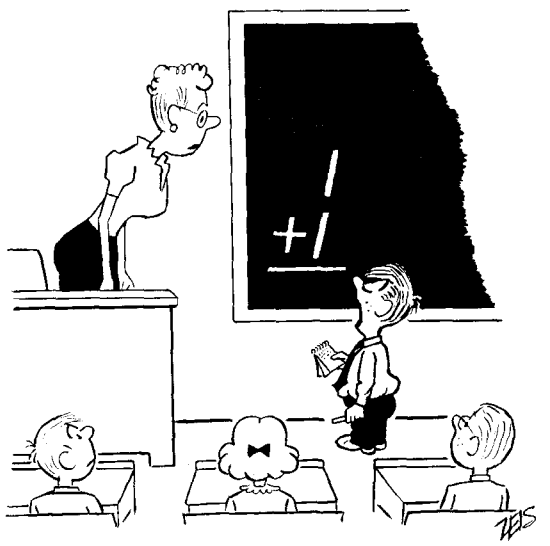


"You were gobbling in your sleep again last night!"



"Mind if I refer to my notes?"

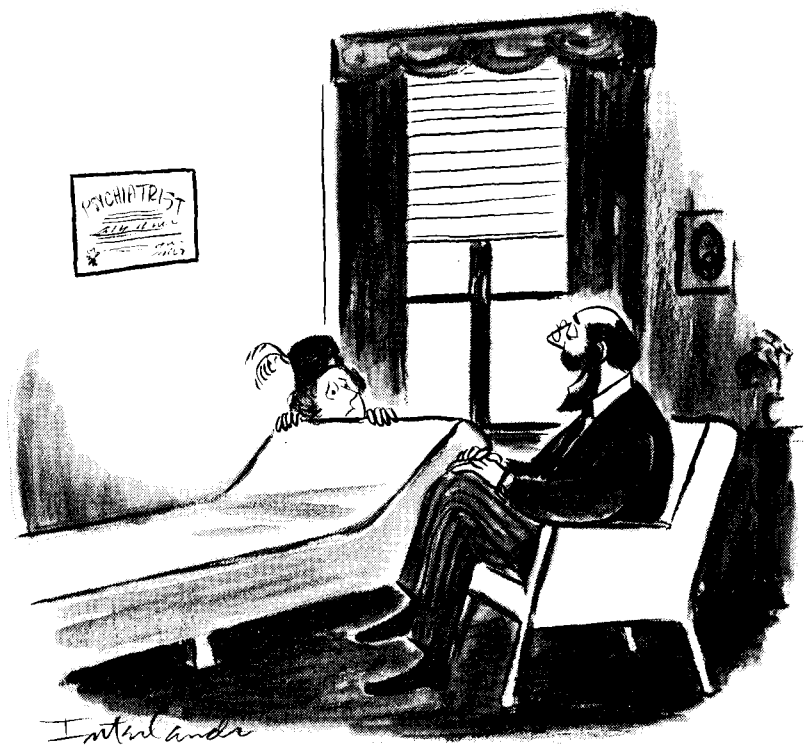
RETOUCHING STORY

Before the party, how doth milady?
For hours at her glass she squanders care
In seeing her eye shadow's not too shady,
Her lipstick's flawless, and so is her hair.

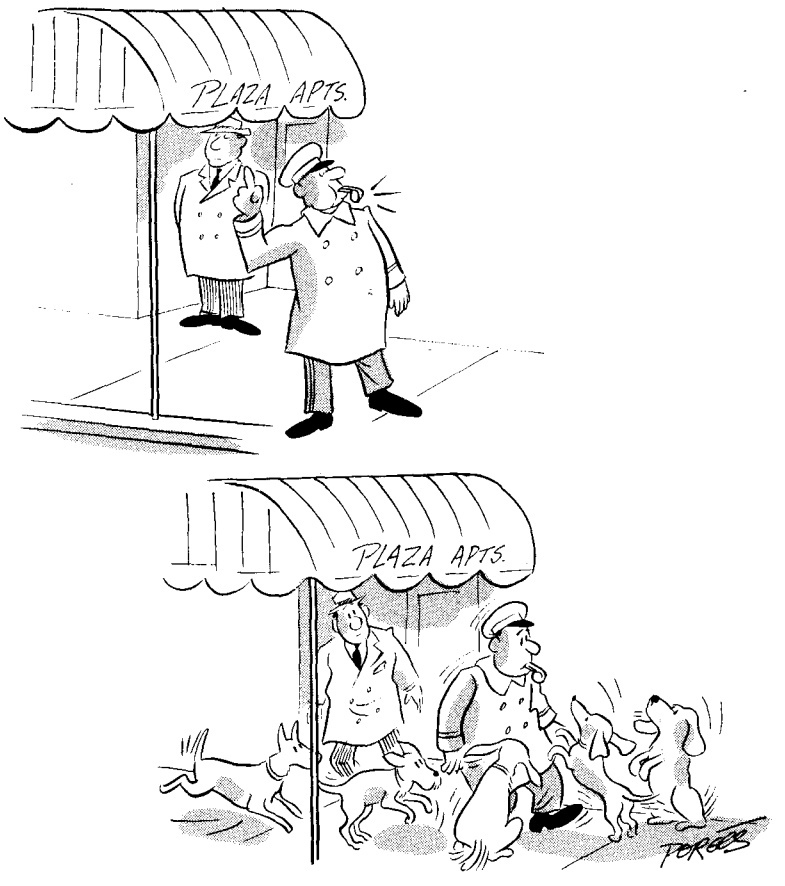
Perfection achieved, she gets in the car,
The windows hoisted, the while she drives
A mile or so . . . it is never far.
And what doth milady when she arrives?

She heads for a mirror as cow to clover
To do her hair and her makeup over!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH



"Now the first thing we have to do is trust each other, Miss Troxel."



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"The humblest citizen of all the land, when clad in the armor of a righteous cause, is stronger than all the hosts of error."
—William Jennings Bryan
OUR DESTINY IS IN OUR OWN HANDS
"They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety, deserve neither liberty nor safety."
—Benjamin Franklin
Compromise of principles, timidity, a backward step here and there are the forces which chip away the foundations of freedom. This is the stern lesson of history —true at the birth of our nation—truer even now.
Our courage and determination to go forward, steadfast in the face of incessant challenge and peril, is the price of untrammeled liberty. For, let us not forget, this is the Age of Cold Wars and nuclear threat.
built. Today it has become the ideal of all peoples of the world.
The charters of the United Nations reaffirms this faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the individual, in equal opportunity for everyone. Let us join with other nations in dedicating ourselves—peacefully,
OUR DESTINY IS IN OUR OWN HANDS
"I am only one, but still I am one.
I cannot do everything, but still I can do something..."
Edward Everett Hale
So long as we think of ourselves as reflecting honest beliefs, a nation of individuals fearlessly determined to protect all that we hold dear —then our American Way of Life will prosper.
But if individualism is ever replaced by dull passivity we will have lost one of our most cherished possessions. "I cannot do everything, but still I can do something..." wrote Edward Everett Hale. If we neglect this great heritage of freedom—so dearly purchased—we shall fail to meet the true challenge of our time.
America Fore Loyalty Group
OUR DESTINY IS IN OUR OWN HANDS
The harpies of the shore shall pluck the eagle of the sea."
Oliver Wendell Holmes
Each age in history has known its harpies—those rapacious smearers attempting to deride a ship of state which flies high the colors of principle and ideals!
The fate of our own is irrevocably bound with the courage and faith of those who chart her course and unfurl her sails. With our proud heritage of accomplishment, we will never strike the country's colors—to the harpies of shore or sea.

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When the Gods Talked

The ancient Greeks considered the Oracle at Delphi infallible, and Apollo's temple still inspires a sense of wonder.

By ALEXANDER ELIOT

Aristotle said that "even the lover of myths, in a sense, is a philosopher. For myth is a tissue of wonders." With that and no more for an introduction, let us mount the shoulder of Parnassus to Delphi. Here myth first merged into philosophy. Here man found his feet. Here wonder rests and grows, and the air itself is singing still.

There used to be a dragoness at Delphi, in a measureless cavern underneath the mountain: a slime-scaled monster, steaming yet cold of breath. Whoever met her would be swept away doomed. Until at last the sun-god Apollo came and shot a strong arrow into her. Then she writhed shrieking through the forest, gasping out her life. The monster, Typhaon, gave her name to "typhus." She was a pollution. Yet where she died sprang forth the cold Castalian spring, clearest and lightest of waters, lovely to drink.

By the side of this spring Apollo built a temple and a shrine for the whole Greek world. High up on the mountain the pure Castalian spring still bubbles from its gorge. There on the left begins a flowery crescent slope, terraced with the floors of many vanished temples. Even the great temple of Apollo himself is only a broad marble shelf these days, awash with sunlight, sprouting a few tremendous columns. Above the ruins soar two mighty cliffs, hollowed like your hands when you drink from them. In the violet abyss at your fingertips great eagles swing like toys. You feel lightheaded and yet in control, like a diver on his way down. The almond blossoms shake like tambourines; songbirds converge from below.

"Midway between the Atlas and the Caucasus peaks," Delphi was long considered the center of the universe. It became the first great European place of pilgrimage. Men journeyed here chiefly to consult Apollo's Oracle, which "could not lie." This went on for a whole millennium. Every syllable uttered within the inmost shrine stood charged with significance. History, of individuals and of nations too, was created and revealed here constantly.

Washing, Then Waiting

In ancient times those who wished to consult the Oracle began by washing themselves in the Castalian spring. No superstition, wishful or otherwise, clouded this simple rite. Where the spring fountained forth, a welcome and a warning stood carved upon the rock. The inscription was completely free from cant, yet resonant: nothing wishy-washy. Thus it set the tone for what would follow. Freely translated (by A. J. Butler) it ran:

COME PURE IN HEART BEFORE THIS HALLOWED FANE,
YOUR HANDS FRESH SPRINKLED WITH THE FOUNTAIN SPRAY:
FEW DROPS THE GOOD NEED; BUT A FOUL SOUL'S STAIN
ALL OCEAN'S WATER SHALL NOT WASH AWAY.

After purification there might be some days' wait. Even weeks' on occasion. The questioner could grow acquainted with the place and revel in its loveliness. The terraced slope held more—and more beautiful—Greek art and architecture than the whole world keeps today. Yet nature also met the pilgrim at each portico: sky, mountain, stream, and the valley of silvery olives gleaming far below. In this atmosphere, at once exalted and relaxed, there was casual conversation to be had with priests and fellow pilgrims. Important bits of talk doubtless reached and influenced the Oracle. Everything contributed, this being Delphi. The whole place was felt to move and breathe as one being.

Priestess in a Trance

At last the day came when you were invited down into the sanctuary. A small room it was, with a priestess sitting there cross-legged on a high three-legged stool. She appeared to be in some sort of trance. (Authorities differ on how deep a trance this was and nobody can say exactly how it was induced.) Suddenly she lifted up her voice. It was Apollo's voice that spoke, answering your question. The attendant priests would write her answer down if you desired it. And that was all.

The very simplicity of the thing is baffling, because Delphi's recorded history could not be more glorious. Hundreds of inscriptions support, century by century, the legend that she was infallible. Some scholars simply throw up their hands and dismiss the great mass of her spectacular successes as ex-post-facto forgeries—fake I-told-you-so's. This is convenient but unlikely: "You cannot fool all of the people all the time." Other historians have suggested that the Oracle's secret lay in telepathy or even clairvoyance. But that sort of "extrasensory perception" is sporadic and uncontrollable at best, so Delphi's reputation for consistency excludes it.

The real secret lies in the riddling nature of the Oracle's responses. They left a wide margin for error, but that is not the main point. They opened up the same margin for the sense of wonder to fill. The Oracle of Apollo always spoke in "certainties," but at the same time her words always pointed to the underlying mysteries of existence. So the eternal paradox of faith—certainty resting on mystery—seemed resolved at Delphi in some very direct way. Men left Apollo's presence with their confidence and wonder renewed.

Mountain-Moving Visions

Besides this, the pilgrim often went away with some strange prophecy ringing in his ears, something that he himself was supposed to bring about. The more he turned the riddle over in his mind, the more it would become involved with his own deepest instincts and desires. Until at the decisive moment the riddle re-emerged as a life-changing vision. By acting on it then, he could move mountains.

We all go net-fishing, let's say, on the high seas of experience. Our nets are woven mainly of common sense. We cast them and haul them, learning much. Our main catch will be facts, of course. But then sometimes out of the darkest sea comes surging up a strange and radiant fish unlike any seen before. Such are the sudden clarities that change our lives. In ancient times they surfaced very often around Delphi. The very name stands for "dolphin," significantly enough.

Here is a typical, if slightly obvious, case of how the prophecies came true. In Delphi's earliest days there lived a young prince named Battus, who stammered terribly. Upon reaching manhood he journeyed to Delphi and begged the Oracle for a cure. Psychologists believe that stammering is caused by the unconscious fear of disappointing people. Parents who keep pressing their children to perform like adults often give stammering a start. One modern treatment is psychotherapy aimed at reconciling the stammerer to his parents or to his memories of them. But Delphi took a more direct route. Hardly had the unhappy prince stepped down into her sanctuary than the Oracle cried: "Battus, you have come for a voice. But Apollo sends you to found a colony in Libya, rich in flocks."

Battus choked and babbled with protest. He felt absolutely incapable of leading an expedition against hostile Africa, and he entreated the Oracle for some other word. But she would say no more. She had planted a seed; slowly the urge for high deeds grew strong in Battus. Tongue-tied though he still was, his silent heart swore to obey the god. At last he recruited a band of reckless warriors, stammered a fond farewell to his parents and sailed away southward. It was in battle with the savage Libyan shepherds that Battus found his voice. Victorious, he then built the long-renowned Greek colony of Cyrene.

A scholar once came to Delphi with a strange request. In the course of long and careful studies he had lost the power to laugh, and he wanted it back. The Oracle consoled him with these words: "You ask for soothing laughter, oh unsoothable one. Mother at home will give it to you: pay her special honor." So the scholar went lightly home to his mother at Metapontum, but he found nothing to laugh at there. Eventually he came to the conclusion that Apollo had been playing with him. Taking up his travels once again, he knocked glumly on about the world until he reached the island of Delos, Apollo's birthplace. There he visited the shrine of Leto, the god's mother, expecting to find an edifying statue or two as usual. Instead the temple held only a lumpish and primitive old female idol carved in silvery wood. The scholar laughed when he saw it.

Carvings on the Gates

In a moment he recalled Apollo's Oracle, and thanked the funny mother for her gift. Even the god was more down-to-earth than he himself had been. All brilliance, all distinction arise from dark and obscure feelings. Knowing that, one need not trust one's own thoughts less, but enjoy them more. The useless, paralyzing awe that intellectual matters may inspire evaporates. Two inscriptions were carved upon the sanctuary gates at Delphi: KNOW THYSELF and NOTHING IN EXCESS. The pair constituted as liberal a moral code as ever there was. Whoever obeyed them would sin some, surely, but not forget how to laugh.

While the scholar chuckled, a whole city tried an opposite fate. A delegation of elders from Tiryns had turned up at Delphi to inquire how their town could be made serious. It appeared the folks at home laughed all the time. Hence Tiryns had forfeited its neighbors' respect; business was way off. The Oracle, presumably

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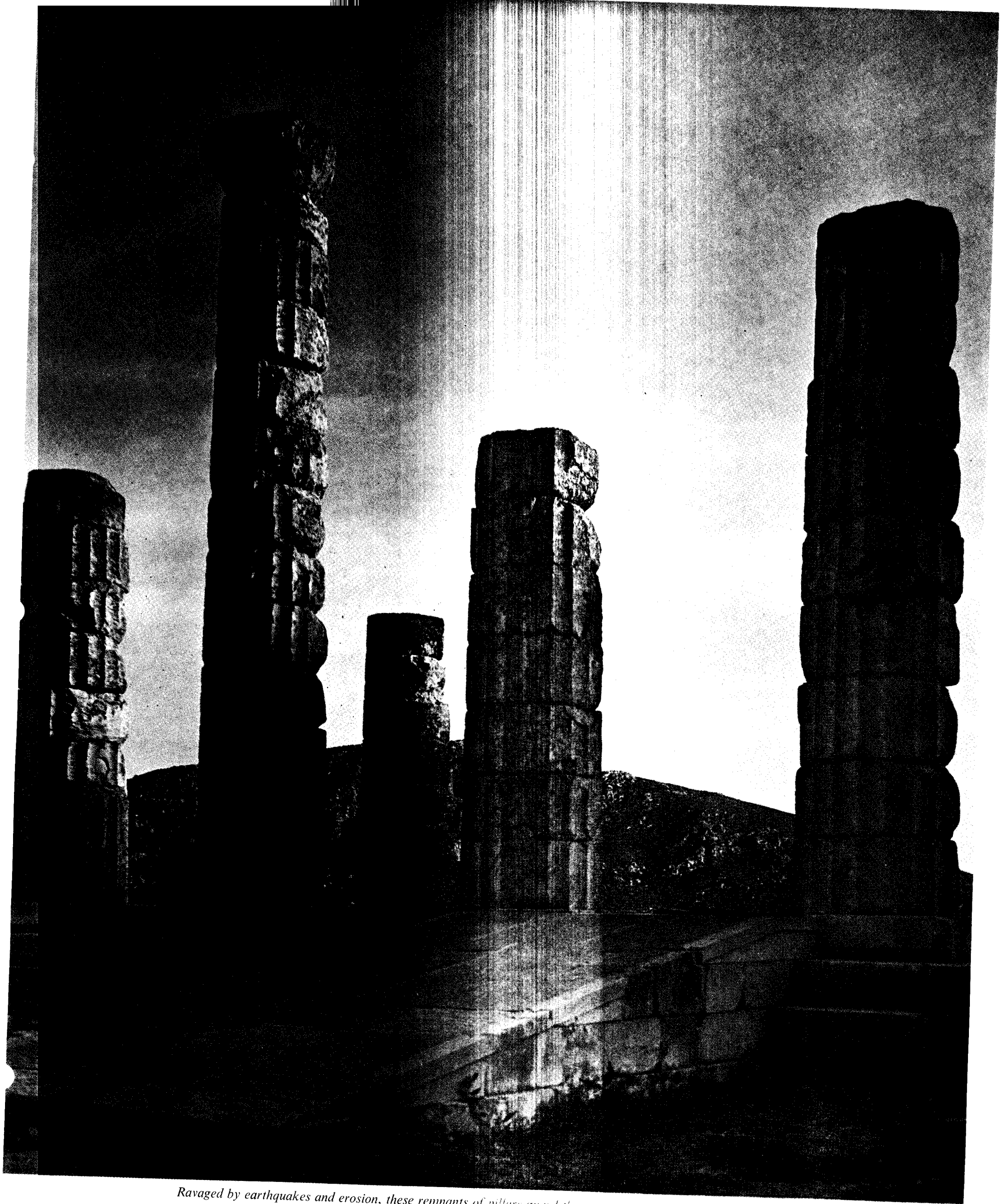

Ravaged by earthquakes and erosion, these remnants of pillars guard the entrance to Apollo's shrine.

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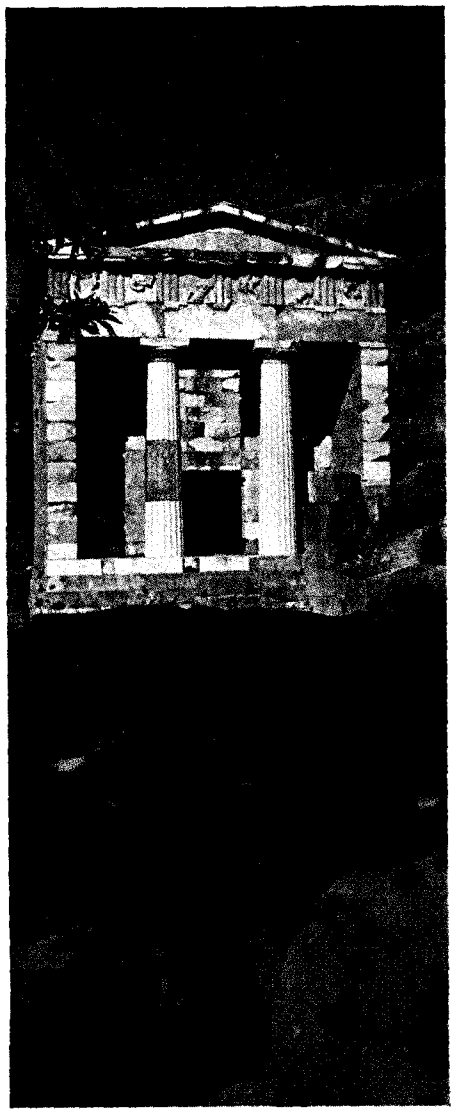
The words of the gods were cryptic, but they pointed to the deep mystery of existence.

Photographs by Erich Lessing



Gifts brought by hopeful pilgrims were collected in this treasury.

Delphi concealing her own smiles, prescribed a community sacrifice as the only possible cure. The whole town was to dedicate an ox to Poseidon, and throw the beast into the bay for the Earth Shaker's private use. Slyly the Oracle added that if any man, woman or child were to laugh during this service, its whole effect would be nullified. It was.

Delphi's liberal outlook in all directions is just what makes her so especially fascinating. Her Asian and African predecessors—Uruk, Babylon, Abydos—had specialized in power, pomp, secrets, chastisements and priestly prerogatives. Delphi stayed cool. She used her own enormous magnetic attraction to combat *blind* faith at every turn. Firm prejudice and frowning solemnity were apt to be destroyed at Delphi as often as not. In fact Apollo here began a new game that has been going on ever since. It is a kind of leapfrog in which wonder and intelligence play alternate roles.

Grim Meeting on the Road

Delphi was difficult to reach. But pagan pilgrims must have found delight in swinging along alone through the cool of the early summer mornings over Parnassus, bearing witness to the changing lights and sights and sounds of the new day, drawing ever closer to the unknown. Meanwhile the sun would be climbing, climbing, drawing back the string of its silver bow. By high noon the heat could burden one like an actual weight.

And at that point a stranger would be well met indeed: a perfect excuse for turning aside together under the cool black shadow of a sycamore tree. This was the moment for breaking out the wineskin, the cheese and olives; the time for warnings of robbers or lions on the road ahead. Also for talk of tolls, temples and the village girls. There might.... Yet what if the man coming toward you had no idea of pausing even to say hello? What if he came on fast, by chariot, raising a yellow thunderhead of chokeful dust about your eyes and ears, shouting, "Get off the road!" What if he brandished his whip and cut you with it across the face? That is how King Laius came at a youth named Oedipus.

The young man grabbed the whip, toppled the rude charioteer onto the highway, and killed him without a word.

Clearly no "Oedipus complex" is needed to account for this tragedy. Yet it had been prepared in a very strange fashion. Oedipus was on his way from Delphi, where Apollo's Oracle had warned that he would kill his own father. King Laius, for his part, was hastening to the shrine in order to ask how he might avoid death at the hand of his son. The Oracle of Apollo might be dark or light, but never misty gray. The god always prophesied action—and glorious or grim surprise. Oedipus and Laius never had met before; never would they meet again on earth. But these angry, frightened strangers were in fact father and son.

Six hundred years before the birth of Christ, part of Asia Minor was called Lydia and ruled by King Croesus, the wealthiest of men. Croesus was more than a half-legendary Rockefeller or J. P. Morgan in a purple toga. He personally held the balance of power between Europe and Asia. Moreover, as a Greek-speaking and yet Oriental-style ruler, Croesus considered both continents fair game. Yet some Greeks highly approved of him as a civilizing force. Their artists and philosophers flocked to his hospitable court.

Among Croesus's visitors was Solon, the Benjamin Franklin of ancient Greece. The king treated Solon to an extended tour of the royal treasures and then comfortably demanded, "Who is the happiest man you've ever met?" He assumed that Solon would say "Croesus." That would have been the polite and indeed expected reply for a guest at court. But Solon was opposed to monarchy and addicted to truth. He gave his own harsh, solemn, forever re-echoing response: "Count no man happy, Croesus, until he is dead. Look to the end, no matter what it is you are considering. Often enough God gives a man a glimpse of happiness and then casts him to the depths."

This warning only aggravated Croesus and strengthened his resolve to keep on expanding his possessions. He was plotting to attack Persia. However, being a careful man, he thought best to consult the Oracle of Delphi on his chances of success. To smooth the way and make sure of getting a straight answer at Delphi, Croesus presented the shrine with masses of treasure. His gifts included golden statues of a lion and of his favorite wife, and a quarter-ton mixing bowl of purest gold. Put on permanent exhibition at the temple, they made "rich as Croesus" a household phrase in Greece.

Through the mouth of the Oracle, Apollo graciously assured Croesus's emissaries that if the king marched against Persia he would cause "the downfall of a mighty empire." Victory beckoned open-armed from the East. So Croesus marched and got smashed.

The Persian king, whose name was Cyrus, had Croesus chained atop a huge pyre in his own courtyard, to be burned as a public spectacle. The pitchy faggots were lit; the fire crackled thirstily. Then, as the smoke began to lick about his ankles, Croesus was heard to cry out three times, in anguish of spirit: "Solon! Solon! Solon!"

Request by a Beaten King

By rights the story should have ended there. But Croesus's thrice-uttered cry piqued the Persian's curiosity. Cyrus sent heralds near the fire to demand who or what had been invoked. After some hesitation the doomed and writhing king told of Solon's warning, which he himself had so conspicuously failed to heed. "I would give all my gold," he added ingenuously, "that other rulers might receive the benefit of Solon's advice." Just at that moment a violent thunderstorm broke overhead, quenching the murderous flames. Whether Cyrus was the more impressed by this seeming sign from heaven or by Croesus's new-found wisdom is uncertain. In any case he had Croesus released and brought to sit beside the throne.

Absolute despots can afford dramatic gestures that a minute can reverse. "Ask what you will of me," Cyrus suggested magnanimously, gesturing in the direction of what had been Croesus's treasury. But the beaten king's one request was bitterly modest. He begged permission to send his own burning-chains as an ironic offering to Delphi with one last question for the Oracle: "Is it Apollo's custom to cheat his benefactors?"

Gods are not so easily embarrassed. Apollo this time granted a two-fold reply: First, no man escapes his destiny. Second, Croesus should have asked which empire he was destined to destroy—the Persian or his own.

Once a stranger sailed alongside an island fishing boat and offered the men a high price for whatever might be in their net. Delighted, they sealed the bargain. The net proved to contain a poor catch of fish—and a great golden tripod beautifully made. The stranger, who was from Ionia, held the islanders to their pact, but they resented it. War ensued. Both sides had a case in this conflict, yet neither could win so they asked Delphi to arbitrate. The Oracle responded: "Whoever is first of all in wisdom, to him the tripod belongs."

At that time the wisest man alive appeared to be Thales, the Ionian scientist. Peace was declared and the tripod presented to him. But Thales immediately passed the tribute on to a second sage as being much wiser than himself. The other passed it on in his turn.

And so the prize made the rounds of seven great sages, returning at last to Thales. Thereupon he dedicated it to Apollo at Delphi. All seven sages found this appropriate, since wisdom appears from the deep—as had the golden tripod—or from above like sunshine and returns whence it came.

"Any Wiser Than Socrates?"

The story of the golden tripod may have legendary overtones. There is nothing legendary about Delphi's making of another sage about a century later. Impressive though he seemed to his companions, Socrates in middle life had not yet consulted his own secret heart or the hearts of his fellows either. Then one day a disciple of his who happened to be passing through Delphi impulsively stopped there and inquired of the Oracle: "Is any man wiser than Socrates?" Her answer was brief and to the point: "No man." The reply appalled Socrates. It so happened that the jury which later condemned him to death (for "teaching impiety") heard the rest of this tale from Socrates' own lips:

"[To find somebody wiser] I went to one man after another, being not unconscious of the enmity which I provoked. And I lamented and feared this, but necessity was laid upon me. The word of God, I thought, should be considered first. And I said to myself, Go I must, to all who appear to know. . . . I will tell you the tale of my wanderings . . . which I endured only to find at last the oracle irrefutable. [What it meant was]: 'The man is wisest who, like Socrates, knows that his wisdom is in truth worth nothing!' "

The islanders of Delos once sent a delegation of suppliants to Delphi. Their island was having a long run of inexplicable bad luck and they begged Apollo for a remedy. Easily found, said the Oracle. They need only double the size of their chief temple at home! So the islanders set to work with a will. Soon they had exactly doubled their temple's length, breadth and height.

Meanwhile their troubles also multiplied. Confusion reigned and with it some regret. Delphi's full glory was already on the wane at that time. The island's bright young men eventually formed a second delegation to a different sort of shrine: Plato's brand-new Academy at Athens. The philosopher elected

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to receive them in his garden; he listened with care; he agreed that times had changed. Intellectual adventure was in the air now. One really should try to keep up with things. The Oracle had told them specifically to double their temple, but they had made it eight times as large!

Plato then led his inquirers to the garden gate by which they had entered, and said good-bye. Circling the Academy, they may have noticed the inscription over the front door: YOU CANNOT ENTER HERE UNLESS YOU KNOW GEOMETRY.

About the last great individual to learn his lifework at Delphi was Diogenes, "the Cynic." Young Diogenes had come to ask what he should attempt in the way of a career. The Oracle cried out, "Deface the currency!" That was a poser. Back home in Sinope, Diogenes's father had been Master of the Mint. Father and son together had made a practice of confiscating false coins and defacing them with a cold chisel. But as so often happens, their strict performance of duty went unappreciated. In fact, it brought disgrace, ruin and exile. Yet Apollo now demanded that Diogenes persist in the same course! Or was that really the idea? Diogenes thought and thought about it. Then suddenly he knew what was meant: not "currency" so much as "current ways." The god had called upon Diogenes to strike through the silver plating of society and expose the alloy underneath!

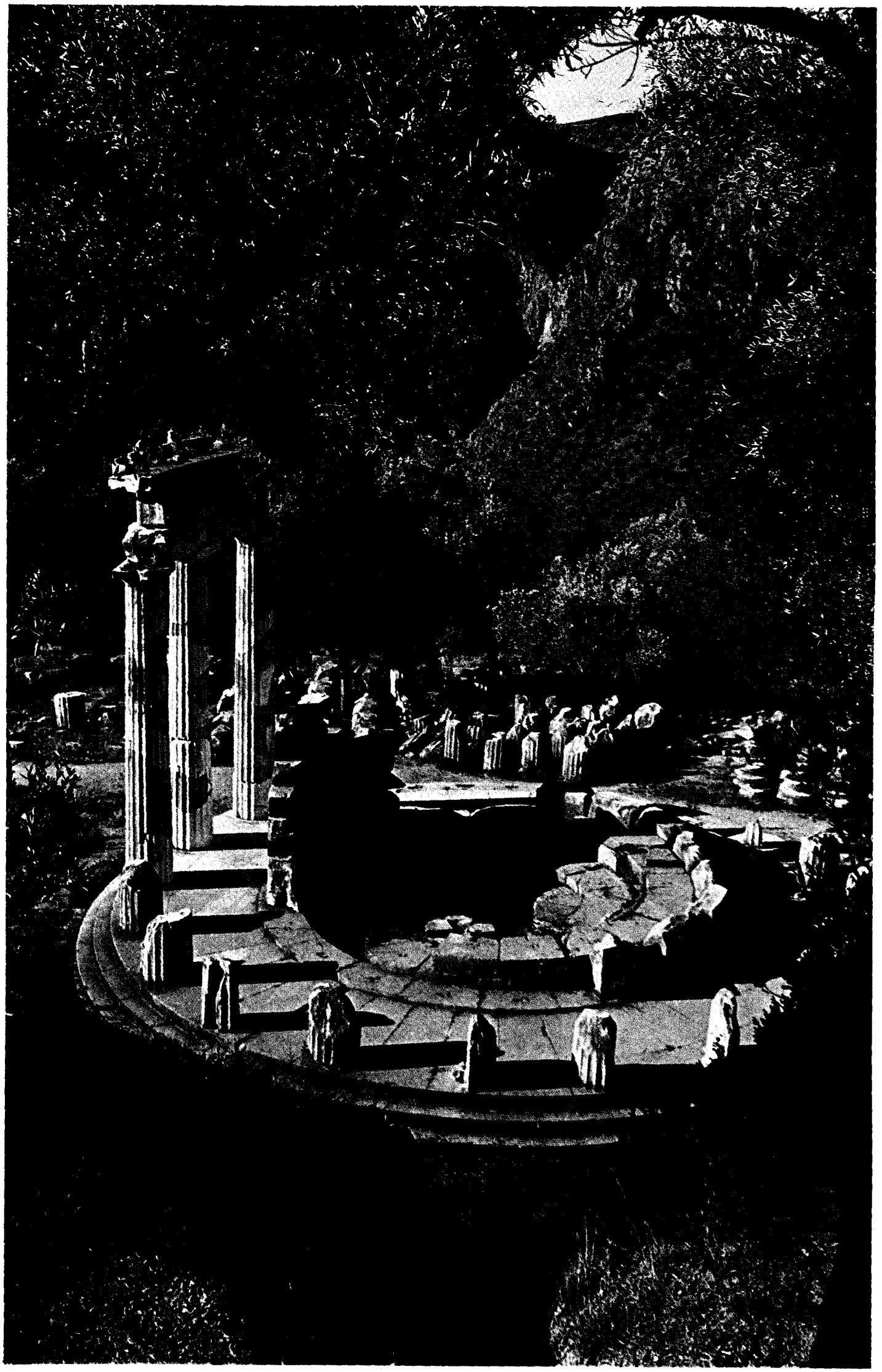
So Diogenes became a tangle-bearded hermit in the midst of men. Dramatically swinging a lighted lantern, he would stalk the daytime crowds "looking for somebody honest." His castle was an upended wine vat by the gates of Corinth. Alexander the Great called on him there. All radiant, the conqueror leaned down across the neck of his white charger, doffed his golden helmet and inquired what he might do for Diogenes. "Move on," Apollo's man suggested. "You're in my light."

Oracle's Final Message

Delphi's final riddle was fantastically appropriate. Scholars therefore suspect it. This last account may actually have been forged—or not. There is no way of telling any more. In any case the story goes that Augustus Caesar went to Delphi and asked who should succeed him as emperor. To everyone's astonishment an uncanny silence pervaded the shrine. The Oracle said nothing at all. Finally the trembling pilgrim in purple begged that she explain her silence. With that she raised her fitfully gleaming eyes and spoke for the last time: "A Hebrew boy bids me leave this house and go to the Underworld."

Augustus thoughtfully withdrew. He returned to Rome. And there, certainly, he did raise an altar dedicated to a nameless god.

Augustus's successors tried hard to resuscitate Delphi, but to little avail. Julian the Apostate—the last pagan emperor—made the final attempt. His answer came not from the Oracle but from her remaining priest: "Tell the king the fair hall is fallen to the ground. No longer has Apollo a hut, nor a prophetic laurel, nor a spring that speaks. Even the water of speech is quenched." The center of inspiration having shifted to Palestine, Apollo's work was done—and well done too. But wonder is forever. **THE END**



Although no one knows the exact purpose of this nearby temple, the Tholos, it was probably a meeting place for priests. From their teachings, says the author, came neither prejudice nor blind faith—but wisdom.

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The Theater That Heals Men's Minds

Psychodrama, a combination of the stage and psychiatry, mends by encouraging the mentally ill to act out their private woes.

By JOHN KOBLER

A mother who has been unable to accept her baby's death breaks down in therapy as she learns the truth.

Stranger dramas were never staged than those that continuously unfold in a small private theater at Beacon, New York, beside the high, green banks of the Hudson River. The actors are unrehearsed, their words and gestures spontaneous, and the plots they improvise may take months to reach a denouement. They wander about as fancy dictates on a three-level circular platform or on the balcony overhanging it. A projector floodlights them with colors symbolizing their prevailing mood—yellow for sorrow, blue for introspection, red for violence. There is no curtain, scenery or props except a table and chairs. The theater seats eighty-five, and on occasion, by invitation, specially qualified outsiders attend. Otherwise the audience is limited to the extraordinary old man who founded the theater, Dr. Jacob Levy Moreno, and his staff.

People privileged to watch Moreno's unpredictable amateurs find themselves powerfully moved in a way no professional performance moves the spectator. For the tears these actors shed, the cries they utter, arise from real anguish. They are mental patients, acting out, as a form of group therapy that Moreno invented, their own desires, hatreds, terrors. He named it psychodrama, and its object is to teach the sufferer to resolve his conflicts by reliving them in a miniature society, free of conventional restraints.

Major Advance in Therapy

Conceived forty years ago in Vienna, where Moreno began his medical career, psychodrama remains among the most substantial advances in mental therapy since Freud introduced psychoanalysis. Although many leading psychiatrists challenge his theories, more than 100 American mental hospitals apply his method, along with other therapies, to cases ranging from alcoholism to schizophrenia.

I recently spent five days at the Moreno Institute. Sprawling over thirty hilly acres, it consists, in addition to the theater, of four buildings which can lodge thirty-nine patients and a staff of twelve. Moreno, who turned seventy last May, occupies a modest frame house with his tall, dark, Dutch-born wife Zerka, twenty-five years his junior, and their son Jonathan, aged ten. Mrs. Moreno is the institute's executive director as well as a therapist.

The doctor's personality combines the verve and flamboyance of a master showman, which indeed he is, with the roguish charm of a Viennese *bon vivant*, which he once was. Massive and broad-browed, he wears his sandy hair in the Bohemian artist's style of yesteryear, longish and curling over the ears. His blue eyes are heavy-lidded, giving him an expression at once somnolent and watchful. His language, embellished by a lilting Austrian accent, tends to be epigrammatic, poetic, paradoxical.

"My work," he observed during our first talk, "is the psychotherapy of fallen gods. We are all fallen gods. As infants we have a godlike sense of power, what I call normal megalomania. Because everybody around the infant responds to his needs, he feels at one with the whole world. Every event seems the result of his own spontaneous creation. But as society makes its demands, our once boundless horizons shrink, we feel diminished, and our frustrations can produce mental disorders. Psychodrama helps the patient recover something of his primary self, his lost godhead."

Spontaneity, he elaborated, is the essence of psychodrama. The most effective people are those who can readily adjust to new situations. Such adjustments require flexible, spontaneous reactions. The man incapable of revising his outlook when confronted by a new situation is the likeliest to develop mental illness. Thus psychodrama above all seeks to stimulate spontaneous behavior.

A patient suffering from hallucinations will at first be encouraged to enact scenes which reflect those hallucinations. Later, through interactions with other characters of the drama—patients themselves, therapists, members of his own family—he grows to realize the inadequacy of his responses and tries to substitute better ones. "If he can learn to do that on the stage," Moreno said, "he can do it outside."

He put it another way. The pathological failure yearns to play certain roles in life which his inflexibility has denied him. He may not consciously know what those roles are. Psychodrama enables him to experiment with various roles until his hidden urges and latent capacities emerge. It then becomes possible to redirect him into channels that can better accommodate his valid needs. For example:

Ralph Coplan (a fictitious name) is a manic-depressive, nineteen years old, the only child of rich parents. His father, a lawyer, has always been indifferent to him, his mother suffocatingly possessive. At college Ralph had shown brilliance as an art major until he fell prey to acute melancholia. He was committed to the institute after he attempted suicide. He had been under psychodramatic treatment for two months.

When we entered the theater, he was sitting slumped in a back-row seat beside a male nurse. He kept twisting a letter. Moreno gently touched his hand. "News from home, Ralph?"

"Make mother stop writing to me," the boy pleaded. "Make her leave me alone. I wish ——"

"Show us, Ralph," Moreno broke in. "Show us what you wish."

Violent Exchange on Stage

Ralph took up a position on the lowest level of the stage and never left it. The choice, Moreno pointed out to me, typifies the withdrawn psychotic, whereas the superegos with delusions of grandeur gravitate to the balcony, high above everybody.

At a nod from her husband, Zerka Moreno mounted the stage. The doctor whispered to me, "She will function as what we term an auxiliary ego, assuming roles according to the demands of the situation. Now she is Mrs. Coplan."

"Can I have the car today, please, mother?" Ralph began.

"No," said Mrs. Moreno. "You're staying home with me. Your father's off on another trip. I'm always left alone."

"I don't blame him. I'd do anything to get away from you."

The exchange grew violent. The projector turned the stage red. At the climax of the quarrel Moreno shouted, "Reverse

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roles!" whereupon Ralph portrayed his mother while Mrs. Moreno portrayed Ralph.

"You may be in college," the boy said, expressing what he believed his mother felt, "but you're still a helpless baby."

"And you're a selfish old woman!" rejoined Mrs. Moreno.

An application of the precept, "Put yourself in her place," this role reversal is a device Moreno employs to bring out and correct the patient's distorted view of others.

In the next scene, resuming his own identity, Ralph cried, "Why don't you just die and leave me alone!"

"Wait," Moreno commanded. "Your mother *is* dead. She's lying there before you." Mrs. Moreno pulled two chairs together and stretched out on them. "How do you react?"

"I'm glad. Now I'm free."

"Is that all? Try a different version. She's your mother, after all. Look, here's your father. What do you tell him?"

The male nurse stepped up on the stage. The red floodlight changed to yellow. Ralph stared at the "body." Then: "I suppose she meant well. I feel a little guilty."

"Nothing else?" said Moreno. "Come, try again."

"If she were alive ——" The boy faltered. "If she were alive, I wouldn't say such terrible things to her anymore. I guess I really cared." He was weeping.

A miraculous change of heart? No. But Ralph had at least glimpsed the possibility of a maturer relationship, a more constructive role he might play in real life.

Treatment for the Family

I asked Moreno how he estimated the chances of curing Ralph. "'Cure' is a word I avoid," he replied. "Say rather a transformation of personality. In time no doubt we can restore Ralph to society, and he will function usefully. But such problems as Ralph's do not concern the patient alone. They are interpersonal, involving as well the problems of his family. For psychodrama to produce lasting effects, they, too, must undergo certain transformation. That is why, as treatment progresses, we try to bring all of them willing to cooperate into the play instead of relying entirely on auxiliary egos. We expect to have Ralph's parents here soon, acting out their domestic situation with him. Otherwise, although the patient may attain a degree of social recovery, the roots of his conflicts, being interwoven with innumerable factors outside himself, remain obscure and make it difficult to prevent relapse. Psychodrama treats not simply the individual but also the group."

I witnessed several startling instances of this interpersonal action, and in Moreno's files I read case histories that included many more. He once brought together on the stage a pathologically jealous husband, his wife and the friend he falsely imagined to be her lover. After a dozen psychodramatic encounters the husband came to understand that the "triangle" existed only in his mind. The hidden conflicts, of which his suspicions were symptomatic, could then be explored. The marriage was saved.

A paranoiac believed he was Jesus. In Moreno's theory a patient so disoriented must first be dealt with by the people

Psychodrama founder Dr. Jacob Moreno directs a patient on his theater stage.

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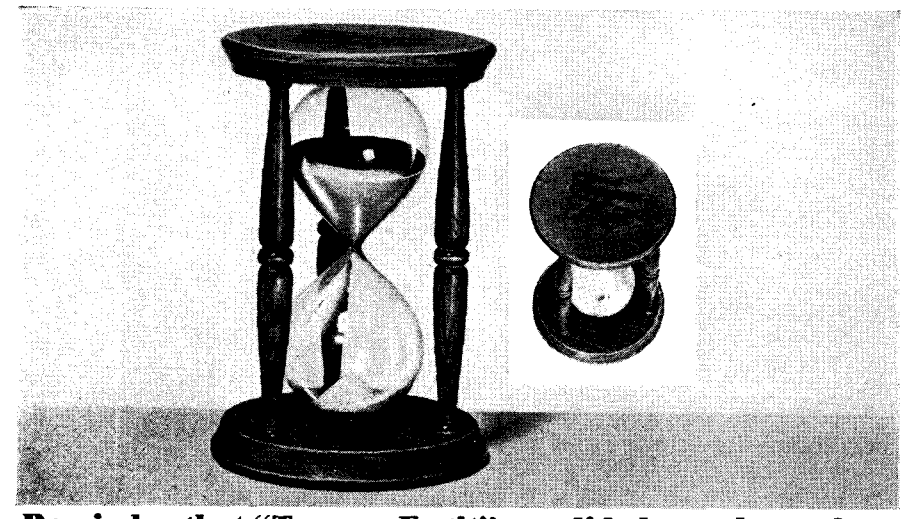

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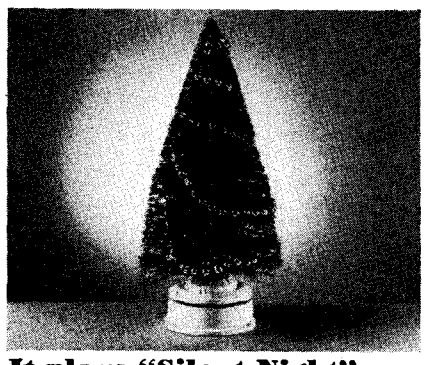
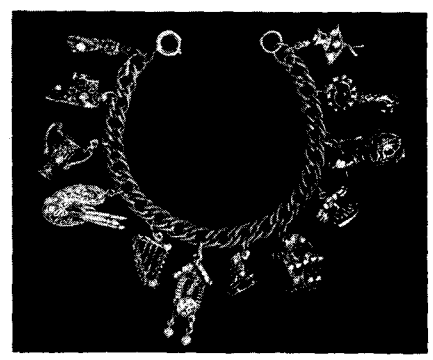


It plays "Silent Night"

Revolving, musical holiday tree is trimmed with silvery "snow" tinsel and multicolor miniature Christmas balls. Green nylon plastic; white base with winding-top. Height 16".

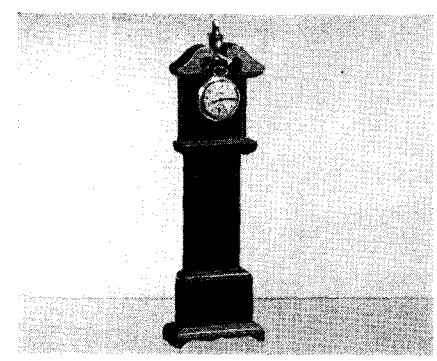
92 Musical Christmas Tree $4.00



A twelve-charm treasure

"Antique gold-look" bracelet, mock gems on filigree-charms; hand, baby shoe, loving cup, art palette, harp, cuckoo clock, shoe on skate, grand piano, phone, urn, ballerina, key.

93 Bracelet (Fed. tax incl.) $5.50



Solid Cherry 14" stand

To display a cherished heirloom watch or photo...it hangs on this miniature grandfather's clock that stands on desk, mantel. Has hook for hanging on wall. Fruitwood hue.

81 Solid Cherry Watch-Stand $5.00

Top adjusts for comfort

Add this leg-lounger to chair, adjust top to wanted angle for ottoman-comfort... or use as extra seat. Brown tufted vinyl. 19 x 14½ x 14" seat; washable. *West of Mississippi,* $10.98

1 Tilt-Top Leg Lounger *East,* $9.98

Copper 'n brass kettle

Glowing copper with spout, handle-sides, and kettle cover finished in sparkling brass... has white ceramic handle-grip and knob on cover with Blue Delft trim. Approx. 6 tea cups.

94 Copper-Brass Tea Kettle $8.00

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Portable "Solo-Play" game board with cards, instruction book. For travelers, vacationers, home players, hospital patients, shut-ins. Easy-play view even from lie-in-bed position.

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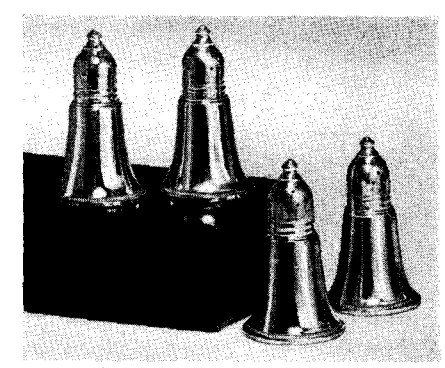
No more newspapers tossed carelessly on a doorstep! Instead, they're neatly placed in this black wrought iron holder with American eagle, and "Your paper, sir" in raised letters.

95 Wrought Iron Newspaper Holder $5



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Twin sets of salt and pepper shakers in sterling silver...are lined with glass to keep contents from reacting with silver. Classic bell design; raised-edge 1¾" base. 3¼" h.

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In a psychodrama a seaman regains his memory—and realizes that he stabbed a woman and "must pay for it."

Psychodrama

around him exactly as he sees himself, must be encouraged to carry his delusion to completion and thus objectify his inner urges. Accordingly the doctor persuaded the paranoiac's relatives, twenty-seven of them all together, to help. That many people could not, with convenience, be repeatedly assembled in the theater. So the psychodrama was staged in the patient's home. Moreno and the relatives gathering there at frequent intervals. The latter played prophets, saints and apostles to the patient's Messiah. They addressed him as "Lord," listened reverently to his sermons, pretended to be healed by him. The intensely emotional scenes also exposed and helped to amend psychological flaws in the attitudes of many of the actors toward one another as well as toward the patient. The masquerade lasted two years before he had fully externalized his fantasy and could view it with some perspective. At that point, under Moreno's direction, the supporting characters began reverting to their own identities. The patient gradually accepted the new situation as more valid than his illusory Biblical world and followed family and friends back to reality.

It is seldom easy for patients to lose their self-consciousness and spontaneously act. To get them started, Moreno uses various "warming up" techniques. The mirror technique, for example. A therapist familiar with the patient's history will impersonate him in some highly emotional dilemma while the patient watches.

What chiefly distinguishes Moreno's ideas from psychoanalysis is its emphasis on the patient's acts and feelings as opposed to mere verbalization. Psychodrama, moreover, investigates conflict in its immediate form, whereas much of the psychoanalyst's data stems from the patient's earliest recollections, dreams and fantasies.

Broadway Outpatient Clinic

But psychodrama is by no means confined to the treatment of psychoses. In New York, near the corner of Broadway and 78th Street, stands a three-story building, each story containing a circular stage and about 100 seats, which Moreno operates as a kind of outpatient clinic for investigating ordinary problems in human relations. Conducted almost daily by either Moreno himself or his associates, the sessions are open to the public, a fee of $2.50 being charged to cover running expenses.

I watched married couples acting out before other married couples the frictions threatening their marriages. I watched a girl and her fiancé dramatizing the religious and social disparities between them and, discovering them to be irreconcilable, agreeing to part. I watched freshmen from a segregated southern college portraying Negro students in order to assess their own racial feelings.

Moreno considers his methods applicable to almost every human dilemma, a view from which other psychiatrists sharply dissent. Says an eminent New York practitioner: "Group therapy, of which psychodrama is only one aspect, undeniably has advantages that individual therapy lacks. Someday they may be combined with profit. But the idea that psychodrama is quicker, easier or more effective is nonsense."

Moreno's image of man as a fallen god stems from a memory of his own infancy. He was four years old, the youngest of six children born to a well-to-do Romanian exporter living in Vienna. His parents went visiting one Sunday, leaving him to play at home with some neighborhood boys. "Let's play God and His angels," proposed little Jacob. "I'll be God." He designated the ceiling as Heaven. To reach it, they made a tower of chairs and, while the others held the chairs steady, he climbed up. "Why don't you fly?" an angel asked. Jacob flapped his arms. The angels let go of the chairs. He crashed and broke his right arm. "It may have been my fall," he speculates, "which taught me that even the highest being depends on others, on auxiliary egos, and that the patient-actor requires them to act adequately. I later learned that other children like to play God too."

Spinning Children's Tales

Children were his first psychodramatic subjects. Strolling through the city parks, while a medical student at the University of Vienna, seeing children rebel against their parents, nurses and authority in general, he felt they needed a special sort of teacher, and he so appointed himself. Gathering groups of them around him under a tree, he would spin wondrous, supernatural tales that lifted them out of themselves. Soon they were spontaneously enacting myths of their own invention and in the process getting rid of some of their hostility.

A child Moreno particularly remembers was a freckled, reddish-haired girl of nine nicknamed Liesl, whose father, a tailor, complained that she never stopped fibbing. Moreno assured him she was no compulsive liar, but a naturally gifted creator of imaginary situations more real to her than reality. At his suggestion the tailor sent Liesl to drama school. As Elizabeth Bergner she came to rank among Europe's finest actresses.

The concept of drama as therapy evolved from a theatrical experiment Moreno launched in Vienna after World War I, while practicing both general medicine and psychiatry. He called it the Theater of Spontaneity, and he intended it to be simply a new form of entertainment. Professional performers, taking their cues from the audience and later from current events, would improvise plot, action and dialogue. Among the first actors hired was a footloose former bank clerk named Peter Lorre.

Moreno's Theater of Spontaneity became his theater of psychodrama following the marriage of an actress, Barbara (as Moreno's records identify her), to a young playwright, George. Barbara always portrayed gentle, wistful ingenues. But, according to what George confided in desperation to Moreno, at home she was a hellcat who cursed and kicked him when he tried to make love to her. The day of the next performance the newspapers reported the murder of a streetwalker by her pimp. Convincing Barbara she should broaden her range, Moreno cast her as the streetwalker. She played the part with such ferocity, rousing the actor who played the pimp to such a frenzied response, that at the climactic murder scene the audience stood up, screaming "Stop!"

At home after the show, temporarily purged of her aggressions, Barbara was all tenderness. Moreno kept her playing violent characters, and she grew tractable away from the theater. He then put George on the stage opposite her to duplicate episodes of their private life. "Some months later," he recounts, "they sat with me in the theater, full of gratitude. They had found themselves and each other."

Barbara's case embodied an element which remains basic to psychodrama, an element Moreno derived from the ancient Greek dramatists. They believed tragedy should serve as a catharsis for the spectator, purging him of overpowering emotions by depicting them. "In psychodrama," Moreno explains, "the catharsis takes place in the actor, in the victim of the tragedy."

By 1923 he had expounded his theories in nine books. As we have seen, they are the antithesis of psychoanalysis, and he once seized the opportunity to tell Freud so. "You reduce people's dreams," he said to the great man after hearing him lecture at Vienna's famed Neuropsychiatric Institute. "I expand them."

"Good," replied Freud. "I wish you well."

Moreno moved to the U.S. in 1925 because he felt it offered the widest scope for the growth of new ideas. In New York he continued to combine private practice with public psychodramas, staged primarily to entertain. "I had to do both to promote my theories," he says. Acceptance was slow. The influential Freudians deplored his theories as well as his showmanship. But the American Psychiatric Association elected him a member, and mental hospitals throughout the country began looking into psychodrama.

Demonstration in a Prison

My visit to Beacon coincided with a unique event in the history of nearby Matteawan State Hospital, one of the world's most famous institutions for the criminal insane. Its fourteen-man psychiatric staff, struggling with the formidable task of treating more than 2000 inmates, many of them violent, had asked Moreno what benefits psychodrama might confer. "Probably no complete recoveries," he told them. "We would have to work with their families for that. But it could make their lives and yours a little easier," and he offered to demonstrate his methods. I accompanied him and Mrs. Moreno to Matteawan.

In the visitors' room, which had been cleared for the demonstration, Moreno drew an imaginary circle as a stage and seated the psychiatrists around its periphery. The inmate chosen was an unmarried middle-aged Negro merchant seaman whom we shall call Joe. Before his guard brought him in, the psychiatrists reviewed his case. One night last summer, in a Harlem bar, Joe picked up a colored prostitute and took her to his one-room tenement flat. After finishing a quart of whisky, they fell to quarreling over the price she wanted to stay all night. According to what Joe later told the police, there was a knife on his dresser and she grabbed it. He wrested it from her, shoved her through the door and locked it. He swore that was all he remembered.

Joe's Paranoid Delusions

Next morning the landlady found the woman's body outside Joe's door, stabbed through the heart. Joe lay fully clothed on his bed, still dead drunk. Protesting that the woman had left his room alive and unhurt, he was arraigned for murder. A psychiatric examination, however, showed him to be suffering from paranoid delusions. The judge therefore committed him to Matteawan until such time as he might be competent to stand trial. His mental state having since improved, it seemed likely Joe would shortly be released to face a jury and perhaps long imprisonment.

He came in, a small, grizzled man, bewildered, but plainly eager to please. Moreno patted him on the back and thanked him for his cooperation. "I'm here to help you," he said. As he plied him with sympathetic questions about his family, his friends, his life at sea, Joe visibly warmed to him. At length Moreno asked him to arrange a table and chairs to represent the layout of his flat.

Mrs. Moreno entered the circle. "Let's suppose this is the woman you met that night," said Moreno.

"But she's white," said Joe.

"It doesn't matter. This is only make-believe."

Under Moreno's deft prodding, Joe soon lost himself in the reenactment of the fatal events. He sprang at Mrs. Moreno, gripped her wrist so tightly he left a red mark, snatched an imaginary knife from her, fell back, advanced again, now holding the knife blade foremost. After two hours of reexperiencing not only his physical actions but also his emotions, reversing roles at Moreno's command, he suddenly stopped dead, as if struck on the head by a mallet.

"I must of done it," he said. "It couldn't of been no other way. I'm responsible, and I got to pay for it."

"And how do you feel about that?" Moreno asked.

Joe's eyes flooded. "So relieved, I never felt so relieved. I can face things now."

"Yes," said Moreno, turning to the fascinated psychiatrists who never knew Joe to admit the possibility of his guilt, "truth is the beginning." **THE END**

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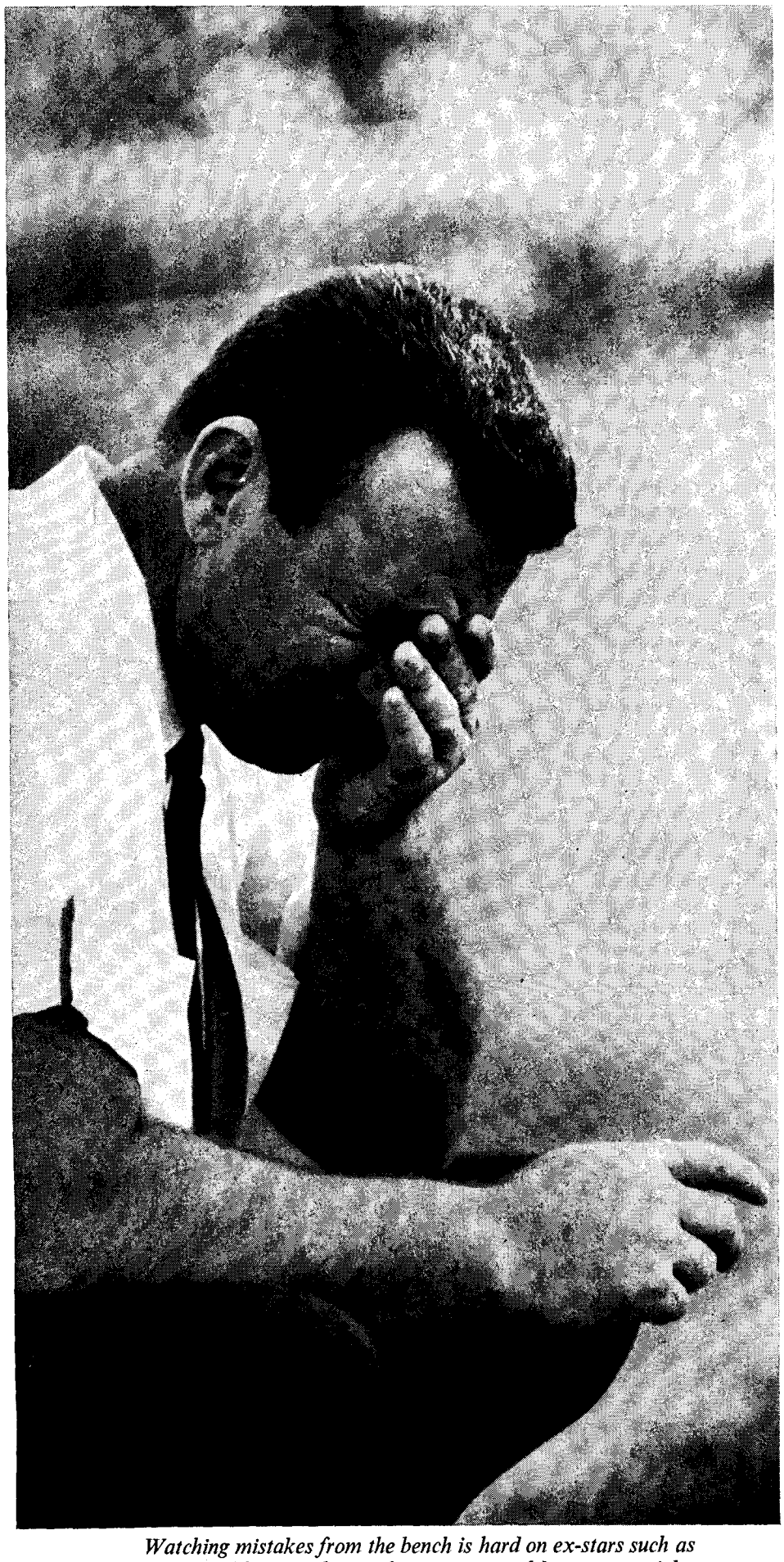
Norm Van Brocklin: NFL's

Wherever the young chief of the Minnesota



Watching mistakes from the bench is hard on ex-stars such as Van Brocklin. His despair here was caused by scene at right.

This coming Sunday the Minnesota Vikings and Philadelphia Eagles will meet for the first time since all-pro quarterback Norm Van Brocklin stormed angrily out of Philadelphia to take over as head coach at Minnesota. Whatever this game may mean to the league standings, it means a very great deal to Mr. Van Brocklin. He still feels he got a raw deal from the Eagles, and would love nothing better than to have his monsters grind their monsters into mincemeat. The Eagles' management, which does not view past events in quite the same light as their former employee, feels no less strongly about the outcome. This one, in short, is for blood.

This sort of situation is not exactly a novelty for 36-year-old Norm Van Brocklin. He is still bitter, for example, about his 1957 departure from the Los Angeles Rams, with whom he spent the bulk of his distinguished playing career. Even at the end of his college days at the University of Oregon, which he looks back on with considerable fondness, he pulled out under strained circumstances.

He Can Joke or Jolt

Norm ordinarily is relaxed and impishly humorous—something of a rarity in a business where many coaches have grown earnest to the point of stuffiness—but he can be scathing whenever he feels that a man is not doing all that could be expected of him (by Norm).

Asked at the beginning of this season about a Viking back who made the team in 1961 but failed to stick this year, Norm said, "He didn't have enough character." On a veteran defensive player who quit the 1962 camp in discouragement, then asked and got a second chance, the Van Brocklin comment was, "We're going to try to make a man out of him."

With the Eagles he once yelled from the sidelines at a defensive lineman he thought was dogging it, "You payroll robber!" On the Rams, after getting smeared on a pass play because a large and aggressive tackle named Tom Dahms missed a blocking assignment, Norm threw a cup of water in Dahms's face when they got back to the bench. Dahms let it pass.

Van Brocklin always was one of the brainiest and most resourceful quarterbacks in the National Football League—a master at "reading" opposing defenses and picking them apart. When he switched to head-coaching with the Vikings last year, nobody doubted his technical qualifications for the job, despite the fact that he'd never coached before. The question was whether Norm would have enough patience and understanding to get the most out of all the assorted human beings under his command.

With a squad composed of rejects from the established N.F.L. teams and draftees from the colleges, the Vikings won three games in 1961 in contrast to the winless record of the new Dallas Cowboys in 1960. Almost everybody pronounced this first season a success, the one prominent dissenter being Van Brocklin himself.

"I thought we should have won more," he says. "I think the psychology of the new franchise hurt our kids. They read that they were going to get beat, and in six or seven games they could have won they folded subconsciously in the last quarter because they thought they weren't supposed to win."

Norm surprised his critics last year by electing to use a light grip at the start. "We had a lot of boys who hadn't been happy on other teams," he explains. "My logic was to sacrifice a little discipline for the sake of good morale."

Team spirit drew much of the credit for the victories the Vikings did achieve—against the Chicago Bears, the Baltimore Colts and the Los Angeles Rams. There was a stretch, however, in which the Vikings lost seven straight. The coaching grip tightened. At one practice Norm ordered punishing calisthenics for some players who had got out of shape. On occasion he broke a resolution never to chew out players in front of others.

This year he announced that discipline would be stiffer from the start. The Vikings went into an early losing streak anyway. After their second straight 34–7 loss—to the Baltimore Colts—Norm told writers, "They beat us with what I can only describe as training-camp plays."

Van Brocklin's critics have taken all such episodes to mean that Norm is losing his self-control. "He's bound to destroy himself," a non-admirer of many years' standing declares. To his boosters, however, these things simply show that Norm is the same football perfectionist he always has been.

Fiery defensive back Don Burroughs of the Eagles, a teammate of Norm's in both Los Angeles and Philadelphia, says, "I've seen the Dutchman lose his composure, as all professional athletes do. But there was usually a sound reason for it. With him there is no substitute for winning. He feels that we're getting paid to play right and win."

Inheritance of Emotions

Van Brocklin is more analytical about himself than his critics might suppose. He reflected not long ago, "My mother is emotional. I'm emotional. My dad wasn't. He had a hard time expressing himself positively—he didn't hand out much praise. I think I inherited a little of that. I find it hard to walk up to a player and tell him he did a hell of a good job.

"The other alternative"—he grinned ruefully—"comes easy. I suspect my relations with players were affected by this when I was a quarterback. [His suspicion is correct.] I didn't realize it all that time, but since I've gone over to coaching I've noticed it. A kid makes a big play and

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Outspoken Coach

Vikings goes, the fur flies. • By HARRY T. PAXTON

looks at me. He's waiting for a word of praise. And I'm finally getting to where I give it."

If Norm Van Brocklin is not inclined to baby his men, maybe it's because he never had much coddling himself. He was the eighth of nine children in a struggling family that moved from South Dakota to Walnut Creek, California, in 1929, when Norm was three. From the age of 11 Norm had to earn his own money for clothing and all other personal items.

In sports he got more encouragement from his mother than his father, whom he describes as "a man with a lot of pride and a lot of principles." Norm says, "My dad damn near frowned on athletics. But later on when I was playing football in college, he was proud as Punch of me. I was the only one of the nine children who got to go through college."

It wasn't sports that put him there, however. No colleges were pursuing him when he got out of the Navy in 1946 after three years of service, although he had been an all-round athlete in high school. He enrolled at Oregon on his own under the GI Bill of Rights. Freshmen could play varsity football then, but he didn't have enough running speed to see much duty as a tailback in the old Notre Dame box formation Oregon was using in 1946. In more recent times a visitor once asked Van Brocklin if he ever ran with the ball as a pro quarterback. "Only from sheer terror," he replied.

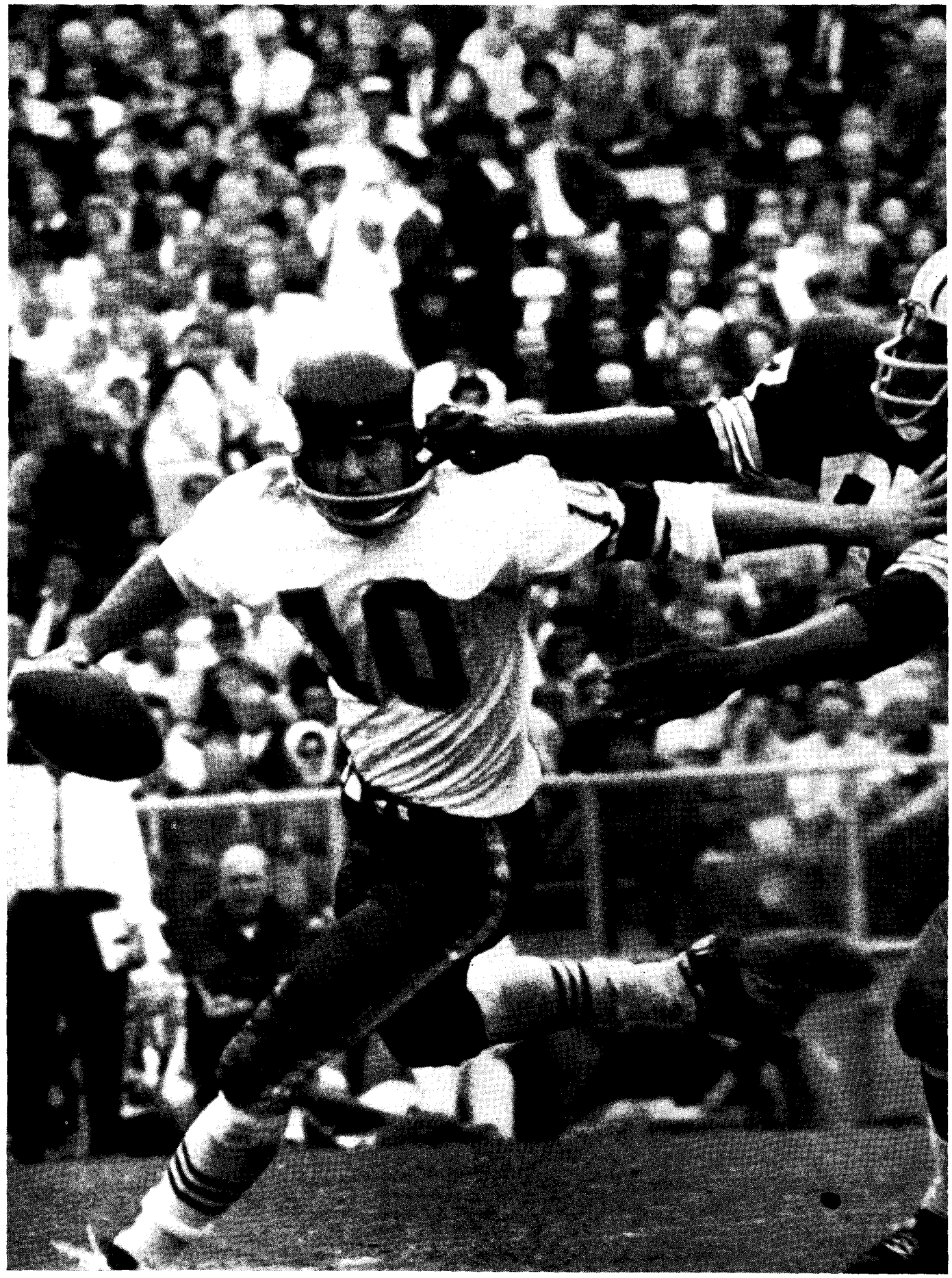
The "T" Gave a Chance

In 1947 Oregon hired a new head coach, Jim Aiken, who installed the T formation. "He got hold of me right off the bat," Norm relates. "He said to me, 'Your name Van Brocklin? I hear you can throw a ball pretty well.' I didn't think anybody knew that—I didn't even know it myself. He grabbed my hand and shook it and said, 'You're going to be my quarterback, Van Brocklin.' Then he picked my hand up and smelled my fingers and said, 'You've got to quit that damned smoking.' So he scared me to death the first minute I met him.

"From then on we practiced football every day all the year round for two years—not only me; the whole team. He had it disguised as a course called Phys. Ed. 190. It ran on through the summer."

And so began the development of one of the all-time great T quarterbacks. Norm sharpened his skills at Oregon, but he says his real understanding of what a T quarterback should be came from his first pro coach, Clark Shaughnessy of the Los Angeles Rams.

"Shaughnessy let his quarterback run everything," Norm recalls. "He had an expression about being quarterback, and I've used it since in coaching our boy Francis Tarkenton. Shaughnessy would say, 'It's just like driving ten mules. You've got ten reins in your hand. You can pull and



Fran Tarkenton, second-year quarterback of Vikings, frequently was unable to get passes off on opening day this season as newest NFL team lost to champion Green Bay Packers, 34–7.

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"A kid makes a big play and looks at me. He's waiting for a word of praise. I'm finally getting to where I give it."

Van Brocklin

push and do anything you want with them.'

"So with this flexibility you could get in the huddle and actually make up plays. And being a young kid, it took me quite a while for it all to crystallize. But once it did I had it mastered, and I've never forgotten it."

Norm turned pro somewhat prematurely. What with all his extra classes during the summers at Oregon, he was in a position to graduate one year early in 1949. The Rams, then scouting more intensively than most of the other N.F.L. teams put together, found this out and made him an offer.

"I turned it down," Van Brocklin says. "I was planning to stretch out my courses and stay on for another season of football. I went over and told my coach about it, and I think he thought I was trying to shake him down for money to stay on. He got madder than hell, and then I got mad at him." So when the Rams made further overtures, Norm listened—and also for another reason. He had been married since March of 1947 to Gloria Schiewe, a premed student of great charm and intelligence. They were living in a campus trailer house, at times on short rations.

Gloria was reluctant at first to have Norm solve their financial problems by playing football for money. She wanted him to get his master's degree in physical education—which he ultimately did in the off seasons. Mrs. Van Brocklin herself earned a master's in bacteriology, but she has had no recent occasion to use it, being well occupied as the mother of three young girls.

A Passer Who Could Punt

Meanwhile Norm Van Brocklin went on to become a master of professional football. All together, Van Brocklin completed 54 percent of the 2895 passes he threw during his 12 seasons in the National Football League, gaining a total of 23,611 yards. Three times he was No. 1 in the passing statistics, and twice he was the league's leader in punting—an often-overlooked asset of Norm's.

Such figures have never been of great concern to Norm. The only numbers that really interest him are the ones on the scoreboard at the end of the game. He quarterbacked winning teams at Oregon—the 1948 crew was unbeaten in the Pacific Coast Conference—and he played on only two losers as a pro. He was with five division titlists and two league champions.

Sooner or later, though, Norm always seemed to have problems. In Los Angeles, he says, things started going wrong in 1954, his sixth year on the club. "The assistant coaches quit on the head coach, Hamp Pool. The newspapers got on Pool, and they started riding some of the ballplayers. It caused friction on the ball club, and it spread like poison."

But the real turning point for Van Brocklin came the following year. Under new head coach Sid Gillman he led the Rams to the Western Conference title. In the championship playoff, though, the Rams lost humiliatingly to the Cleveland Browns, 38–14.

"It was the worst game I ever played," Norm says. "I think I threw five interceptions. [The number actually was six.] It still haunts me. I can never forget the faces of those kids in the locker room afterwards."

Van Brocklin feels that this game caused Gillman to lose confidence in him. At any rate, in the next couple of years the coach began using young Bill Wade more and Norm less. Finally Norm went to Ram general manager Pete Rozelle and asked to be traded.

Rozelle told him it would have to be to a team in the Eastern Conference. Norm said that he'd prefer to play for Paul Brown at Cleveland or Buddy Parker at Pittsburgh, and that the two teams he didn't want to be sent to were the Redskins and the Eagles.

"Then I'll be a son of a gun—Buck Shaw, who had been made coach of the Eagles, called me one day and said, 'I got you in a trade.' I told him I wasn't going to report, although Buck is the finest guy in the world. Then I called up Rozelle and chewed him out real good for double-crossing me." Norm says he found out afterward that the late Bert Bell—whom Rozelle has succeeded as N.F.L. commissioner—had persuaded Pete to let Van Brocklin go to Philadelphia to help a then-ailing franchise.

In the end Norm did play for the Eagles in 1958. It was the most miserable season of his football life. He and his family had to live in a cramped West Philadelphia apartment, and almost every Sunday the scoreboard came up wrong for the Eagles. "We had a bunch of deadbeats on the squad," he says bitterly.

Norm couldn't wait to get home to the West Coast after the final game. The club management feared that once he left he might never come back. Norm was offered $1000 a month to stay and work for the organization during the off-season. More than that, he says he was assured first by Commissioner Bell and then by the three top Eagle officials—Jim Clark (now dead), Frank McNamee and Joe Donoghue—that in two more years Buck Shaw was going to retire as coach and that Norm would replace him.

Van Brocklin stayed. He drove an improved Eagle squad into contention in 1959—after which he says the promise about the coaching job was repeated—and to the championship in 1960.

Sure enough, Shaw then resigned according to plan, but the rest of the script had changed, as Norm quickly discovered in a session with McNamee, Donoghue and general manager Vince McNally.

Club president McNamee did the talking. According to Van Brocklin, McNamee first asked if Norm would consider being a playing coach. When Norm emphatically declared that wouldn't work, McNamee said that if Norm wanted to be head coach they could give him only a one-year contract and would not grant him authority to hire and fire assistants. Van Brocklin refused to accept these conditions, and McNamee then asked if he would continue as a player. Norm declined once more, and McNamee declared, "Well, that's it, then."

Norm goes on, "I said, 'Do you mean I'm free to take a coaching job somewhere else?'

"He said, 'You can take a coaching job anywhere. If you play, you've got to play here.'

"I said, 'You s.o.b., I wouldn't play for you if I was starving to death.'

"He said, 'Now, Norm, you've always been a gentleman here. Don't get huffy-puffy.'

"And I said, 'Well, I didn't get this in writing once before, but I'm going to this time. I want you to call in the publicity man and have him send a release to the wire services that I'm through here but that I have your blessing to go and get another coaching job.'" This was done on the spot.

That's the story as Norm Van Brocklin remembers it. At the Philadelphia end, Eagle officials still decline to comment on the Van Brocklin version. One knowledgeable observer insists, "The real reason he didn't get the job was that he did too much popping off in public places around town about what a lousy organization the Eagles had, and how he'd like to see everybody get fired from Vince McNally, the general manager, to Freddy Schubach, the equipment man."

Winning Is An Obsession

No tears were shed for Norm by a number of Eagle players who had felt the sharp side of his tongue. But Norm had some devoted followers on the team too. It is noteworthy that they all were men who shared his obsession for winning football games, such as pass-catcher Tommy McDonald and defensive backs Don Burroughs and Tom Brookshier.

Brookshier says, "As well as I knew him off the field, anytime he thought I wasn't playing right he'd bawl the hell out of me. That's what some people didn't understand about him—the difference between on the field and off it."

Minnesota general manager Bert Rose, who worked for the Rams during Van Brocklin's last years there, was instrumental in getting him hired as Viking coach. The job previously had been turned down by Harry (Bud) Grant, a native son who coaches the Winnipeg Blue Bombers in the Canadian Football League. Rose said recently, "I'm not surprised if some of the Eagles didn't like him, because he can be very outspoken. Well, for a coach to be liked by the players is a nice 'plus' if you can get it, but the most important thing is for them to respect him."

As a player Van Brocklin always had the respect of everybody—even those who despised him. Bert Rose says he's won respect as coach of the Vikings. Around the league, though, he still has many skeptics to convince. No one game will do it, but Norm will make converts in a hurry if he can win this Sunday in his personal big one against the old gang from Philadelphia. **THE END**

"Dinner is served."

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What makes it work?

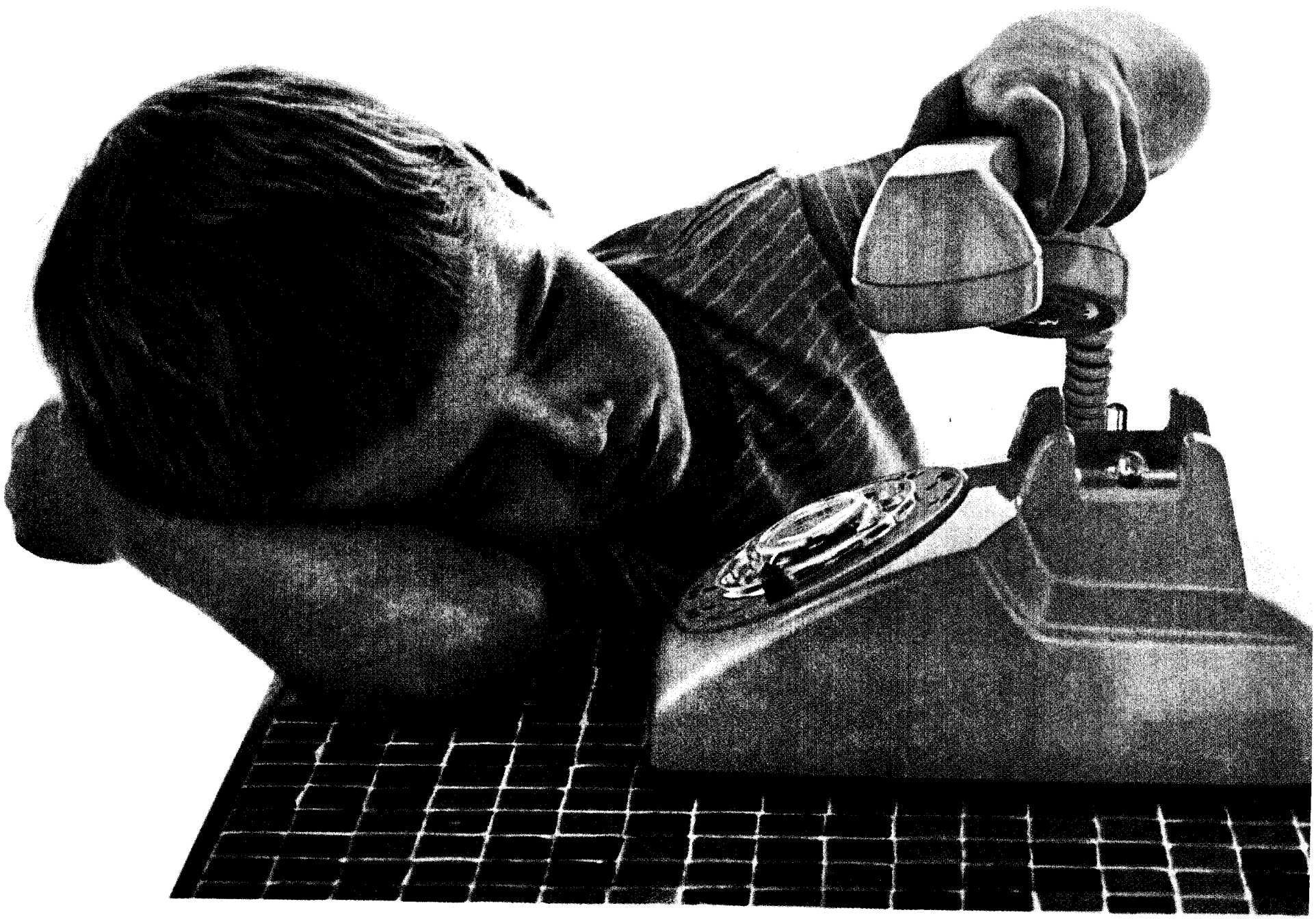
Many things working together. Wire and cable, central office switching equipment, and microwave carriers, for example. A few twists of the dial and you are connected to the one phone you want among millions in the vast telephone network that laces the land. Perhaps you take it for granted; it is wonder to a child. Making these things to work together is day-to-day doing with us at Western Electric.

We make telephones – some 65 million are now at work in the Bell System. We make parts and products that link them together, to perform efficiently, reliably, each with each. As a member of the Bell System team, we devise the means of making this vast array of equipment. We manufacture it in quantity to uniform high quality, install telephone central offices and microwave systems, and supply the Bell Telephone companies with things they need to bring you the finest communications in the world.

To this end, Western Electric people work closely with the Bell Telephone Laboratories engineers who develop communications products and the Bell Telephone people who operate them. So really, it is people of common purpose working together who make the telephone work.

This is teamwork. And a sharing of the responsibility to provide quality telephone service and ever-better communications for America.

We work best because we work together.



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Manufacturing and Supply BELL SYSTEM *Unit of the Bell System*

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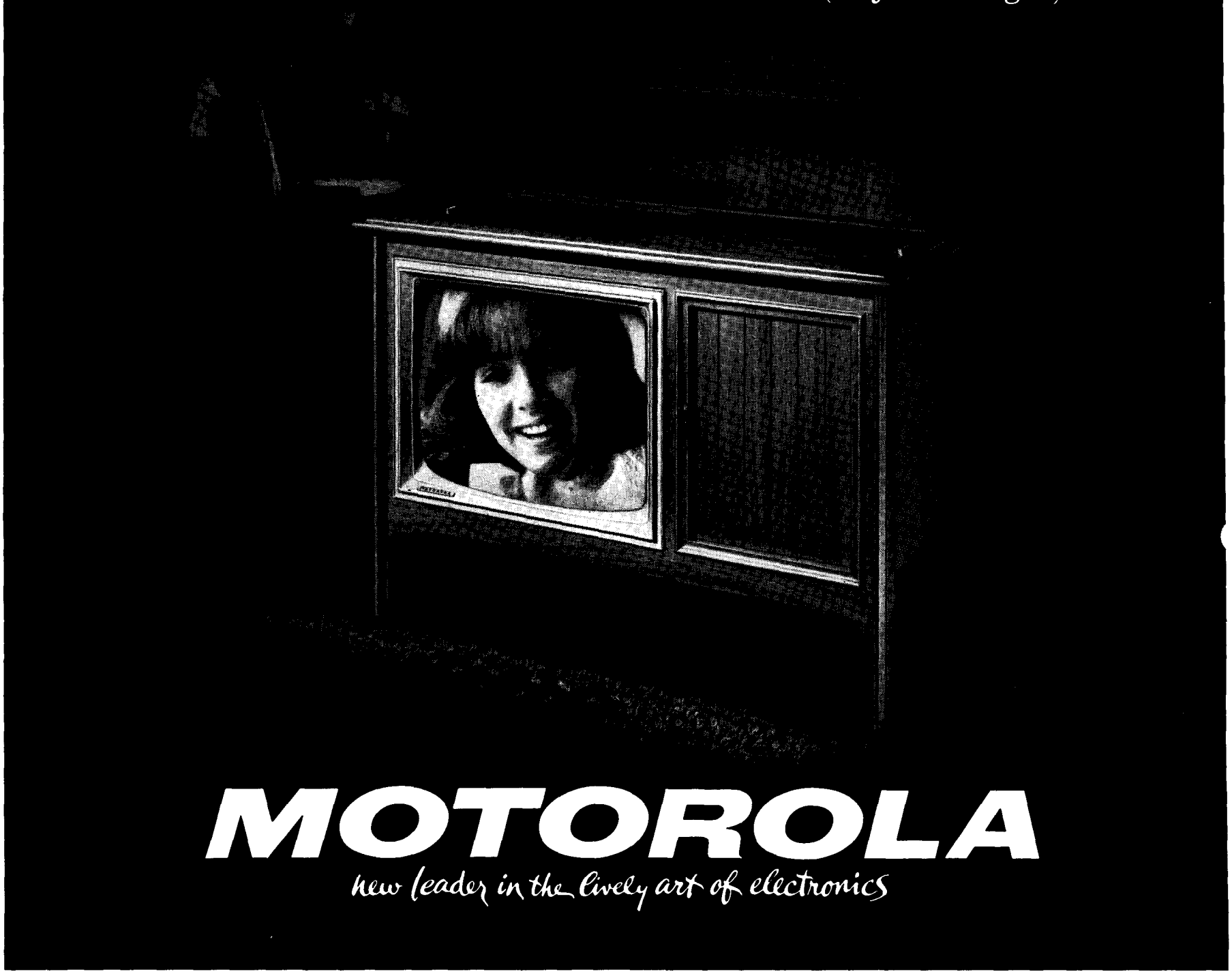

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Franco's Spain: A Dictator Relents

More prosperity, less police rule indicate that an American gamble may be paying off. • By ERNEST O. HAUSER

MADRID.

Spain used to strike an American as a country where time was standing still. The visitor found himself in a cobweb world of crumbling hilltop castles and sad music, where people lived on memories of grandeur. Today the chief impression of Spain is one of change. And although progress is still spotty and haphazard, all signs point to the fact that an era is about to end.

Things have improved, materially, to a degree that nobody would have predicted even a few years ago. People look better dressed and better fed. The shops are filled with many of the good things in life, from kitchen gadgets to garden furniture, motor scooters, TV sets and fishing tackle.

The avenues of the big cities are crowded with cars—already parking is a problem in parts of Madrid and Barcelona. Many of the slums which I had seen and smelled in 1956 have since been cleared away. In their place now are low-cost housing projects, with flowerpots on their balconies and television antennas on their rooftops.

Hill villages that had lain in darkness now sparkle with electric light. Driving around Castile on roads that I had taken many times before, I noticed tractors rumbling over farmland that previously had felt only the scraping of a shallow plow. In wayside hamlets where no one used to wear shoes there are girls in high heels and nylon stockings.

The Iron Grip Loosens

Nor is the change just a matter of higher living standards. The political climate, too, seems milder than before. Generalissimo Francisco Franco has loosened his iron grip. After nearly a quarter of a century of dictatorship, the 69-year-old Caudillo now finds the going rougher. Waves of illegal strikes have warned him that Spain's industrial workers are no longer willing to accept their lot of poverty and disenfranchisement. An anti-Franco resolution passed by 118 Spanish opposition leaders in Munich last June embarrassed him at a time when he wished to appear as a good European. And unexpected criticism from Spanish bishops convinced him that he could no longer count on unqualified Catholic support. Franco can read the signs. He has named a deputy as a potential successor; he has announced a program of economic and social reform, and he is seeking to lead his 30,000,000 people into the 20th Century.

Why U.S. Backed Franco

For the United States this is good news. Americans do not like dictators. And if we have been on the friendliest of terms with Franco Spain for the last 10 years, there are two strong reasons for this. One is our 1953 treaty with the Franco government enabling us to operate a string of strategic naval and air bases, a pipeline and several radar posts in Spain. In return for these facilities we have given Franco's regime $1,200,000,000 in economic aid and $500,000,000 worth of military equipment.

A look at our Spanish air bases drives home the critical importance of Spain to our Cold War position. I spent a day at Torrejón, on the Castilian tableland northeast of Madrid. This sprawling base accommodates the headquarters of the United States 16th Air Force. The 16th's specialty is Operation Reflex, a round-the-clock alert. Reflex's crewmen keep their cars parked with engines toward the street. Even in church, I noticed that the pews nearest the door were marked RESERVED FOR REFLEX. And out on the field, Reflex's B-47 bombers, hydrogen bombs in their bellies, sit in the brilliant Spanish sun, ready to go to war upon the pushing of a button at Strategic Air Command headquarters in Omaha, Nebraska.

Our only other SAC bases in this general region are in the British Isles and Morocco, and our imminent withdrawal from the Moroccan bases intensifies the Pentagon's desire to hold on to those Spanish outposts. Our Spanish base rights, it so happens, come up for a five-year renewal in 1963, and Franco at that time is likely to demand, as his part of the bargain,

Franco reviews his army. After a quarter century of dictatorship, he is neither loved nor despised.

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"If this had happened in the 1940's I would have been shot. I'm lucky this is 1962. I was released after only two weeks."

The peasant: In shoes made of old tires, can he afford a new spade? The poor, says one Spaniard, are now "poor on a higher level."

more up-to-date American equipment for his own forces. From the looks of it, he will get what he wants.

However, Operation Reflex is only one reason for our Spanish venture. Far more important, in the thinking of American observers here, is our long-range policy of pressing for an integrated, healthy, democratic Europe from which no nation this side of the Iron Curtain should remain aloof.

In the case of tardy Spain this policy is showing excellent results. Thanks largely to American backing, Franco has been welcomed into half a dozen international organizations, such as the powerful Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development. Last February he formally applied for Spain's admission to the Common Market, the rapidly evolving economic union of key European nations. He has since stated that he was aware of the Common Market's "supranational and democratic principles," and there is now substantial hope for Spain's eventual admission to the club.

True, leopards do not change their spots. There is no indication that Franco has at this late stage become enamored of democracy. As chief of state, of the government, of the Falange Party and of the armed forces, he still runs Spain by his own lights. His title, Caudillo, translates into the German *Führer* and the Italian *Duce*. His ministers are his own men, hand-picked for personal loyalty. The newly chosen vice premier, Gen. Agustín Muñoz Grandes, who would carry on as chief of government (but not as chief of state), is no more liberal than his master. Muñoz Grandes led the Blue Division that fought alongside the Nazis in World War II and he holds a decoration given to him by Hitler.

The Dictator Is Subdued

Franco himself remains a dictator whom few either love or despise. Compared to his onetime sponsors, Hitler and Mussolini, the Caudillo seems gray and subdued. He runs to fat and makes no effort to conceal it. His smile is pleasant and a trifle empty. His gestures are, by Spanish standards, undramatic. He lives and works at the secluded Pardo Palace outside Madrid. When he moves about—much of the time in an open car—he provides little of the pageantry that often goes with absolute rule. His personal habits are frugal, almost Spartan. He is a family man, and those who know him well say that he takes his Catholic religion seriously, attending Mass and praying frequently in his private chapel. His favorite pastime is hunting. In spité of recurrent rumors to the contrary, he seems in good health, and the years have been kind to him.

Franco has been governing his people not so much by directly imposing his will on them as by maintaining a subtle equilibrium among various groups and forces, balancing one element against another. No one, in fairness, can call Spain today a typical fascist police state. People can speak their minds against Franco and his Falange Party, and they do. Unless you preach revolt from a soapbox or the printed page, you can say almost anything and get away with it. There are some political prisoners left in Spanish jails—estimates range from 900 to 2000—but torture, once the rule, is now a rare exception. Some of Franco's most outspoken political opponents recently were given the choice between forced residence on a Spanish island or banishment abroad—a considerable improvement over being thrown into the dungeons.

"If this had happened to me in the 1940's, I would have been shot on the spot," said one lawyer who had been picked up for anti-Franco propaganda. "In 1950 I would have been mistreated by the police and given a stiff sentence. I'm lucky this is 1962—I was treated like a gentleman and released after two weeks in jail."

When Bankruptcy Loomed

Franco has also been maneuvering rather skillfully to improve Spain's economy. Only four years ago Spain faced a crisis. Too many government controls had crippled her whole economic system. The constant need to wheedle government licenses for even minor business transactions had resulted in stagnation. Plant equipment was obsolete, imports were dwindling rapidly and inflation was progressing fast. With no hard-currency reserves available, the country was on the verge of bankruptcy. And outside organizations let it be known that no further economic aid would be forthcoming unless Spain put her own house in order.

At this point Franco called in a task force of bright young professors to fix what was wrong. Among them were such well-known economics experts as Alberto Ullastres Calvo, now minister of commerce; Mariano Navarro Rubio, now minister of finance; and Laureano López Rodo, now head of the government planning office.

Talking with these men, I've found them as "modern" in their economic thinking as any top American Treasury official, but one of them implored me, "Please don't call my ideas 'liberal.' That's still a bad word in Spain."

Going to work in 1959, these technocrats devalued the peseta, eased or abolished a number of controls, curtailed spending at home, stimulated industrial production, balanced the budget, slowed inflation and turned Spain into an attractive field for foreign investors. Within three years Spain's gold and hard-currency reserves jumped from near zero to $1,000,000,000.

Unfortunately the effects of this "economic miracle" were not felt equally by all the people. Despite the surface evidence of better living, Spain still is a poor country. The average per capita income

The laborer: He builds the fancy hotels at resorts like Torremoli Ten million tourists yearly teach Spaniards about Europe's bo

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Instead of opposing the strikers, the cardinal called for "reforms of what should be reformed."

Cardinal Pla y Deniel is top cleric. Churchmen now want reforms for workers.

Franco's deputy, Gen. Agustín Muñoz Grandes, wears decoration given by Hitler.

Don Juan, royal pretender. Spain is a monarchy—with a throne vacant since 1931.

Juan Carlos, pretender's son. He may become king but lacks wide support.

here is $310 a year, compared to about $1200 for France and $2400 for the United States. There is an ugly gap between the rich and poor. And though the poor are now "poor on a slightly higher level," as one Spaniard expressed it, they are still badly off. To tens of thousands of Spanish families, meat is still a rare treat, and a motor scooter is the symbol of luxury. No wonder that young Spaniards leave the country by the thousands every year. There now are nearly 300,000 Spanish workers in Western Europe's factories and mines, and a Swiss publisher recently brought out a Spanish-German household dictionary enabling the Swiss housewife to talk to her Spanish maid.

At the same time that these migrating Spaniards are sharing in today's Europe, torrents of European and American tourists are pouring into Spain. This year their number is approaching the 10,000,000 mark. Spain offers them their money's worth—miles of sunny beaches, magnificent scenery and some of the world's finest medieval cities, castles and cathedrals. The visitor from abroad is treated to a dazzling program of fiestas, bullfights, gypsy music and flamenco dances. He is surrounded by a friendly and hospitable people. He stops at excellent hotels; he tastes delicious food and heady wines.

"I take my wife and children to Spain every summer," one American tourist said. "We are crazy about Spain. Not only do we find here everything that France or Italy would offer us, but it costs me less."

The large majority of tourists are members of the European middle class. Driving their own small cars, they roam all over the country—and in their spending habits and their attitudes the average Spaniard reads the story of Europe's affluent society. No agitator has to tell him that he is getting a poor deal. Here we come to one of the reasons for Spain's continuing, creeping labor crisis.

Workers Demand a Share

The Spanish worker has few rights. Strikes are illegal and trade unions nonexistent. As many as 6,000,000 workers have not had a raise since 1956, in spite of a steep rise in living costs. A grievance must be voiced through one of the 23 "syndicates"—trade organizations grouping both workers and employers by industries. And since top syndicate officials are appointed by the government, the average worker feels that he has nobody to turn to when in trouble.

Last spring the coal miners of the traditionally rambunctious north country had had enough of it. Their take-home pay averaged $14 a week. When the metal workers got a raise, the miners downed their tools and left the pits. Soon 150,000 workers throughout Spain were striking.

The strikes were not political. And as the workers were handling themselves with great dignity and circumspection, the government refrained from using violence. The miners finally got a substantial raise—weekly take-home pay was increased to $24—and everyone went back to work. New strikes flared up last August in the Asturias mines, however, involving about 12,000 workers. Although the government has since worked out new methods for the settlement of labor disputes and has asked the workers to be "patient," observers here predict more labor unrest in the months to come.

Changes in the Church

During these strikes there was some evidence of disaffection within the Catholic Church, long one of the strongest props of Franco's regime. One must remember that the Spanish clergy had rallied to Franco during the Civil War of 1936-39. Since then, however, many leading churchmen here have come to realize that the Church's close identification with the regime is alienating it from the masses.

In this "solidly" Catholic country, the number of practicing Catholics has shrunk to an estimated 17 percent of the population. The working class tends to keep away from the altar. And many of the younger priests, themselves sons of the people, have been deeply disturbed by the widening gap.

While the Church as a whole is under strict discipline, Spanish Catholics today are divided into what one might call a pro-Franco "right," including the influential brotherhood called Opus Dei; and an anti-Franco "left," including the lay organization, Catholic Action. When the first strikes broke out last spring, many a "left-wing" priest welcomed the opportunity to show which side he was on. In some industrial towns, such as Bilbao and Barcelona, priests preached sermons in favor of the workers and exhorted their flocks to collect money for the striking men.

Members of Catholic Action spontaneously sided with the workers, and some of them actually took command of local workers' groups. *Ecclesia*, Catholic Action's official organ, ran a provocative article calling the strikes "legitimate." And Catholic Action's national federations of workers and young people, H.O.A.C. and J.O.C., distributed a manifesto insisting on the workers' right—unknown in Franco Spain—"to establish and freely direct associations that will defend their legitimate interests."

I spoke with several H.O.A.C. leaders—intelligent and rather humble people—and found them firm on two important points. "Our struggle for social progress is part of the Church's apostolate," said one of them. "Our aid to striking workers is a religious duty, not a political action for which the government might punish us. Moreover, if the workers could not look to us for leadership, they'd go to the Communists."

To everyone's surprise, Spain's No. 1 Catholic, Enrique Cardinal Pla y Deniel, openly sided with the troublemakers. The 85-year-old Archbishop of Toledo and Primate of Spain refused Franco's request to censure the defiant priests and laymen. Instead, he urged the government to enact "reforms of what should be reformed" so as to be in harmony with the papal encyclical *Mater et Magistra* "in a state that calls itself Catholic and social."

The pointed reference to *Mater et Magistra*, Pope John XXIII's historic call for social justice, left little doubt that the Holy See itself had been consulted for guidance in the Spanish crisis. Though no one here expects an open rupture between Franco and the Church, well-placed Catholic observers believe that, as the workers continue to demand a larger share of the nation's wealth, Spain's Catholic hierarchy will continue to back their demands.

It is fashionable to speak of the "opposition" to Franco's rule, but it would be misleading to present the multitude of anti-Franco elements as a united front. Franco's opponents range from royalists to anarchists. The Communists—whose militant followers number about 5000—probably are the best-organized single group. But the public at large, after a quarter of a century of disenfranchisement, takes little interest in clandestine party politics.

With no free elections, no free press and no public debate to stimulate political thought, it would be unreasonable to expect massive participation in an anti-Franco underground. Two left-wing student leaders, a young man and a girl, admitted that even at Madrid University—reputedly a hotbed of anti-Franco agitation—only a small fraction of the student body was interested in politics.

"Just try to get them out on the street for an occasional demonstration," the boy said gloomily as we sat in a cheap, crowded Madrid restaurant, "and see how many you can get! It isn't that they are afraid. But they are far more interested in other things, like their careers and football."

In fact, surprisingly few Spaniards consider themselves ready for democracy. "One baffling thing about your last presidential elections," one Madrid newspaper editor said to me, "was that Nixon after his defeat sent Kennedy his congratulations. Had he been a Spaniard, he would at least have set fire to the winner's house!"

What the Spaniards Want

Still, despite all the lack of conscious politics, I have found a deep and universal longing for a genuine new deal. You have only to sit down with a Spaniard of recent acquaintance and he will tell you, over a glass of wine and a couple of shrimps, that things cannot continue the way they are. The average Spaniard knows that he lives in an artificially retarded country. With a new, prosperous Europe roaring ahead, north of the Pyrenees, he wants Spain to catch up as rapidly as possible. And he is well aware that a political

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rebirth must be the first step toward this bright goal.

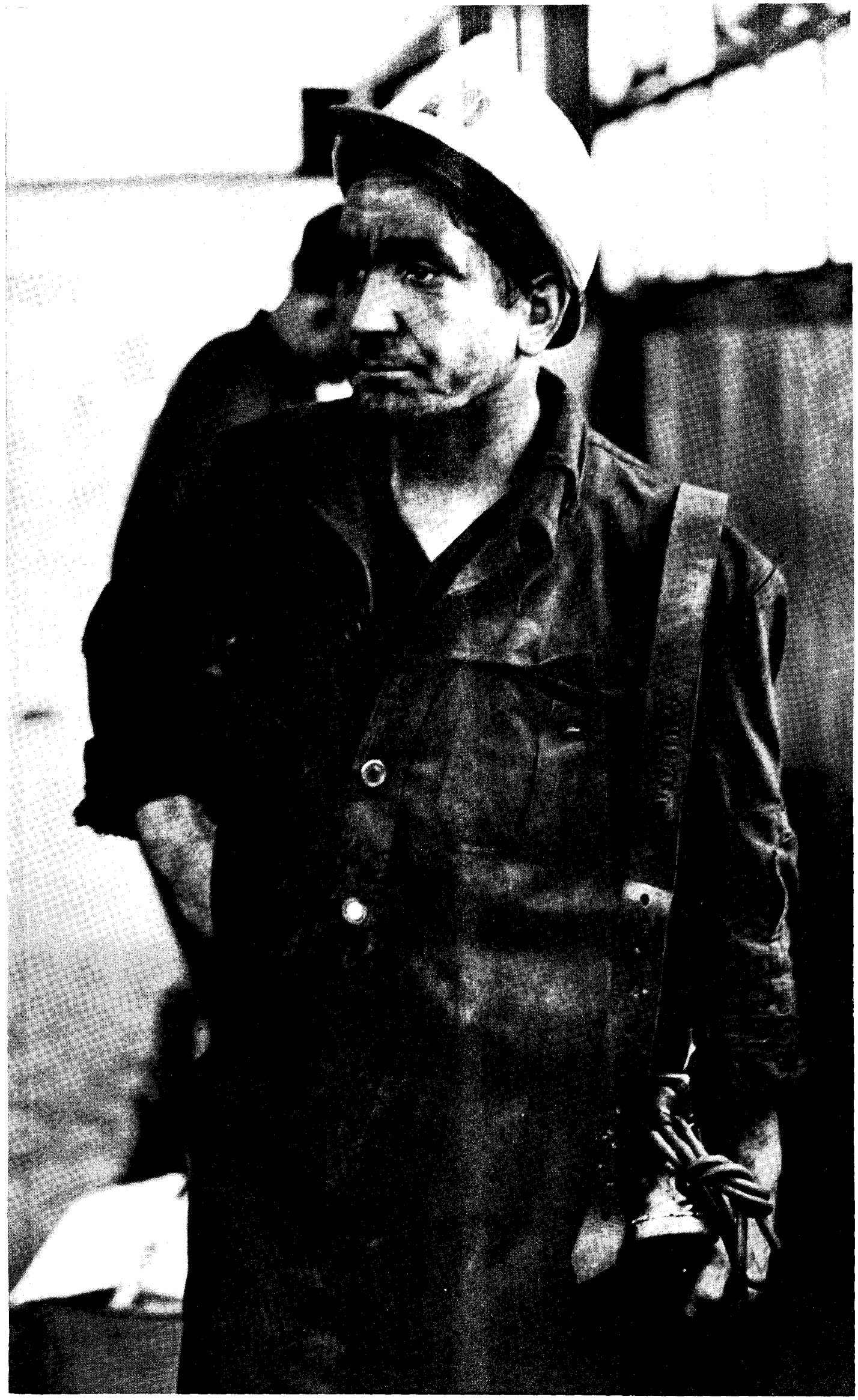
What will come after Franco? In theory, Spain is a monarchy. Sooner or later, says the law, a king will mount the throne that has stood vacant since the abdication of King Alfonso XIII in 1931. The two chief candidates are Don Juan, the 49-year-old Pretender, who lives in Portugal, and his 24-year-old son, Juan Carlos. But, regardless of the personalities involved, the monarchy itself has little popular appeal. Most Spaniards with whom I have talked fear that a new king would be unable to hold his job, that he would soon be caught up in a bloody and destructive free-for-all.

Franco, no doubt, has understood the problem. For many years he stubbornly refused to provide for an orderly succession to his one-man rule. But when a hunting gun exploded accidentally in his hand last winter, the thought that he was not immortal must have struck him—as it struck all of Spain—with brutal force. Since then the pressure to do something has never been off the Caudillo. The answers he has provided still leave some room for speculation, but they do point to a gradual transition from dictatorship to a more popular regime.

Reforms Get Under Way

For one thing, the appointment of a vice premier who has the backing of the army insures stability at the moment of Franco's death or resignation. For another, the social and economic reforms outlined by the government in recent months prepare the ground for a more liberal trend—without which Spain would hardly qualify for membership in Europe's Common Market. Most thinking Spaniards now believe that the next chief of state, the safety of his throne assured by loyal generals, will gradually call to life political groups and parties whose aims do not conflict with peaceful evolution. The battle against poverty, and the slow, steady rise of a new middle class to fill the gap between the haves and have-nots, will do the rest.

Such are the hopes of many people here. If they come true—if Spain can take her place at last in Europe's family of nations—the United States will have achieved its long-term purpose in this country. Ever since 1953, when Washington first decided to shake hands with Franco, our Spanish venture has been severely criticized by both Americans and Spaniards. Without American support, those critics argued, the Franco government would have collapsed of its own weight. This may be so. But it is also true that, in the absence of political institutions, another civil war would have been the most likely consequence of its fall. By accepting Franco as a Cold War ally while helping 30,000,000 Spaniards advance toward a better life, the United States has taken on a job that no one else could handle. The results of America's work should benefit not only Spain but the whole Western World. **THE END**



This coal miner and fellow workers started illegal strikes in Asturias. The strikers had no unions, but they won such wide support that the government granted raises and promised a better future.

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The Hard Road That Lies Ahead

The record on domestic affairs was dismal, with the crucial Medicare and Federal Aid to Education bills going by the board. But the Congress redeemed itself in foreign affairs, passing the crucial UN bond issue, restoring some of the slashes in foreign aid, and adopting the Trade Expansion Act of 1962, a bill that would assure the 87th Congress a place in history even if it had accomplished nothing else.

The trade bill gives the President the authority to horse-trade with the Common Market over the next five years. It enables him to cut certain tariffs by as much as 50 percent, and to eliminate altogether tariffs on goods on which the United States and Europe account for 80 percent of the free-world trade. This is indeed a historic step. It means that the task of organizing the economic and political strength of the free world can go forward. But there is reason to wonder, as the British magazine *The Economist* has wondered, whether the difficulties that lie ahead have not been underestimated. "There is a widespread suspicion," *The Economist* says, "that in their zeal to sell the bill to Congress Mr. Kennedy and his cabinet may have been exaggerating how much it can accomplish. Specifically, it is questioned whether the prospect of lower American tariffs is so enticing that the Common Market will promptly throw open Western Europe to American products."

The Common Market nations have been erecting a common tariff wall against the outer world—using the averages of the tariffs of member nations—while eliminating internal tariff barriers. This means that as the Market expands and becomes more competitive internally, it becomes more difficult for outsiders to reach. Our task is to negotiate our way over the wall so that we can get at the Market.

It is apparent from a few statistics that the success of this task is crucial to us and to the Common Market. Common Market countries now comprise 170,000,000 people—with Great Britain, which is seeking admission to the Market, the number comes to 225,000,000. In 1961 our exports to Common Market countries came to $4,500,000,000 while their exports to us totaled $2,232,000,000. The Market is expanding at a rapid rate. From 1958 to 1960 its rate of economic growth was 25 percent, compared to 8 percent for the United States.

Our negotiations with the Common Market will require long and careful preparation, and it will be many months before we are ready to sit down to serious business. The task no doubt has been complicated by the many concessions granted to protectionists in the United States in the course of the Trade Bill fight. The Administration promised not to reduce tariffs on carpets, glass, oil, lead, zinc, watches, dried figs, linen towels and a score of other items. But the great bulk of our trade with the Market was not affected: for example, one half our production of locomotives, a third of our oil-field machinery, a quarter of our synthetic rubber, a quarter of our lubricating oil and the agricultural production of one out of every six U.S. acres. When negotiations begin in earnest we will say to Market negotiators, "We will let your automobiles in if you will lower your tariff on our wheat," or something like that. They may say our offer is not high enough, and we shall have to dicker until we find a solution.

What we have done so far, in the words of a Washington observer, is "to arm the President for a battle." That battle no doubt will be long and arduous. The Common Market countries will be acting out of hardheaded self-interest rather than friendship or gratitude. But the Trade Bill presents us with a compelling economic opportunity. More than that, it offers us a prospect of strength and unity that is the best hope for the West, the hope that we may one day see our way out of the Cold War.

The Politician and the Machine

Are politicians really necessary? Republican Senator Jacob Javits, campaigning for reelection in New York, has come up with a gadget that may ultimately replace them. Called a Directomat, it is a console larger than a cigarette vending machine, with 120 questions printed across a lighted panel. You press a button, wheels grind and out comes the answer, giving you the Senator's views on everything from Communism to baseball.

The Javits people plan to move the Directomat to various strategic points around the city, but when we saw it recently it was positioned in the subway station in Times Square. We pressed the button for the Senator's views on Cuba, and out came a printed form bearing this message:

"Senator Javits believes the establishment of a Soviet military base in Cuba is intolerable. We must take action to deal with this threat in concert with the OAS, and we must demand that our NATO allies stop leasing ships to carry military aid to Cuba."

Next we pressed the Medicare button and received this answer: "Senator Javits has long pressed for a Federal Medicare program, has sponsored such legislation since '48, was chief cosponsor of Anderson-Javits compromise Medicare bill in '62, expected to be basis for future legislation."

We wondered why the Senator's views on baseball were included, but we discovered that the Senator stood four-square on this issue: "Senator Javits won U.S. recognition of Cooperstown, N.Y., Hall of Fame," the machine said. "He was disappointed when the Dodgers and Giants left New York, but he is looking forward to an all-New York World Series between the Yankees and the Mets in 1963." With this answer the Senator entered the contest for Mr. Optimist of the Year.

One thing about the machine impressed us. It is unlike any politician we have known. It gives you precisely the same answer every time.

Khrushchev Has Hit Tunes Too

Back in February Irv Lichtenstein, program director of radio station WWDC in Washington, D.C., decided to attempt a cultural exchange of his own with the Russians. He sat down and wrote a letter suggesting the exchange of top popular tunes between the two countries, addressed it to "Nikita Khrushchev, Moscow," and sent a copy to the Soviet Embassy in Washington.

Lichtenstein had all but forgotten the letter when a package marked "Non-Commercial Exchange" arrived at his office recently. Inside were 10 popular Russian tunes on a tape, shipped to him by Radio Moscow. The tunes, whose names were translated by a staff member at WWDC, were *Pear Tree*, *Evening Bells*, *The Broad and Rolling Steppe*, *From a Far-off Land*, *All Alone I Stood in the Road*, *Do Not Blame Me—Do Not Scold Me*, *At the Smithy*, *Will I*, *Won't I?* and two others that the translator could not make out.

As soon as he received the package Lichtenstein polled Washington record shops and jukebox operators, compiled a list of the top 10 tunes in his area, and sent off a package to "Nikita Khrushchev, Moscow." The ten: *Ramblin' Rose*, *Alley Cat*, *I Remember You*, *Lie to Me*, *You Don't Know Me*, *You Beat Me to the Punch*, *Monster Mash* (a novelty number that is a take-off on Boris Karloff), *If I Had a Hammer*, *What Kind of Fool Am I?* and *King of the Whole Wide World*.

WWDC, after broadcasting the Russian tunes, reports, "The fidelity is tremendous. Technically they are tremendous. The artists are excellent. The tunes are very melodic and could be used as the basis of popular tun here." The American records tha Lichtenstein sent to Moscow are very good, too, he claims. ("The titles are worse than the actual records.") Al of which is reassuring. For a while on reading the titles, we felt certain that the United States had lost an other round in the Cold War.

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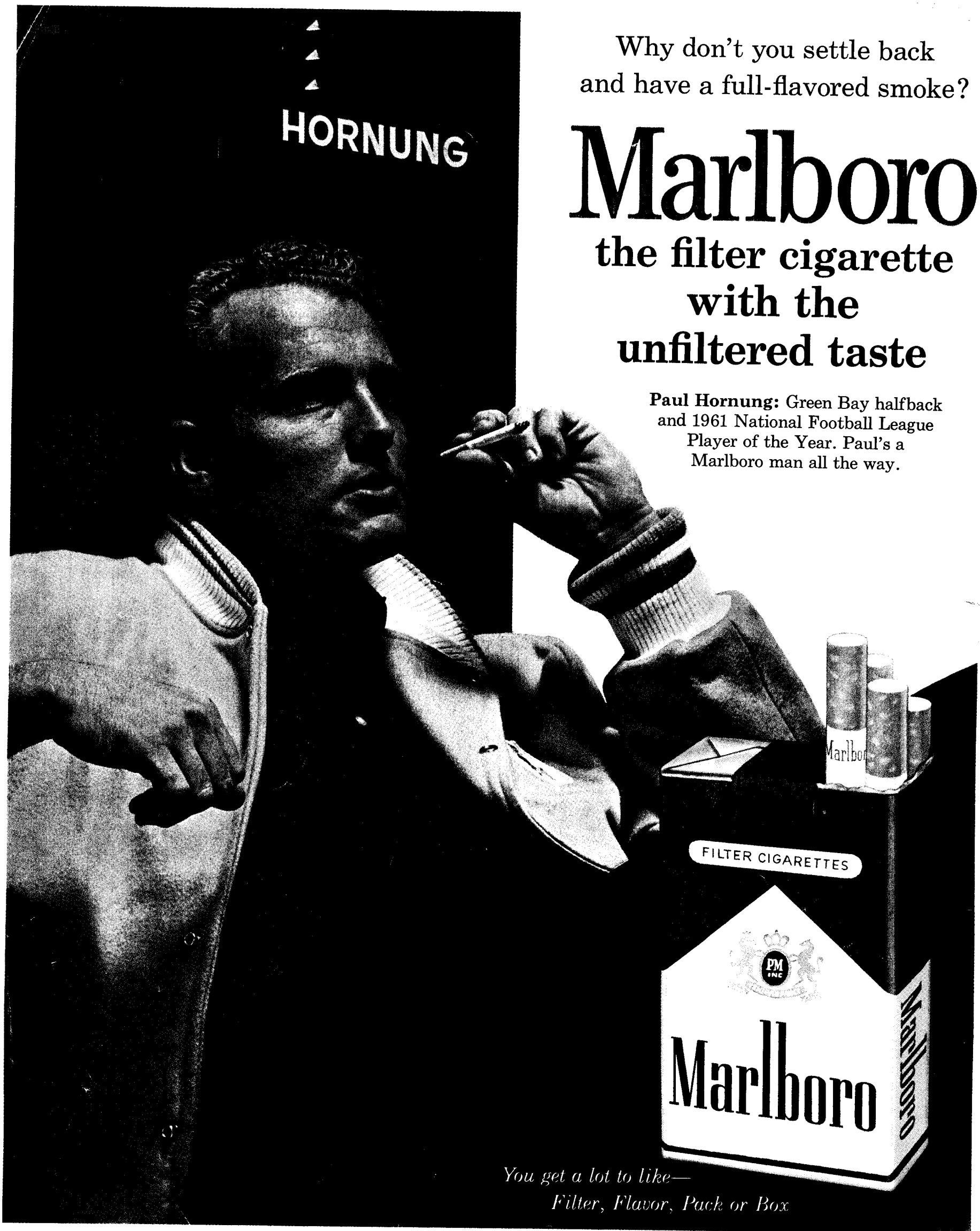
the filter cigarette with the unfiltered taste

Paul Hornung: Green Bay halfback and 1961 National Football League Player of the Year. Paul's a Marlboro man all the way.



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